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Poetry.

A RIVAL TO THE TOY PISTOL.

Within his little coffin
They laid the little boy:
His small face wan and careworn,
Without a trace of joy.

"Why died he in his springtime,
When life should be right merry?"
His sister's beau had bought him
A perpetual Winderbury.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

First love is but love's frivolous froth,
Now, fond lovers, wax not wroth,
Now give the lie
To this my sigh—
You'll test its truth, too, by and by.

The last love is love's boundless deep,
Where strong, resistless currents sweep;
The sun's warm eyes
The froth soon dries—
No love like last love satisfies.

—*Christian Union.*

THE WITCHING WAY.

She has a witching way,
A fascination rare;
My candid friends all say
That I had best beware.

Yet danger I will dare,
In spite of all they say,
She has a witching way,
A fascination rare.

I'll go to her to-day,
And lay my fond heart bare;
She cannot say me nay
When she has heard my prayer.
She has a witching way,
A fascination rare.

—*Somerville Journal.*

MUSIC.

From jeweled case he took his violin,
And rubbed more resin on th' unbended bow;
Then tucked the instrument beneath his chin,
And then his eyes burned with a dreamy glow,
Like dull red embers in November days,
When sun and fire and sky are vailed in haze:

With gesture graceful as a sweep of light,
He drew the bow across the quivering strings,
And Peace and Joy and Quiet, in affright,
Shrieked wildly as they fled like hunted things;
And each who heard cast dust upon his head,
And sobbed, "Times will be better when the fiddler's dead."

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Our Story Teller.

MAD, BUT NOT CRAZY.

A STORY BASED ON FACT.

Written for the Blade by Wilhelm Reinwald.

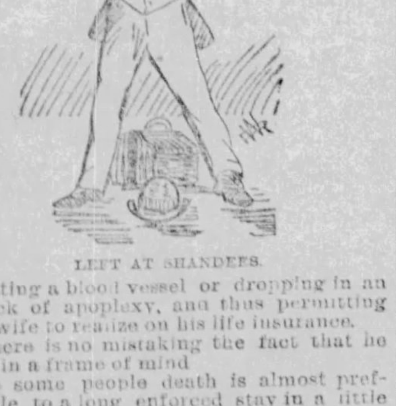
I.

ON the platform of a little station which has been known as Shandees ever since old Mr. Shandees, in exchange for the glory of the name, gave the railroad company a right of way through his farm, was an animated scene on the date of this narrative, which was not so very long ago. A choleric traveler, red-faced and perspiring, stormed and swore, fumed and fretted, and did nearly everything he could to make a visible display of disgust and disappointment. Had he been a woman this traveler could have simplified matters, and saved much wear and tear to his mental and physical organization, by sitting down in a heap and taking a good, long cry.

As he was not a woman and he wouldn't cry, he did the natural thing for most men to do—he swore. He poured maledictions upon the rapidly vanishing north-bound train, which he had winded himself in striving to catch; he poured confusion and dismay on the heads of the railroad officials, the train men, who luckily were out of hearing, and the station agent, who unfortunately was not, and, moreover, was too small a man in stature to resent the left-handed blessings.

As the hired representative of a corporation, he meekly received the collective remarks, as he is paid to do. The station agent's most onerous duty is to serve as a target for general complaints against the company.

The reader has probably surmised that this traveler was "left." He had called on a customer of his in the little village, taken a small order for goods, and hoped to catch the next train home. He missed it by fifteen seconds, and in his chagrin he gave himself the best possible opportunity for



LEFT AT SHANDEES.

bursting a blood vessel or dropping in an attack of apoplexy, and thus permitting his wife to realize on his life insurance.

There is no mistaking the fact that he was in a frame of mind.

To some people death is almost preferable to a long enforced stay in a little cross-roads hamlet, where there are no hotel accommodations or anything else provided for non-residents, and it was nearly so with Lemuel E. Lemuels, of the firm of Todde, Rodde & Co., who on this particular Saturday evening found himself stranded in the woods, two hour's ride from home, and no way of encompassing the intervening distance.

Saturday night, too, remember, and no more trains until Monday morning.

His fits of agitation revived at every thought of his direful situation.

When Lemuels was so fatigued that he could swear no more at the cloud of smoke which remained in sight after the train had disappeared, he came to his senses and endeavored to be reasonable.

"In the love of heaven," said he to the station agent who was also operator and other functionaries in one, "is there any way I can get away from here? Anywhere, anywhere is better than this."

"No more trains north till Monday morning."

"Any South?"

"Sunday night, eleven forty-three."

Lemuels groaned.

"No freights?"

"North bound freight to-morrow afternoon, 6:50."

"When does it reach Toledo?"

"Monday morning, 2:20."

Another, longer groan. Then some more maledictions on his ill luck.

The operator had heard a call on his instrument, and at this juncture went to receive a dispatch. When he came out again he called to a man who was near by to go and see that the south switch was all right, as he had received orders to look out for a special.

"A special train!" almost yelled the traveling man; "which way is it going?"

"North."

"Saved! saved!" tragically exclaimed Lemuels.

"It won't do you any good, though," said the operator; "it's a train load of crazy people going to the new asylum at Toledo, and no sane passengers will be taken on."

"Ye gods! I'm crazy enough to ride with that crowd."

"You're pretty crazy, but I don't believe the conductor will let you ride."

Thoughts crowded thick and fast through the man's brain. Should he remain here in this clearing over Sunday, or should he make a bold stroke for liberty?

"Will the train stop here?" he asked.

"Not at the station, but it will have to stop this side of the crossing up there; but they won't let you ride; you can count on that."

"My friend, I am desperate. Rather than stay in this hole in the woods I would agree to live with maniacs a month. You check my grip so it will follow me on the Monday train, and I'll go to Toledo to-night with the crazies."

II.

The traveler was really desperate enough to brave almost anything in the endeavor to reach home. The train stopped exactly at the point where he was awaiting it in hiding. He had hastily torn off his standing collar, turned up his coat collar, battered some big dents in his Derby hat, rolled up his trousers an inch or two, disheveled his hair and brushed the order out of his well-kept moustache.

Thus disguised, he thought, any train men who should espy him would take him for a guard, and the guards would easily suppose him to be an employe of the road. Fate favored him, as he climbed up the steps of the coach, for no one noticed him, and his lucky star seemed very bright when he found that no locked door prevented his entrance to the car. Boldly walking in, he sat down near the rear door and affected the nonchalant air of a brakeman, while he furtively gazed at his fellow-passengers.

He had a car-load of human nature to study, and he anticipated amusement.

Lemuels thought to himself that, had he not been previously posted, he could not have told, by their appearance, that all these people, over forty were in the car, were unfortunates whose reason had tottered on the throne and fallen into the dull void of insanity. The woman who persisted in wanting to raise a window, to chill her neighbor in the next seat back, acted as sane as many other women do who travel without a keeper. The man who tried to spread himself over two whole seats, to the exclusion of all others, did not act different from many other men who would be more at home in a cattle car.

Both of these people might be crazy, thought the trespasser, but they acted perfectly natural, as did also the woman who repeatedly changed her seat from one part of the car to another, and the one who did her best to stare her neighbors out of countenance.

In his new-found interest the commercial traveler, who was was so lately extremely wretched, forgot his woes. His condition in life might require him to travel in all manners at all hours, brave the terrors of country hotels, and meet many rebuffs and disappointments; yet he thanked heaven that he was not as these poor creatures.

While thus felicitating himself upon his good luck, temporal and mental, he noticed a man coming toward him from the front of the car, walking with slow dignity down the aisle, scanning each face as he passed. He was bareheaded, and the wavy hair that flowed in classical curves about his forehead shaded a pair of brilliant dark eyes. As the man came to where Lemuels was sitting he stopped, gave the commercial traveler a look that seemed to pierce through him, and made the guilty trespasser feel that his trick was discovered and he would be put off the train.

"One of the physicians in charge," thought Lemuels, in whose mind was already working a calculation of the probable distance he would have to walk to town.

"I am glad to see you," gently remarked the sharp-eyed man; "you are looking quite well."

The commercial traveler felt that the pleasure was not mutual, but he was glad to know that his countenance did not expose his inward agony of apprehension.

"Are you going far?" said the man who, Lemuels was sure, must be the chief physician.

"I am headed for Toledo," was the non-committal though inelegant reply of the man, who really could not tell how far he was going, though he had no doubts about how far he wanted to go.

"I will sit beside you awhile," was the next remark, which was reassuring and did not signify any immediate intention of expulsion. When seated, the doctor looked straight into the commercial traveler's eyes and said:

"This is my school—my peripatetic academy—and I want to assure you, sir, that in us you see a community that is a chosen one. These are my pupils, my apostles"—waving a long, white hand about him—"and among us we have all knowledge, all power. To us cosmic science is but a primer; the system of law, harmony and order in the universe is but fundamental."

"You teach them scientific knowledge, then?" said Lemuels, who already felt mystified.

"To us the problem of the relation of mind to matter is no longer one of dispute or struggle. The nature of our knowledge of existing things, of the external world, was a puzzle to the ancient philosophers who first began the inquiries into man's cognizance of existences outside of himself, but to us it is established. Don't you see, sir, that in the metaphysical, while the body is but mortal the mind exists forever and holds dominion over all matter?"

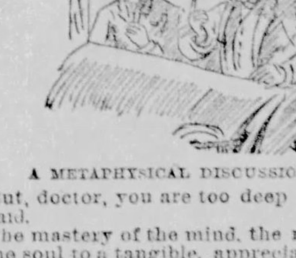
"Yes—ah, yes; to be sure," said Lemuels, who really was not quite sure.

"And yet," continued the narrator, "we have among us some positivists who assert that, contrary to the existence of abstract entities supposed to inhere in various substances and capable of engendering phenomena, the mind affirms the futility of theological and metaphysical inquiries and abandons as useless the investigation of the causes and essences of things. Now, tell me," said the doctor earnestly, button holing his audience, "don't you recognize in that a fallacious theory which, if carried out, forever extinguishes the search for knowledge?"

"You are certainly right," said the commercial traveler, who was trying to think of a funny story to tell the lecturer in order to change the subject. But the harangue continued.

"If, then, the positivists are right, which you agree they are not, all our reasoning is useless, and all philosophers, from Aristotle down to myself, have worked in vain. The mind, as the sovereign of matter, must and will reign, and—don't you think so?—don't you know it is so?"

The audience of one became exceedingly uneasy.



A METAPHYSICAL DISCUSSION.

"But, doctor, you are too deep for me," he said.

"The mastery of the mind, the reduction of the soul to a tangible, appreciable condition, is the aim of modern philosophy," continued the lecturer. "To me it has lost its complexity, and my theory of immortality is based on truth as solid and old as Mount Olympus." Then, sinking his voice to a harsh whisper, he continued: "I have mastered the problem of so disengaging the soul from its mortal case that it remains a knowing, thinking, seeing, omnipotent creation, which exists unchanged at will in whatever portion of the universe, celestial or terrestrial."

"That is a valuable discovery," remarked the now frightened commercial man; "why don't you put it into practice?"

"Because," said the philosopher, in an ominously hoarse voice; "because I must demonstrate the truth by experiment. I must have a subject!"

"A subject?"

"I must have a subject who, like you, is a believer in the philosophy, and is willing to go through the form of dying in order to become immortal! For science—philosophy—immortality—"

Lemuels saw the black eyes flash like fire, felt the man's sinewy fingers close with a claw-like grip on his neck before he could utter a cry, and then the car and people seemed to whirl about him with a terrific roar. Then before him passed the vision of his weeping widow, his orphaned children; he saw his own funeral, he heard the oration over his coffin, he saw his own body lowered to the grave, heard the clods fall upon his breast.

"His soul—his soul—it must not escape" hissed in his ear. Then all was blank.

III.

As the train was entering the city of its destination Lemuels first felt a return of life, and opened his eyes. Above him stood two men who had been working upon him with restoratives, and about him were faces of his fellow-passengers, some sympathetic, others stolid.

"He's all right now," said one of the men, a muscular keeper, "he'll get over his choking well enough."

"Yes, but it was a pretty close call," replied the other; "five seconds more and he would have been a goner. You caught the 'philosopher' just in time."

The two men went away, leaving the still dazed man where he sat. With returning consciousness of what had happened he saw, at the further end of the car, his murderous assailant bound fast, but still furious. Then appeared a realization of the fact that he came near being a victim to a violent maniac.

When the train stopped, Lemuels started to go out of the car and escape unnoticed. At the door he was stopped by a burly guard, who told him to go back and sit down.

"But I am near home now, and am willing to say good-bye."

"Yes, yes; that's all right," said the guard, "we're all near home now, and we'll soon be all right. Go sit down like a good fellow and I'll give you an orange after a while."

The commercial traveler's face first blanched, then flamed fiery red.

"Sir! I demand that you let me get out of this car at once. I am Lemuel E. Lemuels, traveling for the house of Todde, Rodde & Co., and my home is in Toledo."

"Yes, that's all right," said the guard in a manner meant to be quieting; "yes, we all know that, but go back and sit by the King of Sweden and William Shakespeare for a few minutes longer, and we'll soon be home."

"Ye gods!" almost shrieked the now really alarmed commercial traveler; "you don't think I am crazy, do you?"

"Oh no, no!" replied the guard, who held the door; "oh, no; of course not—we are none of us crazy; we are all kings or poets or philosophers or——drummers. But go back and sit down now or——" noticing Lemuels' evident desire to be violent, "or I'll put the jacket on you."

The astonished representative of Todde, Rodde & Co. sank down on the coal box, his knees weakening beneath him.

"Great Jehosophat! To think that I am kept here as a crazy and will probably have to go to the asylum!" Then a brilliant thought struck him as it should have done before. In desperation he drew out a gold watch, opened it, and disclosed a photograph of a baby.

"My dear sir, let this prove to you that I am not a lunatic, and only a dead beat. This baby and her mother wait me at home. Here is my name engraved, and the simple fact that I have such a watch proves that I am not a patient. Here is my order book—see an order I took at Shandees this afternoon—see my thousand-mile railroad ticket—see my pocketbook—see all these proofs, and then believe me that though I am mad, I am not crazy!"

To be brief, the proofs were convincing, and after a small financial transaction between Lemuels and the guard, by which the latter was five dollars richer, the duly accredited representative of Todde, Rodde & Co, was allowed to go his way, thanking his stars for the escape and trying to convince himself that the burly doorkeeper had been effectually bribed to keep quiet.

BRAINS ALWAYS WIN.

An Enterprising Agent Who Understands His Business.

Stranger—Beg pardon, madam, for calling you to the door, but will you be kind enough to tell me who that ignorant, vulgar, commonplace woman in the house across the way is?"

Mrs. Gabb—That's Mrs. Stuckup.

"Stuckup. Thank you. I must remember the name so as not to waste time on her in future. How did such a hopelessly ignorant woman get on this very respectable street, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I called on her once, but she never returned it, and that ended our acquaintance, you may be sure, the odious thing."

"I should say so. Why, that woman wouldn't know a lady from an orang outang; she wouldn't know a bright spoon from a black one. It's an actual fact that it isn't five minutes since she said she had never heard of the Skihigh silver polish; and when I even went to the trouble to brighten a spoon for her she said it looked just the same. Never saw such ignorance. I suppose you have always used the Ski high polish, of course. You have the bright, cheery, beautiful appearance of ladies who do, but perhaps your supply is most out, and in that case——"

"I believe it is. I'll take a cake."

"It comes in cans, madam. One dollar, please. Thanks."—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE LITTLE TYRANTS.

"Papa, what was Adam's other name?" "Just after the fall his name was Dennis!"

Tommy (reading)—"And they walked out and saw the chickens in the soup—" Teacher—"Surely that is not there." Tommy—"Wat?" Teacher—"In the soup." Tommy—"Yes, it is though, in the c, double-o, p, soup."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Recently a young Norwegian girl, after a two days' sojourn at Castle Garden, secured a situation in a New York family. In attempting to acquaint the girl with the character of her new duties, the head of the family was surprised at the lump of unsophisticated innocence he encountered. Finally in despair he asked his acquisition: "What can you do?" Her face brightened up momentarily and the flaxen-haired native of the land of the midnight sun replied: "I can milk reindeer."

Small boy (to society young man, calling)—You must have eat a good deal yesterday evening, didn't you, Mr. Brickybrack? Mr. B—On the contrary, Tommie, I didn't eat anything. I was doing the receptions. Small boy—Well, that's funny. Sister said she saw you, and you was so blamed full you couldn't hardly walk.—*Washington Critic.*

Swell Girls from Boston.

"If you desire to be real swell in polite circles, you must never speak of the sterner sex as men or gentlemen," said one who is up and up in all the latest fads, to me. "Haven't you heard what Miss ——, just from Boston, calls them?"

"No; what?"

"Listen to her," and I did listen, and this is what I heard: "Oh, what a love of a party this is. There are so many males here this evening. The males of Louisville are so nice. I haven't seen so many males together before for three fortnights."

All of this occurred at very small party, and the young woman who starts the fashion gets it right straight from Beacon street, Boston. So it is all right, young ladies. Henceforth, boys, you are not men, you are males.—*Louisville Post.*

Dimes and Dollars.

Mrs. A. (in street car)—Oh! Let me pay the fare.

Mrs. B.—No, indeed; I'll pay it.

Mrs. C.—Don't think of such a thing. I have plenty of tickets for all.

Mrs. D.—But it isn't right, you know, it really isn't, for you to use up those last tickets when I've got to get a new bunch, anyhow. Let me pay.

Mrs. A. (in restaurant an hour later)—Well, I declare, I've forgotten my purse.

Mrs. B.—So have I mine. Isn't it strange?

Mrs. C.—I would like to pay for the lunch, but really I brought so little money with me that——

Mrs. D.—Never mind. The proprietor here knows me, and I'll tell him to charge it to Cousin George.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Experience Was His Teacher.

Prepossessing young stranger—Pardon me, Miss, but I see you are all alone. Won't you permit me to steer you down the slide on your toboggan?

Pretty Miss—Although I do not know you, sir; I will accept your kind offer, provided you can prove to me that you are competent.

He—Certainly! I have been a bunco steerer now for ten years.

She—Indeed! How nice!

(They slide down together).—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Soft Job for the Angel.

Little Tommy, who has a bald uncle, was very much interested when his mother told him the other day that the hairs of his head were all numbered.

"Is that so with everybody?" asked he.

"Yes," said his mother. "That is what the Bible says."

Tommy pondered for a minute in silence.

"Well," said he finally, "if the Bible says so, it must be so; but I'll bet the angel who does the counting feels mighty glad when he comes to a man with a head like Uncle Jim's."—*Somerville Journal.*

UNLUCKY HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

Appearance of the "White Lady" Followed by the Death of the Crown Prince of Austria.

The cable dispatches announcing the death of Crown Prince Rudolf add another sad chapter to the reign of the emperor of Austria. It is not long since one of the guards in the burg saw the "White Lady," who never appears except to announce the approaching death of one of the House of Hapsburg. Centuries ago the prophecy was that the House of Hapsburg began with a Rudolf, and would end with one that name. In Austria the law of succession holds, as in England, no distinction being made between the sexes. Prince Rudolf leaves a six-year-old daughter, and in the event of the death of Franz Josef this little girl will become the empress and ruler of Austro-Hungary.

It has been often said that Franz Josef was born under an unlucky star. He ascended the throne when his uncle and father would not have it, during the Hungarian revolution in 1848, and at the same time war was being waged with Sardina. Safely through these troubles, an assassin tried to decapitate the emperor, and only the fortunate intervention of a button preserved the royal life. Next came the war with Napoleon III. and the inglorious defeats of Solferino and Magenta when the despondent emperor sought death in the thickest of the fight. Then in 1863 he helped Prussia in her war with Denmark, and three years later was soundly trounced by the kingdom he had befriended, while he was also engaged in a struggle with Italy in the South. A year later came the saddest blow of all—the exebution of his unfortunate brother Maximilian, in Mexico. The following year the emperor's mother, the Archduchess Sophie, went insane and died. Soon afterward a favorite niece, preparing for the ball, stepped on a match and was fatally burned.

Prince Rudolf, although young, was known as one of the most learned men of Europe. He affected letters, and is credited with the authorship of a very voluminous history of Austria and Hungary. His death will be discussed with great interest throughout Europe, and will add to the complications which have beset his house and the badly patched empire over which his father rules.

ALAS! TOO TRUE.

Bad Manners on the Part of Husbands Too Often the Style.

A friend was spending the day with me, the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left the friend said: "Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife, and how courteously he treats her at all times?" I nodded assent, and my friend went on.

"I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and thereby he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers or slippers down for some one to put away, grow up with the idea that a wife must be a valet and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders? You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

"I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance, in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband than an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner bell rings. 'For a wonder dinner is once ready on time,' the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart-stab by saying:

"'That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow,' and what hinders him from adding, what would be the milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—nay, all the rest of her life—'You are a good wife, Cornelia.' And if dinner is not quite ready why need he say, 'Of course not; never is.' In working mottoes for the home why hasn't some one taken Wesley's remark: 'I'd as soon swear as fret,' instead of hanging up 'I Need Thee Every Hour.'

"When I think I have a hard time I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for—other men's wives. One time James thanked me for saving him room beside me at the concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite by saying he thought it was my sister Mary.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A FABLE FOR YOUNG WIVES.

The Only Way They Can Manage Their Husbands Successfully.

Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a married woman's happiness after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she should study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. It is in the power of a wise and good woman to make a lamb of the greatest bear that ever wore whiskers; while by a foolish treatment the process may be reversed and a generous bearded creature, with all the capabilities of a lion, may end in being a bear or a wolf. A wife must tread on her husband's temper first as cautiously as a prudent boy does upon recently formed ice.

Only when she has learned where the slippery humor of her husband will bear, and where it will break, can she perform with safety those graceful evolutions by which a devoted wife achieves greater triumphs than ever Bonaparte did by his artillery. Wise old Plutarch, descanting on the topic, very appropriately brings in the old fable of the traveler, whom Boreas, with his obsteperous blasts, tried to disrobe of his good greatcoat; but the result was quite otherwise; the more violently Boreas puffed his cheeks, the more closely the man wrapped his coat about him. But what Boreas could not achive with all his strength the sun did with a few slight touches of his genial beams. The man was so overcome by the softening influence that he flung both cloak and tunic away. So let no woman foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a rough way what she can surely achieve by gentleness. *Cassell's Magazine.*

A Precocious Child.

The following is the rhyming criticism actually written by the 13-year-old child of a well known citizen of Philadelphia. Where the child heard of the story is a mystery.

"There was a young lady of letters;
She knew so much more than her betters;
She once wrote a book called 'The Quick or the Dead'—
A very bad novel—which ev'ryone read;
And when it was finished then ev'ryone said,
'What a very bad lady of letters.'"

—*Philadelphia Press.*

Music Under Difficulties.

"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?" impatiently asked the old man from upstairs. "If he doesn't start soon he'll find the parlor ceiling giving way."

"He's going in a moment, pa—just as soon as I finish singing 'I'm Going to Be Married, ha, ha, Mamma.'"

"I don't hear any singing," growled the old man.

"No, papa, I'm singing it in a low, soft tone, for fear of rousing the dog."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Problem Solved.

We have received the following in a perfumed, square envelope. If the author will acknowledge it we'll sympathize with her:—

Sally—Why is marriage a failure?

George—Because the bride never marries the best man.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Unsuccessful Coaching.

Mrs. Hayseed (in hotel dining room)—"What a bright light those lamps give?"

Mr. Hayseed (whispering)—"Say gas jets, Marier; them ain't lamps."

Mrs. Hayseed (loudly)—"Yes, as I was saying, what a bright light the gas jets give; guess they're fresh trimmed.—*New York Weekly.*

Had Lived Too Long.

Miss Giddyspinner (coquettishly)—"Dear Mr. Timid, don't you like mutton with capers?"

Mr. Timid (who has been trying in vain to cut his meat for the last ten minutes)—"Yes, when they are properly mated; but my mutton is too old for capers."—*Boston Beacon.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

MILLY FOLLETT AND AUNT BETSEY HAVE A TALK.

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CHAPTER V.

WHAT JENNIE FOUND OUT.

CANDOR compels the statement that Jennie Andrews was very much frightened when the whole truth as to her position dawned on her mind. In truth, it would have been strange had it not been so; for what girl of sixteen would not have been frightened at finding herself practically in confinement in a graveyard, alone, with the possibility of having to remain all night, and perhaps much longer, in that gruesome place?

The proximity of the dead, sleeping in their quiet graves, however, had no terrors of itself for her. Her father's profession, and her consequent familiarity, in a way, with death, had removed all such absurd fears from her mind. The situation, however, was bad enough; and she gazed ruefully up at the treacherous branches of the beech overhanging the wall, and fervently wished that she had not been quite so venturesome. She arose from the ground and glanced at the wall that bounded her open-air prison.

"Oh, for a ladder!" she exclaimed under her breath. Then she laughed to herself at the absurdity of her position—and yet she was so totally helpless! There was absolutely nothing within the six-sided enclosure that could be of the slightest assistance to her in any effort to scale the wall, and she settled on the conviction that her only hope was in the passing of some chance traveler along the road. She strained her ears to listen, but no step could be heard. The minutes passed by until at least a half hour had elapsed. A meadow-lark was sounding his sweetly sad notes from the field beyond; an occasional bird winged its way overhead; there was a rattle occasionally in a tree near by, evidently made by a squirrel among the branches; that was all. A sudden single step made her heart leap for an instant, until she realized that it was merely her pony stamping in his impatience.

She was about to call to him, so that the answering neigh might give her the sense of companionship, when a sudden scraping sound, which she could not interpret, broke the silence. It apparently came from the other side of the wall near the point at which she was standing.

Had it been a well defined footstep, something she could identify with human presence, she would at once have called for aid to extricate herself from her predicament; but not being able to understand its cause, she darted across the little inclosure and took refuge behind the Norway spruce, whose branches formed a dense evergreen pyramid. The movement outside the wall continued, and peeping around her screen she saw—a spade appear above the coping.

"It is a resurrectionist!" flashed through her mind. But the improbability of this was at once apparent. Then a man's head and shoulders appeared. Jennie was amazed to find it was the stranger—the same who had called on her father that morning, making inquiries about Nathan Willson's grave, and who had given the name of Morris.

"What can he possibly want?" thought she, as she drew back in order to remain undiscovered. Mr. Morris, however, gave but one glance at the inclosure, apparently to be sure of the location of Nathan Willson's grave, and then, reaching down, drew up a light ladder, with the aid of which he had mounted the wall, and placing it inside, prepared to descend with his spade.

Jennie noted that he had scaled the wall on the side next the forest, and consequently out of sight of the road. He had evidently come from that direction, else he would have seen her pony. The point he had selected, too, was near the beech-tree which had enabled her to reach the top. Evidently Mr. Morris was desirous of avoiding observation, for he had chosen to come just before nightfall, so that he might have the benefit of daylight for whatever he intended to do, and the friendly shadows of evening to cover his retreat.

Full of curiosity as to his purpose, Jennie kept her eyes upon him, carefully screening herself from observation at the same time behind the tree. He read the inscription upon old Eben Willson's tombstone, noted the two unmarked graves at its left, and stood for a minute or two, musingly leaning upon the handle of his spade, over the second, that of Nathan Willson; then he began to examine narrowly the strip of ground between the grave and the wall, testing it with the spade here and there, as if to see if it had lately been disturbed.

His search did not seem to be satisfactory; for after some time spent in this way, he threw off his coat, and went actively to work removing the dead leaves that had been piled by the wind in the angle next the wall, and in a line with the row of graves. Having removed them, the spade was again brought into requisition, and Mr. Morris plied it industriously.

Jennie's mind was divided between her desire to escape, and curiosity to know Mr. Morris's purpose. She dared not let him know of her presence, for who could tell what he would do if he found her watching him—and at such mysterious work, too! But would it not be worse if she watched until his purpose was fully revealed? Again, how could she escape without his knowledge?

The girl's courage had returned, and she calculated her chances. He was at work some distance from the ladder, which stood against the wall where he had descended; and his back was in that direction. It was possible, certainly, that she should reach the top of the wall without discovery; but could she also lift the ladder, light as it was, in order to descend on the other side, without his hearing her? And if she did, how would Mr. Morris himself get out?

"Never mind!" thought she; "I can send somebody to help him out!" And the madcap made up her mind to escape, if possible, without the mysterious stranger's knowledge. The very audacity of the scheme, the difficulties in the way of its successful accomplishment, but spurred her on. She gathered her riding-skirt up, so as not to impede her movements, and pinned it to her waist, so as to leave both hands free; and then waited a good opportunity.

Mr. Morris was evidently unaccustomed to labor with the spade, and at this moment stopped to rest and take breath. Jennie waited till he had resumed his toil, and then noiselessly made her way to the foot of the ladder. Here her tomboy experience in climbing stood her in good stead, and in a moment more she stepped lightly upon the broad coping at the summit of the wall, and for the first time felt herself mistress of the situation.

Curiosity to see the result of his excavations, which would presumably reveal his purpose, overpowered all other feelings, and Jennie quietly seated herself on the coping, her feet on the outside of the wall as a precaution; for in case Mr. Mooris should discover her, and make any hostile move, she could drop to the ground outside, and reach her pony before he could overtake her. Satisfied in her own mind of her safety, she devoted her attention to his work.

The trench along the wall was, by this time, some two feet deep, and four or five feet long. Suddenly the spade struck an obstruction. "Aha!" exclaimed the solitary worker, in a tone of triumph. In a few minutes he had unearthed what appeared to be a large sheet-iron powder keg. He shook it, and evidently satisfied with the sound, placed it on the ground beside him, and straightened himself up to rest from his unaccustomed toil. He gave a great start of surprise as he saw Jennie's little figure perched composedly on top of the wall, and her eyes carefully surveying him.

Jennie observed his look of astonishment and vexation, and with a woman's quick wit, intensified it by saluting him, with the most commonplace air in the world:

"Good evening, Mr. Morris!"

In spite of his astonishment at being thus addressed by this entire stranger in his own proper name, Mr. Morris bowed politely and returned:

"Good evening, miss. You have the advantage of me, however; for you appear to know me, but I certainly do not recall you."

"I don't see how you could recall me, as you never saw me before," returned Jennie, imperturbably.

"How, then, did you know my name, if we never saw each other before?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Morris. I said you had never seen myself before; but I have both seen you and heard your name."

"You speak in riddles, young lady. Pray how do you happen to be perched on the wall in so mysterious a manner?"

"Oh! I climbed up by that tree," replied Jennie, indifferently; "but I don't care to get down in the same way, when there is an easier one. Will you kindly loan me your ladder to get down?"

Mr. Morris considered a moment. Then he added: "Pardon me, but pray how long have you been there?"

"Some five minutes, probably. Why?"

"Will you kindly wait till I throw back this earth?"

"Certainly."

The task was speedily completed, and, with his spade and the iron powder-keg, Mr. Morris joined Jennie on top of the wall. He dropped both articles to the ground on the outside—the keg giving a sound as if a loose box were inside it; and then he transferred the ladder to the outside. Jennie nimbly scudded down, and darted off toward her pony.

"One moment, Miss," called Mr. Morris. "I should like to speak to you—you need have no fear."

"I'll be with you in a minute," she called back, as she disappeared around the enclosure. "I am going for Tom!"

"The devil!" muttered Morris. "There's another of them, is there?"

Jennie untied her pony, leaped on his back, and cantered out into the road. She now felt perfectly safe, and drew rein when her companion again came in view.

"Well, Mr. Morris, I am at your service. What do you want?"

"Where is Tom, of whom you spoke?"

"Here he is, my pony," laughed Jennie.

"Ah, your pony?—Well, if you will be so kind——"

"Keep on your own side of the fence, please!" commanded Jennie, giving Tom a touch with the whip to get him in readiness for instant flight, as Mr. Morris advanced as if to pass through the bars in the rail-fence, which were a few yards off. "If you have anything to say to me, I can hear it quite well from where you are!"

Morris laughed slightly. "You have nothing to fear from me, Miss. I only desired to ask if you will favor me with your name?"

"I see no reason why I should, Mr. Morris. But I will exchange information with you. I will tell you who I am, if you will tell me what you dug up!"

"I cannot do that, I am sorry to say. I should be obliged to reveal a secret which belongs to others, whose agent I am."

"So this is part of a law case, is it?"

Another surprised look crossed Mr. Morris's face, at this intimation of her knowledge that he was a lawyer. He merely bowed.

"Then I am sorry I am unable to satisfy your curiosity regarding myself," saucily replied Jennie.

"That can pass, if you will but say to me that the transaction you have witnessed by stealth shall not be mentioned by you to any one."

"By stealth, indeed, sir! Do you suppose I acted as a spy upon you?" demanded the girl, the indignant blood mounting to her cheek.

"It is a harsh way of putting it—but what else is it, in reality?"

"Do you really mean, sir, that you think I watched you, or followed you?" continued Jennie, her temper rising.

"What else can I think, young lady? How else would you have happened to see what I was doing?" responded he.

"Well, indeed!" was the indignant response, as Jennie's eyes flashed fire. "Why, sir, I was inside the wall when you came!"

"What! Inside the wall?"

"Yes, certainly! and standing on the other side of that tree in the center! You are a careless lawyer, sir, if you do not examine into your cases with more care than you did your surroundings when you climbed over that wall!"

"How on earth did you get inside?" inquired he, amazed.

"That's telling! If you won't exchange secrets, we can't come to terms!"

The lawyer's face grew more perplexed. "My dear young lady," he began, in a persuasive tone, "I assure you that, mysterious as my conduct may seem, it could be easily and honorably explained—and that I am attending to the private affairs of a client, whose secrets I am bound in honor to keep. My only anxiety is lest you shall make make public what you have seen, and set people agog to find out what it means. I certainly presumed that you had seen me enter the inclosure, and that you were drawn by innocent curiosity to watch my movements. Your saying that you were inside when I entered acquits you of that; but your presence there is simply unexplainable to me."

Jennie glanced down the fast-darkening road, and mentally decided it was high time to return home. Gathering up the reins, she said: "I shall not gossip about this, sir; it shall not be made public. Good night!"

"One moment! will you not tell me your name—nor how you happened to be inside the burial lot?" inquired Mr. Morris, eagerly.

"Not my name, sir. But I have no objection to telling you how I happened to be inside that place," indicating it with her riding whip, "before you entered."

"I should be very glad to know."

"Well, sir—I *fell* in!" and with a merry laugh, Jennie put her pony to the top of his speed, on the homeward road.

Three or four hours later, when Frank Danforth called at Mr. Morris's room at the hotel, in response to the note of the latter to Harry Follett, he was surprised to find that Morris had paid his bill and left the hotel shortly after supper.

"He came in late to supper," said the clerk, "ate in a hurry, packed up his baggage—a valise and a bundle done up in a shawl-strap—and left. Didn't say where he was going."

CHAPTER VI.

BEGINNING MARRIED LIFE.

THE elopement of Milly Hargreave and Harry Follett was the usual nine-days' wonder in Doncaster, and the tongues of the gossips wagged industriously, being impelled to double duty by the fact, which soon became public, that Uncle John Hargreave was bitterly opposed to the match, and declined to receive the young couple when they should return. Everybody agreed that it was "perfectly awful" that a father should close his doors on his only daughter, and that it was also "perfectly awful" that Harry Follett should have run off with Milly—"just for her money, you know, my dear!"

To do Harry Follett justice, he was really in love with Milly, and probably would have loved her had she been dowerless; still the fact that she was John Hargreave's only child, the apple of the old man's eye, and without doubt the heiress of his property, no doubt made him a more eager suitor and impelled him to make Milly his wife, even at the price of a runaway match.

Milly's honeymoon was by no means one of unalloyed happiness. She loved her father dearly, and the same apprehensions as to his anger that had troubled her on the runaway trip followed her during the days of her honeymoon. She had written him a long letter the day after her marriage, begging his forgiveness. It was a week before she received his reply. It was brief and stern. He referred her to the telegram sent Harry in care of the conductor on the night of the elopement, declared that she must abide by it, and requested that, on her return, she should not attempt to enter his house, but should consider herself as thenceforth a stranger to him.

John Hargreave's words were dictated more by his fierce anger against Harry Follett than by any real antagonism to his daughter. He was, of course, sorely displeased with her that she had preferred to marry a husband in defiance of his wishes; but the vials of his wrath were reserved for Harry Follett, who had led his daughter, so he considered, into disobedience, and the public scandal of an elopement. He could easily have forgiven Milly alone; but to forgive her and open his doors to her meant also that he must receive Harry Follett—and this he was determined he would never do. Uncle John was a "good hater;" and no man ever more thoroughly hated and disliked another than did he hate Harry.

Her father's letter was a blow to Milly's heart. She knew nothing of the contents of the telegram, until she had asked Harry about it, who fished the crumpled yellow sheet out of his pocket and handed her to read.

"Oh, Harry! why did you not show it to me at once?"

"Would you have returned home without marrying me?" demanded he, in a bantering tone.

"I could not have done so, Harry," responded the young wife, blushing slightly. "It would have created a scandal."

"Then, as you admit it would not have influenced you, sweet wife, you ought to thank me for shielding you from annoyance by leaving you in ignorance of its contents."

But Milly's pleasure in her bridal tour was at an end. She desired to return to Doncaster, yet she feared to do so, lest she should meet her father and he repulse her. She could not believe that he meant all that he had written, yet she feared to find it true.

Harry arranged by telegraph to have rooms ready for them at a hotel, and Milly began her married life there on her return home. Her old friends called on her, for she was very popular; but neither her father nor Aunt Betsy came. Milly worried over this, in spite of Harry's laughing assurances that it didn't matter—if she had lost a father and an aunt she had secured a husband, and that should be better than both.

But days passed into weeks before she even saw her father. He looked older and more worn, Milly thought, than she had ever seen him; and though he had passed her on the street without a glance of recognition, the sight of him prompted her to write him a piteous little letter, begging him to say he forgave her, even though he should never speak to her again, or allow her to enter her childhood's home. This she sent by a boyish messenger, who reported on his return that there was "no answer."

"Did he read the letter?" breathlessly demanded Milly.

"Oh, yes'm; he read it, put it in his pocket and jest said 'no answer,' mum."

Milly tried to open the subject with her husband, but a shade of annoyance crossed his face at the first mention of her father.

"My dear, you know your father. What he says, he means. You will find you will accomplish nothing by trying to placate him. You took your own course in marrying me, and he proposes to take his now. Let him alone, Milly—and don't, for heaven's sake, look so sad and lackadaisical. That isn't the kind of a wife I married, Milly!"

She was alarmed lest she had allowed her anxiety over her father's anger to interfere with her wifely duty; so she said no more to him, but sought to meet Aunt Betsy, and satisfy herself as to her father's feelings. A friend to whom she confided her purpose, managed the matter by inviting Aunt Betsy to spend the afternoon, then sending for Milly, and allowing them to meet in private. The old lady kissed her tenderly, the tears rolling down her face amid her caresses.

"Tell me of papa, auntie—tell me the truth!" begged she.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, what is there to tell? There's the misery of it! John won't talk about you; he won't mention your name, nor allow me to do so to him. He was very angry at the—marriage, you know; he dislikes elopements, I suppose. And he told me, on that awful night, that you had gone off to get married, and that you were not to come back home; that he should not call on you, and that he hoped I wouldn't—and—that's all! He has never mentioned your name since in my hearing!"

But she told the young wife all those little bits of home gossip that are so delightful concerning one we love, and ended with the shrewd observation:

"I don't believe, my dear, that John is half as angry at you for running away as he is at Mr. Follett for taking you away; and I verily believe if he could forgive you without having to forgive him too, he'd do it in a blessed minute!" Which showed that Aunt Betsey was a pretty shrewd judge of her brother's inmost heart.

The ice was thus broken between aunt and niece, and Milly found the irregular visits of the former a great consolation. The old lady stood somewhat in awe of her brother, but she said, sturdily:

"John has a masterful way about him, my dear, and I'm used to doing pretty much as he says; but, please God, I'm of age, and if I want to come and see the only niece I have in the world I'll do it!" Nevertheless, her visits were generally contemporaneous with his absences from home on business affairs.

Harry Follett devoted himself to his profession with much assiduity after his marriage. That event had the effect, of course, of considerably increasing his expenses, and he knew that he must augment his income in order to cover this. It did not occur to him that he had many unnecessary outlays which could be lopped off without detriment to himself and to the decided benefit of his purse. He was liberal with his money, and when he found himself among boon companions was apt to be more reckless in expenditure than his circumstances warranted.

It is a singular fact, but one proved by experience, that there are two classes of persons who seem unable to value money properly—those who have, during boyhood and early manhood, been furnished by indulgent parents with such sums as they may desire, without being required to account for it; and those whom the parsimony or poverty of their parents have prevented from using money enough to satisfy their proper needs. You spendthrift, as a rule, belongs to either the one or the other of these two extremes. Harry belonged to the first of these.

He was not idle by nature; on the contrary, he delighted in the work of his profession, and would have been a steady worker had it not have been for his convivial habits. A friend might drop in when he was busiest, and he would leave his unfinished task to join a party at a game of billiards, or to spend an evening in a social way, enlivened by cards and wine.

Frank Danforth was an assiduous student of the law, and Harry had a thorough respect for the young man, and full confidence in him; yet between the two there was no sympathy except on the common ground of business. Danforth was a quiet young fellow, liked by everybody, yet not one to sympathize with the amusements indulged in by his preceptor. It is to be feared that Harry looked upon him with a certain degree of secret contempt because of his regular attendance upon church services, and his eschewing of amusements tabooed by religious people. Once in a while the two men would get into an argument upon the subject of religion; and it is probable that Harry's agnostic views had an unconscious influence upon his student's opinions.

One evening they were both busily at work in the office—Follett preparing a brief in a somewhat intricate case, and Frank studying. The former, finishing his task, dropped his pen, and throwing himself wearily back in his chair, exclaimed:

"Danforth, is life worth living? Is the pleasure we obtain—we fellows who have to work for our living—sufficient pay for the trouble, and worry, and labor we are compelled to undergo?"

"Perhaps not," returned his companion, "if we do not take into consideration the life that is to come. Still, if there were no hereafter, I doubt if the majority of men do not think life worth living, even if it is laborious."

"There you go!" rejoined his companion, always taking a possible eternity into consideration. "Did you ever notice, Frank, that the great majority of Christians are either utterly selfish or utter cowards?"

"How do you reach that conclusion?"

"By their motives, as judged from their lives. On the one hand you will find the pulpits pleading with men to be good—that is, to live what is called a 'Christian life'—because by so doing they will win heaven—which they picture as an eternal state of rest and happiness, without any labor, or trouble, or sorrow, or anything else to worry them. On the other, you will hear them warned to avoid sin, for fear of hell, which is pictured as the exact reverse—a place of eternal pain and torment, of sorrow and anguish unutterable. What is the natural result of such teachings on people of average intellect—which, I take it, embraces the bulk of the race? Half of them are perfunctory Christians because they selfishly desire to share the delights of Heaven; the other half are frightened into doing the same thing because they are cowards, and fear hell's horrors. Is it not so?"

"I am not prepared to endorse so sweeping a statement. With some weak souls, one or the other may be true; but is there not higher ground than either?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Is there no higher a motive for pursuing a line of conduct than because God commands it, or the church declares it? Is there not such a thing as doing right because it is right, and not because we desire Heaven's delights or fear the pains of hell?"

"Frank, you're a queer fellow. I verily believe that you, if any one, are swayed by such a high motive; but knowing men—ay, and women too, my boy!—I doubt if there is a very large per cent who can rise superior to the sentiments of selfishness or cowardice in this matter."

"I hope, for the honor of humanity, that there are very many."

"Have you found many, Frank?"

"I have talked with but very few upon such subjects, and my personal knowledge is hence too limited to allow me to judge."

"You have the optimism of youth, Frank. There are not many years between us, my boy, but I believe I have lived thrice as long as you in experience of the world. Wait a few years, and you will agree with me that the majority of so called Christians are either cowardly or selfish in their lives." And Harry rose wearily, to start homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Longevity of the Grand Army.

How long the Grand Army of the Republic may survive as a distinct and important organization may be guessed from a glance at the number of Harrison voters of 1840 who voted for President Harrison's grandson in November. In Iowa there was a club of 3,000 of these men, and in Ohio the roll of 1840 Harrison voters reached 6,831. The Iowa members' names, ages and places of residence, in 1840 as well as in 1888, were published in the Des Moines *Register*. The ages ranged from 69 to 97. Allowing for the fact that the soldier discharged in 1865 might have been but 18 years old, while the voter of 1840 must have been 21, it appears that the presidential election of 1916 will bear about the same relation to the Grand Army veterans that the election of 1888 bore to the voters for William Henry Harrison. But after that distant year the "soldier vote"—unless we have had some more wars in the meantime—will have ceased to be a terror to the politicians.—*Boston Transcript.*

Heavy Losses in Apples.

Apple men in the lake counties and other sections of New York state are being subjected to no little worry through the mild weather, which has caused fruit to rot. About half a million barrels of apples, according to persons who claim to know, are stored in the Empire state, and half of these, it is feared, will go to loss.

The Grain He Sowed.

"I understand that Nebraska is a very cold, stormy country."

"Not at all; I sow grain there all the year round."

"Really? What kind of grain?"

"Wild oats."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Recent Literature.

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

The American Commonwealth—The Nun of Kenmare—The Self; What Is It?—A Vacation in a Buggy—Books of Poetry—Pamphlet Novels—Magazines—Literary Notes.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

No century can write its own history, neither can any people.

No nation has a record worthy of a place in history until it can tolerate a fair criticism by outside authorities, and no people, who do not compel such a fair criticism through some respectable attainments, may justly compete for recognition among the factors of civilization. M. Guizot, the very Genesis of historic research, says as to certain centuries of the French people, "they had no great men worthy of a record here" and yet the cotemporaries of those centuries doubtless might have differed with him. Mr. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," has taken time and opportunities since 1870, or for eighteen years to prepare himself for this work. He has meanwhile been over and back some half dozen times, giving the interval to observation and correction. He has political experience and judgment as member of Parliament for Aberdeen, and is professor of civil law at the University of Oxford. Prof Bryce is the most eminent author of modern date who has ever taken an interest in our problems of political economy or differentiated our work on the borders of civilization. De Tocqueville wrote a theoretical opinion, based upon the peculiar conditions of the American people and their constitution, as an article of governing compact.

A great number of foreign writers, English speaking and others, have commented in a racing way about us, some with authority but mostly without either opportunity or capacity, yet all helped us to see ourselves as they see us. Professor Bryce is not only an author who exhibits enterprise and research, but he has a philosophic brain, and a tendency to the judicial vision. He does not write for our special reading but to furnish an opinion of us, which, doubtless, will be regarded highly all over Europe. It will, therefore, naturally be more far-reaching than any home author could hope for.

He does not seem to allow any personal politeness to taint his unreserved impressions, and certainly surprises one at times by calling what we regard unfortunate foibles, as incidents, and otherwise stimulates inquiry. He is full of statistics as to our resources, and appreciates the possibilities before us in material development and its practical bearings upon the future of the typical American, when he shall have time to mature. It seems to him that we may grow not only the American man, but the American woman. He, indeed, would be a dangerous young man, but as an umpire of such mature years it may be best to let him speak for himself.

He apparently knows the best type of good and very good society on both sides of the ocean. So do several other Englishmen, who have given testimony not altogether unlike his. Of American women the author says:

> A European cannot spend an evening in an American drawing-room without perceiving that the attitude of men to women is not that with which he is familiar at home. The average European man has usually a slight sense of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. Even if she is the superior in intellect, in character, in social rank, he thinks that as a man he is her superior, and consciously or unconsciously talks down to her. She is too much accustomed to this to resent it unless it becomes tastelessly palpable. Such a notion does not cross an American's mind. He talks to a woman just as he would to a man, of course with more deference of manner and with a proper regard to the topics likely to interest her, but giving her his intellectual best, addressing her as a person whose opinion is understood by both to be worth as much as his own. Similarly an American lady does not expect to have conversation made to her. It is just as much her duty or pleasure to lead it as the man's is, and more often than not she takes the burden from him, darting along with a gay vivacity which puts to shame his slower wits. It need hardly be said that in all cases where the two sexes come into competition for comfort the provision is made first for women.
>
> The fondness for sentiment, especially moral and domestic sentiment, which is often observed as characterizing American taste in literature seems to be mainly due to the influence of women, for they form not only the largest portion of the reading public but an independent-minded part, not disposed to adopt the canons laid down by men, and their preferences count for more in the opinions and predilections of the whole nation than is the case in England.

No political or social student can fail to be grateful for this work; nor can he exclude a frequent reference to it. Mr. Bryce is an able constitutional umpire, and full well knows that a writing is one thing, and a law and contract-loving people is something else.

The 39 articles cannot make a Christian, and good men lived before the ten commandments, as well as bad in plenty since. The cynical commentary of the honorable senator of Mexico, who replied to the French savan, M. Biort, is more truthful than witty. Said he, in response to the Frenchman's complimentary reference to the beauty and diction of that instrument: "Yes, it is a charming piece of literature; it was written for angels, but should have been made for asses." He says:

> It must never be forgotten that the main object which the framers of the constitution set before themselves has been achieved. When Sieyes was asked what he had done during the reign of terror, he answered, "I lived." The constitution as a whole has stood and stands unshaken. The scales of power have continued to hang fairly even. The President has not corrupted and enslaved Congress: Congress has not paralyzed and cowed the President. The legislative may have gained somewhat on the executive department; yet were George Washington to return to earth, he might be as great and useful a President as he was a century ago. Neither the legislature nor the executive has for a moment threatened the liberties of the people. The states have not broken up the Union, and the Union has not absorbed the states. No wonder that the Americans are proud of an instrument under which this great result has been attained, which has passed unscathed through the furnace of civil war; which has been found capable of embracing a body of commonwealths three times as numerous, and with twenty-fold the population of the original states; which has cultivated the political intelligence of the masses to a point reached in no other country; which has fostered and been found compatible with a larger measure of local self-government than has existed elsewhere.

The two volumes are replete with new thoughts and are too vast for successful quotation. The book must be read unabridged. His modest apology may be appreciated by our reference to the introductory pages wherein he undertakes to justify the work.

"During the last fifty years no author," he states, "has proposed to himself the aim of portraying the whole political system of the country in its practice as well as its theory, of explaining, not only the National government, but the state governments; not only the constitution, but the party system; not only the party system, but the ideas, temper, habits of the sovereign people."

It is published by Macmillan & Co., New York, a house which has been long the representative of the best to be found among English authors.

The "Nun of Kenmare" is an autobiography of Francis Clare Cusack, late Mother General of the Sisters of Peace. The volume is a full account of her life and work, and details the opposition of certain ecclesiastics to the carrying out of what had been intrusted to her by the Pope. This work was constantly obstructed, and Sister Francis made the subject of scandalous misrepresentation, until she felt obliged to give up her office and show to the world the real state of affairs. To those who have known something of the Nun of Kenmare's labors for the improvement of the condition of Irish girls, these pages will be full of intense interest. They seem to contain a clear and explicit statement of facts which clears away much of the falsehood that had darkened her history. It is published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

"The Self: What Is It?" is a discussion in the same line with many others of the present time with reference to the real "Ego" of the human being. It is divided into two parts, the first relating to "Sensibility;" the second to "Intelligence." However much we may differ with the author in his conclusions, he has made a strong argument which it is hard to controvert. He deprecates most decidedly the sort of craze in regard to the progress which the world is now making, believing that the idea that nothing stands firm will have a bad effect upon humanity; that reverence for God, morals and government will grow less day by day. The book is worth reading. It is written by J. L. Malone and published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

"Favorite Authors for Children," by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, is a pretty little volume brought out by the Interstate Publishing Co., Boston. Short sketches of the lives of Longfellow, Whittier, Aldrich, Trowbridge, Holmes, Hawthorn, Bryant, Lucy Larcom, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa May Alcott, the Cary sisters and Margaret Sidney, make up the volume. These are written in a pleasant, familiar way that interests the little folk, and each sketch is accompanied by the picture of the individual.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publish "A Vacation in a Buggy," by Maria Louis Pool. It is a very lively and readable description of a trip made in a buggy through Berkshire, first appearing as a succession of letters in the New York *Evening Post*. There are few dramatic incidents in such a journey, but the author has managed to put a good deal of spice into her recitals, which renders the volume very entertaining.

"Rebel Rhymes and Other Poems," by Elizabeth J. Hereford, is also issued by the Putnams. It is dedicated to the Army of Northern Virginia, the prowess of which was undoubted. Of course the whole spirit of the poems is enthusiasm for the South and her people. They are musical, many of them pathetic, most of them full of poetic fervor.

Literary Notes.

It is said to be a rule of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the English novelist, never to draw a character from life.

Mr. Andrew Lang is to collect in a volume his literary letters to the New York *Independent*.

The biography of Louisa M. Alcott will be published by Edna D. Cheney.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale will conduct a department, "Social Problems," in the New York *Cosmopolitan*.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is said to be at work on the most ambitious piece of fiction he has yet attempted.

Cupples & Hurd announce for publication within a few days "The Eggs of North American Birds," by C. J. Maynard.

General Sherman is preparing a series of California reminiscences for the *North American Review*.

The English poet, William Morris, is a Socialist; Swinburne is a Conservative; Tennyson is a Tory, and Browning does not take the slightest interest in politics.

Jefferson Davis has written a paper entitled "Who Was to Blame for Andersonville?" which will be published in the *North American Review*. To be true the article should be autobiographical.

The February number of *St. Nicholas* has such contributors as Joaquin Miller, Arlow Bates, Noah Brooks, Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Prof. Frederich. The illustrations are genuine works of art.

The *Hearthstone*, a new literary venture at Minneapolis, is a monthly magazine devoted to general literature and choice family reading. It is neat and unpretending in appearance, and has plenty of room to grow.

The following English authors who died during the past year were possessed of personal estates of the sums named: Bonany Price, $58,500; Leone Levi, $14,000; J. Cotter Morison, $36,000; Matthew Arnold, $5,200.

Alphonse Daudet is said to be engaged on a novel which will be entitled "The Struggle for Life," a sequel to "L'Immortel." In it Daudet will try to convince the skeptic world that French home-life is a reality, and French domestic virtue not a mere word.

Macmillan & Co. will soon bring out Sir Monier Williams' "Buddhism," which deals with the development of that religion from its origin to the present day, and its connection with brahminism and hinduism in contrast with christianity.

Lord Tennyson is better, but at the age of 70 his working days are over. He will undertake hereafter no more laborious task than a little revision of his poems. His severe illness was brought on through indulgence in a life-long passion for walking in the rain.

A New Yorker, having printed his belief that Washington Irving is not read by the present generation, is corrected by a San Francisco paper, which declares that no less than 800,000 volumes of Irving have been bought in America since 1880. The present use of Irving's books—particularly the "Sketch Book"—in public schools may account in part for such surprising sales.

Edgar S. Werner, owner and editor of the *Voice*, has decided to change the name of that periodical, now nine years old, to avoid confusion with the organ of the prohibitionists, published by Funk & Wagnalls, which, coming later into the field, adopted the same title. The older paper will hereafter be called *Werner's Voice Magazine*.

A book of travel is now in press, by Carter H. Harrison, ex-mayor of Chicago, descriptive of his recent trip around the world. It will doubtless take well, for his series of letters to the Chicago *Mail* were widely read, being sprightly, droll and readable. He traveled far into the Orient when a boy, with Bayard Taylor, who speaks of him in his travels. Mr. Harrison and the President-elect are the children of first cousins.

A SHARP BOY.

He Gets Hold of Some Facts and Worries His Free Trade Father.

New York Press.

"Pa!"

"Well, my dear boy?"

"The *Press* says that the trade returns of Canada show that Canada bought $91,000,000 worth of goods from us last year, and $79,000,000 from Great Britain."

"Well, my son, what of that?"

"Why, in 1887 they got $7,000,000 more goods from Great Britain than from us."

Well?"

"If they are buying more from us every year and less from their mother country, it sort of seems to me that more and more of our goods must be getting cheaper all the time than the goods made in England. Does a protective tariff work that way, pa?"

Quotability of Authors.

Which English authors are the richest in supplying "Familiar Quotations?" I am prompted to ask the question by a remark in Mr. John Morley's introduction to the new edition of Wordsworth. According to Mr. Morley, Wordsworth stands third on the list. "Only two writers," he says, "have contributed so many lines of daily popularity and application. In the handbooks of familiar quotations Wordsworth fills more space than anybody save Shakespeare and Pope." A reference to the last edition of "Bartlett," which is far the best collection, does not quite bear out Mr. Morley's statement. Here is a list of the number of pages filled by some of the authors severally:

Shakespeare	118	Goldsmith	9	Butler	6
Milton	34	Johnson	8	Coleridge	6
Pope	26	Moore	8	Longf'low	6
Wordsworth	22	Scott	8	Young	6
Byron	21	Tennyson	8	Burns	5
Cowper, Dryden	10	Gray	7	Campbell, Chaucer	4

The old testament, it may be interesting to add, supplies 21 pages of "familiar quotations"—the same number as Byron—and the New Testament ten.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Goods Appropriate for the Season.

"Well, how is business on the road?" asked one commercial traveller of another.

"I find it very good."

"And I find it very bad."

"What is you line?"

"Sleigh bells, skates and snow shovels."

"That accounts for it. I'm carrying linen dusters, ice cream freezers and soda fountains this season."—*Hartford Post.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Impaired Vitality
and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

Something Stronger Necessary.

One of a group in a beer saloon—Ah, Robinson, how are you? Bring your chair up to this table and have something with us.

Robinson (affably)—Well, I don't mind taking beer.

First Speaker—Dumley is just going to begin a story.

Robinson—Er—that so? Well, I'd better take whisky.—*New York Sun.*

No fewer than 293 new journals and reviews made their appearance in Paris during the first six months of last year. Of this number 36 were illustrated publications.

ST. JACOBS OIL
WHAT IT IS.

1st. It is in one word a cure; it is not merely a relief and in no sense a cure-all; it is the product of scientific research, and was devised through the patient balancing of effects.

2nd. It subdues easily, soothes instantly, cures permanently. Each constituent of the formula has a recognized intrinsic virtue in the direction of a combination to serve more surely the cure of pain.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

TOM GOSKIN'S NEW PIANO.

How the Three Card Monte Man Played on It for Big Stakes.

Sam Davis in Carson Appeal.

In 1848—it might have been five years earlier or later; this is not history for public schools—there was a little camp ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of 300 miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over these men did not rest from their labors like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled and shot each other as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef, and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out by their pull. The cart contained a good sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually become subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressen with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe and lit it as he continued:

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade."

A man who had been looking on stepped up at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, cooly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and the crowd gathered closer, anticipating trouble.

The teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off and then pulled out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole box cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," he said, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

Had a dozen dead men been in the box their presence in the camp would not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that piano caused. By the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy gurdy saloon owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler of the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest man in the state. It gradually rose from a recumbent to an upright position, amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got the muscle to feed it for a whole month."

Another bought a pair of blankets for a cover and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit up something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler and a Mexican who thrummed on a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

One day a three card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could knock any amount of music out of the piano, if he only had it alone for a few hours to get his hand in. This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he said he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance that he often hung about the instrument and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his finger ends, but did not dare to make trials of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch that piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold dust to have been half an hour with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling hall with springs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson red berries did not seem a bad imitation of the English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanted to fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

> $20 Reward
> For a Compitant Pianner Player.

This he stuck up on the music rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merry-making went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar, and the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fireplace.

His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in awhile as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all of the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, making up a cup of hot eggnogg, advanced and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smoked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, hey! Out in the mountains—caught in the storm. Lively night this!"

"Pretty bad;" said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry."

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As the meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier and threw off the feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December 24, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas, but I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the church."

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, tackle it and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would, like all others, refuse him.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds to send a hush over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro dealer, who was about to take in a fifty dollar bet on the tray paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with their glasses at their lips. Conversation seemed to have been struck with a sort of paralysis and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys, like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not defect anything radically wrong.

They heard a succesion of grand chords, and that was enough.

"See him counter with his left," said an old rough.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off to the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad, melancholy and touching songs that came up, like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together, they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the churches thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen mistletoe and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the cabin, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Gosgin, "you want a little rest."

"I do feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name is Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning?"

Goskin started. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As he dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light when the two men returned. Driscoll was as pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blanket over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down, astonished; there was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, too."

The next day the boys followed a horse's tracks through the snow and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three card monte man who used to deny point blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked up to the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24, 1862.

CORN IS KING.

Some Facts of Interest Regarding the Crop of Last Year.

All our other cereals give allegiance to corn. Corn has built more miles of railroad, erected more buildings, clothed and fed more people than any other product of American soil. Our corn crop just gathered never before yielded such a bountiful harvest. Nearly two billions of bushels were raised on 75,567,276 acres of the finest land in the world, which will bring us in nearly seven hundred millions of dollars. The present price of corn is below what it costs to put it in the farmers' cribs, and if the life is thus to be pounded out of it and no relief comes, the farmers must let their lands return to grass, and their only hope lies in an increased export demand.

From the official returns of the Iowa Agricultural Society, the yield of the corn states is as follows:

States.	Acres.	Bushels.
Iowa	7,797,090	321,629,962
Illinois	7,047,813	277,726,451
Indiana	3,419,377	123,436,284
Kansas	5,574,465	168,754,087
Missouri	6,447,168	210,822,394
Nebraska	2,804,216	84,126,352
Ohio	2,460,082	90,423,821
Total for the seven states		1,281,919,349

Of this, our greatest crop, we only export to all the world about four per cent of our whole production, and a movement is now on foot among the exchanges of the country, and they could make no better investment of their money for their own benefit, to show to the world, through the exposition at Paris this year, of the value of corn as a human food, and which, if carried out as the promoters propose, it ought to increase the exports to at least 25 per cent in ten years. At 45 cents a bushel at the seaboard, this would represent one hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty-five millions dollars. An increase of only five cents a bushel on last year's crop would amount to nearly $100,000,000.

Hon. Abram Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, thoroughly studied up this corn question in relation to human food in Europe, and when in Congress eleven years ago, applied for an appropriation of $100,000 to carry out a similar plan at the Paris Exposition of 1878. Ex-Mayor Edson is now taking an active interest in the present movement. It is expected that the public spirited citizens of this country will co-operate with the exchanges and give this great national movement substantial financial aid.

He Appreciated the Comforts of a Home.

Dumley (helping Brown home)—"What'll your wife say (hic), Brown? it's two o'clock."

Brown—"Oh! she won't shay noshing. She'll just help me up the stairs (hic) an' put me to bed an' feel sorry (hic) that I'm so sick again. I tell you, Dumley, y' ought to be a married man an' enjoy (hic) the comforts of a home."—*Epoch.*

All Tastes Suited.

Waiter—The customer I's waitin' on says the brandy sauce doan taste like it had any brandy in.

Cook—Who is he?

"Doan know. Western man."

"Bring the sauce back and chuck in a little sulphuric acid and kerosene oil."—*Phil. Record.*

—After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

Fighting Men of Europe.

	War Strength.	Second Reserves.	Final Reserves.
Germany	2,520,000	1,520,000	1,860,000
France	2,440,000	1,570,000	1,700,000
Russia	2,495,000	1,980,000	2,200,200
Italy	1,010,000	1,320,000	1,200,000
Austria	1,145,000	1,470,000	1,700,000
Turkey	620,000	310,000	340,000
Balkan st'tes	250,000	165,000	195,000
Total	10,480,000	8,335,000	9,195,000

WEAK KIDNEYS BACKACHE
Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Sides, Back and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and muscular pains *relieved in one minute* by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster**, The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster; 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

Their Location, People, Products and Relations with the United States.

With all the talk about Samoa, there are scores of people who haven't the least idea where it is. Samoa is a group of nine inhabited islands called Samoan, or Navigators' Islands. They lie in the South Pacific, 400 miles northeast of the Feejee Islands.

They were called the Navigators' Islands by Bougainville, who visited them in 1768, from the skill with which the natives propelled their canoes.

There has been no very late census, but the population of the whole group is probably not more than 50,000.

Tutuila is a thickly settled island, and has a good port—Pango-Pango—on its southern coast. The commerce of the islands is small, and the German and English ships are chiefly engaged in its earrying trade, a very small portion falling to the United States, though Commodore Meade, by a convention with the natives in 1872, took the harbor of Pango-Pango under the protection of this country.

In 1873, Gen. Grant sent a special agent to the islands on a mission to the natives, who wished the whole group to be put under the protection of the United States. Two years later a native king was elected and Steinberger became his prime minister.

The natives are finely built, the men averaging 5 feet 10 inches in height and the women being remarkably graceful and symmetrical. Their tint is a clear olive and their hair is black and straight.

The largest island in the group is Savaii, which has not yet been fully explored. The climate is very even, though rain is pretty equally distributed through the year, the winter months of January, February and March abounding with heavy rain storms and northern winds.

Dried meat of the cocoanut, timber, tropical fruit, sugar-cane and tobacco are the chief staples. Horse, cattle and swine have been introduced into these islands.

The old religion of the natives acknowledged one great God, but admitted several minor deities, especially war gods, who were more venerated. At present all the Samoans are nominal Christians, at least, consisting principally of Independents and Presbyterians. There are some Wesleyans and a few Catholics.

Ten thousand tons of coppra, or dried cocoanut meat, is shipped annually, mainly to Hamburg. Godeffroy & Co., merchants, of Hamburg, control most of the trade. They have several cotton plantations at Apia, the chief town of the island of Anuu. It is the next best port to Pango-Pango.

Among the imports of the islands is lumber from California and Oregon. The German and American interest in the Samoan question may be better understood from their commercial relations.

IS FRANCE DOOMED

To Another Change of Government?—A Superstition, and the Ground For It.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is a sort of superstition in France that no dynasty or form of government in that country can endure more than eighteen years. This belief has been held for a third of a century or more, and the events which have occurred within this period have served to intensify and extend it. The belief is based on a few important facts in the French history of the past 100 years. These facts are contained in the record of the duration of each governmental system in that period, which we will here present in a convenient form.

	Date of tablishment.	Years of duration.
First republic	1789	15
First empire	1804	11
Bourbon kingdom	1815	15
Orleanist kingdom	1830	18
Second republic	1848	4
Second empire	1852	18
Third republic	1870	18

No form of government in France in the past 100 years has passed the eighteen-year mark except one. The Orleanist kingdom, although given here as continuing eighteen years in round figures, actually lasted but seventeen years, six and a half months, while the second empire was in existence about seventeen years and nine months. The only governmental system which has endured longer than eighteen years is the third republic, which, however, has exceeded that span of time by less than five months.

The eighteen-year period has a fatal import in French history. The reign of Louis XVI. was nominally about eighteen years, as he was crowned in 1774 and guillotined a few days after the beginning of 1793, when the republic virtually came into existence. Napoleon I. was dominant in French affairs about eighteen years, beginning in 1797, just before the establishment of the Consulate, and ending at Waterloo in 1815. Louis Philippe, the Orleanist, and the third Napoleon, who established the second empire, each reigned nearly eighteen years. The duration of the Bourbon monarchy of Louis XVIII. and of his successor, Charles X., which ended when Louis Philippe went upon the throne, lasted within two years of the eighteen-year period.

The foregoing landmarks in the course of French history for the last ten or eleven decades will show the basis on which the eighteen-year superstition rests. The cycle is again completed and the period is fully rounded out. Is France on the eve of another revolution? Has the republic reached the limit of its existence? Is one more illustration about to be given that a dozen and a half of years of power is the maximum which will be allotted in France to dynasty or governmental system? To these questions the events of the next few months will furnish an answer.

A SAD SITUATION.

Last Lessons of a Loving Mother's Life.

I remember being taken by my mother when I was a child to see a poor woman who was dying of a cancer. The disease was eating its way to a vital part and her doctor had given her a month as her utmost limit of life. She was preparing for her end in a way that seemed practical and prosaic enough, but that struck me as pathetic in its self-forgetfulness. She was sitting up in bed, with a basket beside her, finishing up the family mending, showing her eldest daughter—on whose 13-year-old shoulders the burden of household care was soon to fall—how to fell down the seams in the little brother's knee patches, and how to darn the father's socks, so that he would never feel the difference. She had impressed upon the girl how to make her father's favorite potato pone, how to manage her young sister when she got into the sulks, what to do for her father when he had his periodical fit of cramps—and everything else she could think of that would insure comfort in the humble home she was leaving. She had all the work planned which she would do during the short span of life that was given to her. Her burial clothes were folded away in a drawer with sweet basil leaves among them. I was reminded of the incident by reading in a paper recently of a man in Milwaukee who is preparing for something that is even more terrible than death—insanity. He will be violently insane in a few weeks, and he knows it. Some time ago his skull was fractured; a gristle is fast forming about the cracked edges, which will surely press upon the brain and make him a maniac. He talks calmly and rationally of his fate, and spends every moment of his brief term of sanity in making provision for his family when he shall no longer be able to care for them. It is a situation worthy of the pen of a novelist like Daudet.—*New York Fashion Bazaar.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

HOW THEY FOOLED HIM.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Comrade Ferd. Connard, late of Co. D, 31st, O. V. V. I., a noted scout and spy, in the winter of 1861-62, was engaged in scout service duty for "Pap" Thomas. Ferd was tall and slim, and when arrayed in a suit of Kentucky jeans and a broad-brim slouch hat, resembled very much a genuine Confederate.

One day, soon after the decisive battle of Mill Springs, and while on the march from Somerset, Ky., to Louisville, Connard, Commissary Sergt. Ben. Brown, and Private Kern constituted themselves an advance guard. Connard was attired in his scouting suit, Brown carried a revolver in his belt, and Kern was armed with a "Springfield." While marching along a pike road, considerable distance ahead of the regiment, they neared the plantation of an old secessionist. Before reaching the premises they determined on a plan whereby they might obtain their dinners without remuneration—in other words, "euchre the old man." They held a council of war, laid out their plan of attack, and formed a line of assault—Connard in the center, Brown on the right and Kern on the left. Marching boldly to their position at the entrance to the broad and beautiful lawn in front of the commodious residence of the enemy, they halted at the gate and apparently engaged in an exciting quarrel. Finally, as agreed, Brown left Kern at the gate, ostensibly guarding Connard, marched up the shaded gravel walk to the house, and rapped at the door. Soon it was opened by a comely young lady, whom Brown hastily informed that he had a rebel prisoner in charge who was nearly starved, and who declared he could go no farther until he had had something to eat. Brown also told her he did not desire to kill the poor d—l, and assured her that he was willing to pay for their dinners. She consulted her parents and directly returned with a favorable report, and the trio were soon seated in the well-furnished sitting-room awaiting the preparation of dinner. The planter proved to be a true Kentuckian in sociability and hospitality, and he and Connard were soon conversing, intimately though prudently, on the subject of the success of the Southern confederacy. The old gentleman suddenly remembered that he had a supply of "apple-jack" in the cellar and brought up a pitcher full for the "boys" to sample. They each quaffed a glass of the liquor and pronounced it excellent. Brown asked their host what he would charge to fill their canteens, and was told three canteens full would cost $3. The bargain was closed, and the canteens were filled with "apple-jack" and handed to Brown, who placed them together near the door. Dinner being announced, they all repaired to the dining room and sat down to a first-class Kentucky menu, to which they did ample justice. The "prisoner," having finished eating first, asked the sergeant whether he might go to the sitting-room to wait, making some plausible excuse. The sergeant raised no objections, and Connard stepped into the other room, followed by the host, who accidentally (?) closed the door behind them. As soon as the door closed the Kentuckian gave Connard a sign to make his escape, and he immediately made a rush for freedom, not forgetting, however, to take his share of the "apple-jack." The careless guards hearing a little more noise than they thought necessary, bounded into the sitting-room only to discover that "Johnny Reb." had escaped. With a great show of anger and excitement they picked up the remaining canteens and started in hot pursuit, Kern firing at the fugitive just as he passed over a hill and out of sight. Of course, during the great excitement caused by the escape of the "prisoner," Brown neglected to pay for their dinners and the "apple jack." Perhaps the secessionist felt amply repaid in the thought that he had aided a fellow rebel (?) to escape.—J. F., Co. G, 31st O. V. V. I., Reed City, Mich.

GETTING RID OF THE SURPLUS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The following item recently appeared in the *Knight and Soldier*, published at Topeka, Kan.:

> Senator Plumb introduced a bill in the Senate recently, making an appropriation of $10,000 to pay Daniel W. Boutwell, of this city, for hazardous services during the Price raid into Missouri and Kansas. It will be remembered that Boutwell made a trip from Topeka to some point in Missouri to notify Gen. Curtis of the situation, and in reaching there had to swim the Missouri river, and skulked through the rebel lines. He performed his duty and saved Leavenworth.

Comrades, this sounds hazardous, but it seems still more valuable than hazardous. How said Daniel W. Boutwell saved (?) Leavenworth the above extract does not state. Perhaps he obtained permission from Gen. Curtis to surround Price, capture him and his army and put the whole squad in the guard house. If such was the case, then the Senate should by all means pass the bill, for the feat was a grand one; very hazardous, indeed, and Mr. Boutwell should occupy a high place in American history. But the fact is Gen. Curtis's command saved Leavenworth and Kansas City, too. Then why should Mr. Boutwell receive $10,000, simply for making the trip? or because he swam the Missouri river and—skulked? Why did he go so far South? It surely was unnecessary, for Curtis met Price's forces 24 miles south of the Missouri river. And if Curtis was north of the Missouri, why did not Mr. Boutwell cross the river at Kansas City, where the federals had a ferry? Mr. Boutwell wants $10,000 for making the trip, and also claims the credit of saving Leavenworth. There are a few score of little mounds near Independence, Mo., beneath which are laid to rest the men who secured the safety of that city with their lives, and not one of their widows or orphans have asked the government to pay them $10,000, or $1,000, for the part their husbands and fathers took in "saving Leavenworth." Any soldier would have made the trip in ten days, and found ample time for "skulking," too; and if a swimmer he would have swam across the river for the fun of it. Any "bluecoat" who was a swimmer would have performed the alleged great feat for $5. Comrades, $10,000 would pay a pension of $100 to each of 100 widows, made so by the efforts of their husbands to save Kansas and Missouri. I append an itemized bill for the service:

Traveling expenses (10 days)	$ 50
Swimming Missouri river	25
Skulking	25
Consummate exhibit of "cheek"	9,900
Total	$10,000

Truly it makes some difference who does great deeds in this country.—R. J. GILLASPY, Co. K, 8th Ind. Cav., White City, Kas.

THE "BOB-TAILED HORSE."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Shortly after President Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, I conducted into camp, one morning, three fugitive slaves. Two of them were coarse and rough in appearance and dress, but their companion, perhaps 21 years of age, was good looking and stylishly dressed—clean striped shirt, stand-up collar, etc.—and wore a linen duster. I expected to reserve him as cook for our mess, but Lieut-Col. Cam, who happened to be meandering around at the time, took possession of the dandyfied coon to officiate as his hostler. The 14th and 15th Ills. brigaded together, and were always as good to each other as lovers, yet members of one regiment were forever perpetrating jokes at the expense of the other, when opportunity offered. These pranks were often played while on the march, and generally the military band would emphasize the joke with an appropriate selection.

After the colonel's handsome hostler had been on duty about six weeks, for reasons known to that worthy, the irate official kicked the darkey out of camp. The same night the tail of the lieutenant's horse was chopped off by some of the mischievous boys. Col. Haul, commanding our regiment, came to us and said: "Boys, don't let the 15th know of this episode, for they will bore you on the march." Of course we all promised to keep it a profound secret among ourselves. But imagine our dismay, when on the next march, to hear the 15th regiment band strike up the tune "The Bob-tailed Horse," while we were passing them, and the boys shouting at us derisively, "Where is Col. Cam's negro?" "Say, 14th, don't you want another dude hostler?" To comrades of the 14th and 15th, who know the circumstances, and why the negro was kicked out of camp, this will be appreciated, perhaps.—SAMUEL WALKER, Lay, Montgomery county, Kas.

SURPRISED BY TEXAS RANGERS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—While at Hartsville, Mo., 30 men from our regiment (3d Mo. Cav.) and 25 infantry of the 2d Iowa, under command of Lieut. Bailey, were detailed to guard and accompany a train of 30 wagons on their way to Rolla, Mo., for quartermaster supplies. Nothing of moment occurred on the way except a few surprises by bushwhackers. On the return trip we received orders to unload at Houston, which we did, for our troops were moving back towards Rolla. We started on to Hartsville empty, and soon began to meet our troops, consequently our progress was slow, only traveling about 21 miles the first day. We stopped to camp at Beaver Creek. We had been cautioned by those we met that the rebels were in the vicinity, but paid no heed. Our squad was straggled along the route, and the rear of the detail had barely reached the camp when we heard the sharp rattle of musketry, accompanied by the familiar "rebel yell." General Burbridge, in command of 600 Texas rangers, had been watching our movements and surprised us, expecting to capture the train and secure a supply of clothing. Some of our infantry escaped over a high bluff near our camp and part of the cavalry broke through the lines and escaped. Three were killed, a number wounded and about half the detail taken prisoners. But empty wagons was all the enemy got for their pains. I fell off my horse just in the rear of the line and was unconscious a short time. When I revived I started toward the bluff. I met a man running whom I halted, who proved to be a rebel unarmed. I ordered him to march on and not look back or I would shoot, which he did; but I was as badly scared as he, for we were not over 30 steps in the rear of the rebels, and the fight was still in progress.—A. J. RAGSDALE, Co. H, 3d Mo. Cav., Marionville, Lawrence county, Mo.

"SO HARD-HEARTED."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Quite a number of young recruits belonged to our regiment—5th Iowa Cav.—and while we were at Camp Patrick, near Nashville, the old vets kept the raw recruits in "hot water" much of the time. One boy named Jerry had bragged about what he would do when he went to the front. So one night we concluded to initiate him. I was expected to see that Jerry's arms were prepared, which I did by drawing the bullets, so there would be no danger of fatal results, should he fire. Well, he and others of the gang, together with a veteran, started out on a bogus night excursion as planned, and were fired on from ambush. Charley, the veteran, fell to the ground, crying, "Run boys; save yourselves!" I was near by watching, and soon Jerry came bounding toward me, white as a ghost, hatless and so badly scared he could hardly speak. I stopped him and he gasped out, "Poor Charley is killed; go to him, quick!" As I could not suppress my laughter, he remarked, indignantly, "Good ——, do you all get so hard-hearted?"—DAN KNIGHT, Co. C, 5th Iowa Cav., Colfax, Iowa.

SPLINTERS AND KNOTS.

William Dyer, Cherokee, Iowa:—Read note in answer to J. C. Mays, Cedarville, Mo.

Comrade A. P. Watson, New Wilmington, Penn.:—The fee for publishing requests for addresses, etc., in this department is 50 cents.

W. L. Meadows, Iron Mountain, St. Francis county, Mo.:—Your request for address will be published in this column on payment of the fee—50 cents.

Mrs. Mary Olair, Greenville, Ky.:—A notice inserted in this department under "Information wanted," will undoubtedly be read and answered, and will cost but 50 cents.

John W. Whitemarsh, Union veteran, died at Omaha, Neb., January 9, 1889, aged 45 years. Death resulted from disease contracted while he was a prisoner at Andersonville.

J. C. Mays, Cedarville, Mo:—Under the heading "Information Wanted," requests for addresses of comrades, etc., are published in this department on payment of the fee—50 cents.

Comrade J. F. Bacon, Mentor, Kas., writes: "I enlisted as a volunteer in Co. I, 45th Ind. Vol. Inft., October 9, 1861, and served until June 24, 1865. I was a prisoner ten months in Texas. My health is impaired, but I receive no pension."

M. T. Zohill, Prairie Hall, Ill.: "I never was a soldier, but had two brothers in the late rebellion. I am very much interested in the letters from the old soldiers in the CAMP FIRE. In consideration of the hardships they endured while in the service, I think they should all receive pensions."

Green B. Perkins, Callisburg, Texas, a soldier's son, writes from the Sunny South: "My father served in the late war three years and six months, being a member of Co. F, 9th Reg. M. S. M. Cav. Long live the BLADE, and may it always stand up for the right, and have for its motto, 'Protection to American Industries.'"

Comrade Alfred Hawkins, Eagle, Cass county, Neb., late of Co. H, 8th Kans. Vol. Inft., and who was also a member of Co. K, 2d Bat. P. C., says: "Are my old comrades of the 4th A. C. too bashful to show up around the CAMP FIRE? Perhaps some of them will read this and remember the old 'pot wrestler' in the above-named companies."

Comrade George Woodward, Toledo, O., says: "I enlisted in Co. D, 100th O. V. I., August 4, 1862. I served three years, and probably experienced as many hardships and smelled as much burned powder as any of the boys who served the same length of time. I think this Congress should enact liberal pension laws that will benefit soldiers in a general way."

Comrade H. M. Bayless, Concord, Minn., a new subscriber, writes: "On Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga, our regiment (2d Minn.) relieved the 24th O. Inft. When we took our position I noticed a boy, about 12 years old, with gun and accouterments, dressed in a clean blue suit, loading and firing with all the bravery of an old vet. He evidently belonged to the 24th. In anyone living wishes to learn of his whereabouts I can inform them. I saw the last field officer shot, and the ranking captain took charge of the remainder of the regiment."

Comrade F. Counselman, of Doyleston, Wis., a high private, submits the following: "I was sworn into the service of Uncle Sam as a member of Co. K, 18th Wis. Vols., March 22, 1862, and arrived at Pittsburg Landing about a week later. We were assigned to Commander Prentiss's brigade, going to the extreme front. I was wounded three times during my first day's fight and taken prisoner, but the enemy retreated and left me to look out for myself. The 18th lost all their field officers and all the captains except Capt. Kershaw, of Co. K. We lost over 600 killed and 50 taken prisoners."

Comrade F. W. Morris, Poplar Springs, Tenn., an old reader, writes: "I enlisted when 15 years of age, in Co. K, 7th Tenn. Cav., and was captured by Forrest at Union City, March 24, 1864. I was taken to Andersonville, Ga. While there I saw a raider snatch $10 from Randall Jones, of our regiment. Jones pursued him but was beaten back. It was a great relief to those who had money when the six raiders were hung. I was near by when Curtis made a leap for liberty. Saw a member of Co. A shot by a guard one night, and many other sorrowful and sickening sights. Was also at Savannah and Milan. I was so weak from starvation I could scarcely walk when exchanged, November 19, 1864."

S. L. Brown, Tecumseh, Neb.: "I was too young to engage in the late civil war, but being patriotic, I enlisted at Springfield, Ills., as a member of company G, 7th United States infantry, November 14, 1866. We were sent to Governor's Island, New York, remaining two weeks, and then 350 were transferred to Florida, remaining there two years and six months. In the spring of 1869 the standing army was reduced, and the 36th and 7th regiments consolidated. We left Tampa Bay, April 10 and reached Camp Douglass, Salt Lake City, May 25. Col. John T. Sprague commanded us at Florida, and Col. John Gibbon in the West; George S. Hollister, captain of my company. I was discharged in November, 1869. My father died in Andersonville prison; he was a member of the 14th Illinois infantry. My oldest brother, 143d Illinois infantry, was among those who died at Little Rock, Ark., from drinking poisoned water, the rebels having poisoned it before leaving."

Information Wanted.

Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

WANTED—Information of John Webb, late of Co. H, 102d N. Y. Reg.; born in New York state; moved from Lenawee county, Mich., to Sherman township, Osceola county, in 1884; left there August 30, 1885; has not been heard of since; age, if living, 53; notice appeared in Palmyra (N. Y.) paper in 1887 of man found dead who, from description, was thought to be Webb.—C. A. BOLIN, Tustin, Osceola county, Mich.

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GRAPE VINES, FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES
CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.
Among the latter we introduce the CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY
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THE NILE CRIER.

Men Paid to Announce the Progress of the Rise of the River.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to cry out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last 24 hours, says London *Tit-Bits*.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting on the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

> "God has looked graciously upon the fields."
> Response:—"Oh! day of glad tidings."
> "To-morrow begins the announcement.
> Response:—"May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired, he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, imploring blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "baksheesh," or drink money—sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.

JAPANESE PRISONS.

The Inmates Kept Busy at all Kinds of Trades.

A visitor thus recounts to the London *Pottery Gazette* what he saw in a Japanese prison at Tokio:

> We visited a workshop where jinrikishas were being made, then one where umbrella handles were being elaborately carved, then one where every kind of pottery, from a rough porous bottle and jar to the egg-shell teacup, was rolling from a dozen potters' wheels, and then came the great surprise.
>
> Here in the prison at Ishikawa sat, not six, but 60 men, common thieves and burglars and peace-breakers, who knew no more about cloisonne before they were sentenced than a Hindoo knows about skates, cutting by eye measurement only the tiny strips of copper to mark the outline of a bird's beak, or the shading of this wing, or the articulations of his toe, sticking these upon the rounded surface of the copper vase, filling up the interstices with pigment, coat upon coat, and fixing and filing and polishing it until the finished work was so true and so delicate and so beautiful that nothing except an occasional greater dignity and breadth of design marked the art of the freeman from that of the convict.
>
> When the criminal reaches his prison home in Tokio he is taught to do that at which the limit of his natural faculties is reached. If he can make cloisonne, well and good; if not, perhaps he can carve wood or make pottery; if not these then he can make fans or umbrellas or basket work. If he is not up to any of these he can make paper, or set type, or cast brass, or do carpentering.
>
> If the limit is still too high for him, down he goes to the rice mill, and see-saws all day long upon a balanced beam, first raising the stone-weighed end and then letting it down with a great flop into a mortar of rice.
>
> But if he cannot even accomplish this poor task regularly, he is given a hammer, and left to break stones under a shed with 29 other men out of 2,000 who could not learn anything else.

A FORTUNE IN PINE TREES.

Fields That Can be Made Exceedingly Valuable.

"I've got an idea that will be worth millions of dollars to the next generation if it is only carried out," says a writer in the Punxsutawney *Spirit*. "It is this: Pine trees are valuable. They are getting scarce and will be much more valuable 50 years hence than at present. My idea is to plant little pines in all the old fields in the country—set them out in regular rows and cultivate them. They will naturally grow much faster and become larger and prettier when properly planted and cared for than when left to struggle for themselves in a wild and unprotected state.

"I would advise farmers to plant pine trees in every available place and cultivate forests of them. They may not become valuable in time to yield the planter a profit—unless he be a boy—but they will continue to grow, winter and summer, until some fine morning their owner will wake up and find himself rich. Pine will always be in demand and will continue to increase in value. This idea," concluded Lum, "would be worth millions of dollars to the next generation if the present one would act upon it, and all I ask for it is that a grateful posterity erect a monument over my humble dust."

The Prince of Wales's Son.

For so pretty a woman, the princess of Wales has the ugliest daughters and one of the most stupid sons imaginable. The oldest son of the prince—the one commonly known as "Cuffs and Collars," because of his fancy for excessively high collars and his inclination for that remarkable action known as shooting his cuffs—is as stupid as he is ugly. The second son, Prince George, is most delightful, and a great favorite among the English people. Very early in life he displayed his independent spirit. One day the royal family were at dinner, and the children were brought in at dessert. Prince George was then in petticoats. After they had been made much of for awhile, they were taken out, but suddenly the nurse returned to say that Prince George was missing; he couldn't be found anywhere. It was suggested that they should look under the table, and from out of it, at this hint, walked his small royal highness, totally divested of his clothing, his face smeared with fruit from stolen tarts, and about him that air of conquest only possible to a baby boy. To him is credited the advice given to his stupid brother, when it was necessary for him to fill up the time, that he should "go into the corner and whistle God save your grandmother." Albert Victor divides his admiration between the two American beauties, Lady Mandeville and Lady Randolph Churchill, finding in them, as many another Englishman has, more wit and a greater ability to entertain him than any of his own countrywomen possess.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Laying Down the Law.

Bridget: "The nurse says, Mum, that yez worr in the kitchen while I worr out."

Mistress (timidly): "Yes, Bridget."

Bridget: "Yis—indade, Mum, an' what wud ye think if I wint into your boodwar when ye worr out?"

Mistress (very timidly): "I should think it strange, Bridget."

Bridget (modifying a little as she shatters a piece of Sevres on the floor): "Very well, Mum, but hereafter if yez will stick to your own part of the house o'll stick to mine."—*Phil. Welch.*

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.
Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality of Gold Pen. Stylo, $1; Fountain, $1.50 and up.
J. W. Ulrich & Co., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,
With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than thre queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we wi l not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Advice to Young Writers.

A. B. F., Dewitt, Iowa: 1.—There are probably guide-books of the city of New Orleans published, which will give you the information you seek. You will have to write to some bookseller in that city. We can not aid you in this, for we do not know any one there. 2.—The market for "house and home" articles is now overstocked. It was profitable two or three years ago, but there are now about five times as many authors in America as there should be, to allow them to find a ready sale for their writings. The only way to find a market is to write to papers that use them. 3.—We get dozens of manuscripts, on this and every other subject, every week, offered free of charge. We are constantly receiving at least ten times the amount of matter we can possibly use. We do not pay for articles contributed by volunteer contributors, simply because we keep a staff of ten editors expressly to write what we want. We wish we could keep writers from sending us stories and poetry. We have made arrangements for all the fiction that we want, and poetry we do not want at all, even as a free gift.

The whole fact of the matter is here: there is more written, ten times over, in the United States, than there is a market for. It is only exceptional merit that can find a paying market for literature. We wish it were not so, but it is. Every editor of a magazine or literary paper of our acquaintance finds the vast mass of MSS. from beginners and unknown writers, a burden to him. If a person really writes first-class matter, a market can be found. There is but one way, and that is to familiarize yourself with a newspaper or magazine, so that you know the class of articles that its editor prefers, and then send contributions of that class. Don't be discouraged by one failure, but if A declines your article, send it to B, to C, and so on. If, after trying faithfully, you find that your articles are uniformly declined, you may be sure the fault is in yourself—that your articles are not of the real worth that you imagine them. We have preferred to answer this matter in the QUESTION BUREAU, because it saves our writing it to dozens of people.

Another thing: Don't bother other people to help you. You need nobody between yourself and an editor. On the contrary, he will consider it a bore to have you recommended to him by a friend, and it won't do you a bit of good. If your writings suit him, he will be glad enough to use them: if they don't, he won't take them, if a dozen people recommend him to do so. Once more: Writing is a thing that can only be learned by practice. Nobody can tell you how to write an acceptable article. If you can't do it yourself, the case is hopeless.

Do not begin literature with the idea that it will pay you in dollars and cents. It is the worst-paid occupation in America. Outside of persons who have salaried positions on periodicals, there are not twenty-five people in the United States who make a living entirely by contributions to the press. Some very good writers have occupations by which they make their living, but add thereto by what they earn with the pen. We have no desire to dishearten any one, but it is better that the plain facts shall be known.

Old Coins.

W. B., Thornton, Ind.: Nickel cents, flying eagle, of 1856, command a premium, but not of any other years. The reason is there were very few coined in 1856, which was the first year they were made. Those of other dates are worth one cent—no more.

T. J. H., Formosa, Kan.: 1.—You do not seem to understand that it is only certain coins that command a premium, on account of their great scarcity. We do not deal in rare coins. We have not time to bother with them. There are dealers in New York, Chicago and St. Louis who buy them. 2.—People living from the year 1 to the end of the year 100, lived in the first century; from 101 to 200, in the 2d century, etc.; and the 19th century is from January 1, 1801, to December 31, 1900. The year 1900 completes the 19th century.

W. H. P., Central Station, W. Va.: The BLADE is not in the business of dealing in rare coins. The prices we quoted were obtained from a number of circulars, and were for coins in first-class condition. There is no dealer in Toledo, and it would cost us something to send them away, and if not in really first-class condition dealers will pay no more than their face value. 2.—We do not know.

R. L. H., Edlestein, Ill.: The list of values of rare coins, recently printed, was furnished by a dealer. The silver dollars of 1879 and '80 mentioned in it, are trade dollars, not standard dollars.

J. L. S., Emporia, Kan.: There were only a very few—less than a dozen—of the silver dollars of 1804 coined, and the whereabouts of the most of them is definitely known. One in perfect condition, with the date absolutely clear, is worth $200. Several attempts have been made to change the dates on coins of the preceding and succeeding years, but they can easily be detected, as the differ slightly in other particulars.

Diplomatic and Consular Service.

E. M. W., LaCrosse, Wis.: The United States diplomatic service has charge of the political relations between our government and those to which its representatives are accredited. The consular service is commercial in character, and has nothing to do with international diplomacy. The diplomatic service embraces envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, ministers resident, and secretaries of legation. Envoys extraordinary are sometimes appointed for special purposes, but the title is usually added to that of ministers plenipotentiary. They have the power to negotiate treaties and other diplomatic functions of the highest order, and are sent only to the most important nations. "Ministers resident" are accredited to less important nations, but they have practically the same powers. Secretaries of legation are appointed to assist either of the above. A charge d'affaires is a secretary left temporarily in charge of a legation, in a minister's absence from any cause.

Consular officers include consuls-general, consuls and commercial agents. Their work is connected with our commercial interests, to protect ships, seamen and other United States citizens, to send home destitute seamen, and give certificates for various purposes. They are sent to the principal ports and markets of a country. A consul-general is one who has jurisdiction over several minor consuls. Commercial agents are appointed to minor places, and are usually citizens of the country in which the place to which they are accredited is located.

The "International Date Line."

E. H., Lincolnville, Ind., and N. T., Eaton, O.: We are tired of telling about the international date line. This answer is the last time for us: The international date line is the line at which dates change so that a person crossing it from east to west finds the date immediately one day later, and a traveler crossing it from west to east finds the date one day earlier. Ships generally change their date when they cross the 180th meridian west of Greenwich, which passes through Chatham island, in the Pacific ocean, but on the land the line used in practice is an irregular one, extending through Behring strait and thence southward between the islands which are dependent upon America, so to speak, or harmonize with America in point of time, and those which are commercially and politically attached to Asia and reckon time from the west eastward. The crookedness of the line is thus accounted for. 2.—Members of the British parliament receive no salary. This custom has come down from the earliest establishment of this body.

Rhode Island's Capitals.

School Girl, Chillicothe, O.: The state of Rhode Island was made up of two separate colonies—Providence Plantations, of which the town of Providence was the capital; and Rhode Island, of which Newport was the capital. Hence, to avoid jealousy, both were continued as capitals. The fact is, that the state has but one capital,—Providence—for Newport is only a nominal seat of the state government. Following the old custom, the legislature meets every year at Newport in May and almost immediately adjourns to meet in Providence the following January. There the real business of the state is transacted. 2. Connecticut used to have two capitals, for a precisely similar reason, but a few years ago Hartford was made its only capital.

The Author of "Robert Elsmere."

Mrs. M., Seward, Neb.: 1. The maiden name of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," was Mary Augusta Arnold. She is the eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, M. A., of University college, and fellow of the Royal university of Ireland. She is granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and niece of the late Matthew Arnold. She was born in Hobart, the chief town of Tasmania, 120 miles southeast of Australia. In 1872 she was married to Thomas Humphrey Ward, fellow of Brasenose college, Oxford. Her home is 61 Russell square, London. Her first published book was "Milly and Olly," a children's story, in 1880. "Miss Bretherton" appeared in 1884. In 1885 she published a translation of "Amiel's Journal," and "Robert Elsmere" completes the list. She always writes her own name, or her initials, "M. A. W." 2.—We cannot give the directions you ask for.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

W. P., Aumsville, Ore.: 1. Mason and Dixon were the surveyors who were appointed to run the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which is the parallel of latitude 39 deg. 43 min. 46.3 sec. It is the line between the free North and slave South, and hence often referred to in politics. 2. Josephus referred to Christ as the leader of "a small sect called Christians, who are not yet extinct." 3. The so-called communication to the Roman Senate giving a description of the person of Christ is a forgery. There is not the slightest knowledge of Christ's personal appearance, because nobody who saw him ever described him in writing.

Writing for the Blade.

Mrs. E. S., Palouse City, W. T.: Read answer, "Advice to Young Writers," elsewhere. The BLADE keeps a staff of salaried editors, and hence does not wish to buy outside contributions, under any circumstances. (Especially we don't want poetry; don't send us any.) We are glad to receive contributions for the FARM, the HOUSEHOLD, the CAMP FIRE, and the YOUNG FOLKS, if no pay is asked. (We will not send the BLADE in return for contributions.)

The story you send is crude, and cannot be published. You must remember that writing for the press is a profession, and must be learned by practice. It is rare to find a person who can write an acceptable sketch or story until after repeated attempts. We do not want any stories. We have arrangements for all we can publish for an indefinite time in the future. Even were they excellent, we have no room for them.

Pseudonyms of the States.

G. C. P., Santa Ana, Cal.: Maine, Pine Tree state; New Hampshire, Granite state; Vermont, Green Mountain state; Massachusetts, Old Bay state; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmeg state; New York, Empire state; Pennsylvania, Keystone state—because it was the middle one of the 13 original colonies, as the keystone is the middle of the arch; Virginia, Old Dominion; North Carolina, Old North state; South Carolina, Palmetto state; Georgia, Empire state of the South; Mississippi, Bayou state; Louisiana, Pelican state; Texas, Lone Star state; Arkansas, Bear state; Tennessee, Big Bend state; Kentucky, Dark and Bloody Ground; West Virginia, Mountain state; Ohio, Buckeye state; Michigan, Wolverine state; Indiana, Hoosier state; Illinois, Sucker state; Wisconsin, Badger state; Minnesota, Gopher state; Iowa, Hawkeye state; Kansas, Garden state; Colorado, Centennial state; California, Golden state. The other states have no well defined popular names.

To Find Fellow-Soldiers.

We are constantly in receipt of queries from soldiers of the late war, desiring to find comrades. We will publish such requests at 50 cents each, under the head of "Information Wanted," in the CAMP FIRE. But we call attention to the following from Commander-in-Chief Warner, of the G. A. R.:

"Comrades desiring to ascertain the whereabouts of fellow-soldiers frequently address these headquarters. They will gain the desired information much quicker by writing to the "Army and Navy Survivors' Division," Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., which is now in possession of quite complete service rolls."

Miscellaneous.

M. B., Loveland, Iowa: We do not know.

Mrs. E., Granite, Mont.: We cannot reprint. Keep a scrap-book, and paste in articles worth saving.

C. C., Manning, Kan.: We do not know. Write to the Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y. They can tell you.

M. M. E., Stahl, Mo.: The standing committees of the United States Senate are chosen by the Senate itself, by ballot.

A. M., Solsville, N. Y.: The part of a tree you saw at the Centennial was not the one asked about by H. S., Vinton, Iowa.

F. L., Royalton, Minn.: Gen. Burnside died September 13, 1881. Gen. Pope is still living. He is an officer in the regular army.

S. B., Pleasantdale, Kan.: We are sorry, but we have not room to publish recitations, etc., in this department. It crowds our space to answer all the questions that come.

J. W. V., Fremont, Neb.: Fred. Douglass is not a full-blood negro. We are not sure, but think he is a mulatto—half white and half black.

S. B. S., Fairfield, Iowa: The Australian system of voting was fully explained in a long article on the fourth page of the Weekly BLADE of December 20.

Subscriber, Lyttle, O.: The state statistics of Ohio are given each year in the secretary of state's report. Ask your state senator or representative to send you one.

Schoolgirl, Lawn Ridge, Mo.: 1.—The reason Pennsylvania is called the Keystone state is given in "Pseudonyms of the States," elsewhere in the BUREAU of this week. 2.—We have not the figures.

Mrs. M. J., Iowa: We do not know of any institution where a soldiers' widow can end her days, by paying an admission fee and turning over her pension. Most Old Ladies' Homes require the person to be a former resident.

W. W. W., Oakland, Ky.: You must be a resident to get a postoffice. Inferior officers in the internal revenue service are appointed by the collectors. When a collector is appointed in your district, apply to him.

J. W. B., Oakdam, Ind.: The war you speak of was called, immediately after the Revolution, "the old French war," simply because it was older than the Revolution. That name has about died out, and it is now properly called the "French and Indian war."

W. H., Aster, Kan.: W. M. Tweed was a New York politician. He was leader of the famous "Tammany ring," which plundered the city of New York of millions through fraudulent contracts of all kinds. He was indicted for forgery and larceny in 1872. He died in prison in 1878.

Mrs. C., Sciotoville, Pa.: 1.—The parts of books were called "leaves" because they are flat and thin, and resemble vegetable leaves in these respects. 2.—We were mistaken; Baton Rouge is now the capital of Louisiana. 3.—A "bugger" is one guilty of the crime of buggery or sodomy.

N. W. S., Osborn's Ford, Va.: 1.—Very little is certainly known about Homer. Some have doubted whether he ever existed. The "Iliad" was preserved by tradition, being told from one generation to another, as is the custom of all primitive peoples. 2.—Joan of Arc is called the "Maid of Orleans."

C. F., Tobinsport, Ind.: The information you want can be had by addressing the Register of the United States Land office at the nearest point to the section where you think of locating. If you will tell us what state or territory you wish to settle in, we will give you the location of the land offices in it.

A. M. K., Point Bluff, Wis.: The overflow of the Nile is sometimes great and sometimes small, owing to the amount of rain that falls during the rainy season over the region drained by its head waters. We do not know what "new state" in Africa you refer to. Do you mean the Congo Free State?

Mrs. M. D., Lucky Queen, Ore.: Eli Whitney was the inventor of the cotton gin. The "word method" of teaching children to read begins with simple words, instead of the alphabet; the "phonetic method" teaches the child to give the sound of the letter, instead of its name. Each is fully explained in works on teaching.

Schoolboy, Morse, Kan.: 1.—There are no "Mosaic Fields." You should have given an extract containing the words, so that we might understand better. Probably it refers to a wide-extended view from a great height, so that the fields resemble mosiac work. 2.—We do not know. If you had told where you had saw it referred to, we might be able to help you.

F. T., Fredonia, Kan.: We made personal inquiry, and were shown your letters—one dated in April last, and one in December—all that had been received; and we also saw copies of answers to you to both. There is evidently some trouble in the mails, or somebody else gets your letters. Better write again, and give explicit directions for addressing—whether Mr. or Mrs., etc.

B. L. M., Newark, O.: The clipping you send is from a paper of no standing. If you are not a farmer, does that make you an enemy of the farmer? If you do not declare, whenever you are in conversation, that you are a Christian, does that make you an infidel? You must keep the distinction in mind between the members of a party and the party itself. There is a distinction, but the writer of that article didn't know it.

L. O. V., Corwith, Mo.: The tenth census gives Mississippi the credit of being the greatest cotton producing state in the United States. With less acreage to cotton she turned out 50,000 more bales than Texas, as follows: Mississippi—acres 2,093,330, product 955,808 bales. Georgia—2,617,138 acres, 814,441 bales. Texas—2,173,732 acres, 803,642 bales, with the other states in the following order: Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina, Louisiana, North Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, Missouri, Indian Territory, Virginia and Kentucky.

L. T. D., ——: 1.—A cantilever bridge is one made of two sections; each section rests on its center; the one-half projects over the stream to the middle, where it meets the other section; the other half is firmly anchored to the ground, thus giving it great power to resist strain from loads on the bridge. The two ends, in mid-stream, are joined, of course. 2.—A pontoon bridge is one built of pontoons, or flat-bottomed boats, placed side by side across a stream, with planks nailed across to make the roadway. "St." in St. Paul, and similar names, means "Saint."

S. M., Gouldsville, Vt.: Henry George believes that all taxes should be levied on land, and that the tax should equal the rental. Suppose you owned a farm and had to pay a tax on it equal to what it would rent for; what value would the land be to you? Would you be better off than a man who rented a similar farm? As the land would bring you no revenue, and as nobody would want to buy it, we repeat, this plain is a virtual confiscation, used in its general sense, not its technical, legal sense, as given in Webster. You are dazzled by George's fine words, and do not clearly understand his real doctrine. We get his paper regularly. We do not wish to discuss this matter further at present. The plan will not be accepted in this country till the millenium comes.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Scott's EMULSION of Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physician to be the *Finest* and *Best* preparation for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS. ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

J. P. C., Indianapolis: We do not know the game.

H. M. H., Cannelton, Ind.: We do not know who was the author.

M. L., Liberty, Neb.: We cannot give the authors' names.

M. A. B., Zurich, Kan.: We are sorry, but read Rule 2 above.

E. J. P., Sherwood, O.: "Ph. D." means "Doctor of Philosophy." We do not know what "Ph. G." means.

J. W. B. is thanked for his correction. The article was copied from an English journal without verification.

J. W. B., Manly, Kan.: We cannot spare the space in this department to discuss the question you propose.

D. D. W., Fredonia, Kan.: It is said that if fish-bait is saturated with oil of anise, the fish will bite more freely.

J. P. M., Inman, S. C.: Certainly; there is a Daily BLADE, and one of the best dailies in the country. It costs $5 per year.

R. W. E., Wanda, Mo.: The postoffice department is responsible for postal orders, but not for money lost in registered letters. Railway postal clerks receive from $75 to $125 a month.

J. B. M., Neel, Neb.: Whittier was the author of "Barbara Freitchie." It is disputed whether the incident really occurred or not. Guatemala never applied for admission into the Union.

A. B. K., Inland, Neb.: The executive staff of the White House comprises the President's Private secretary, $3,250 a year; his assistant, $2,250; and three executive clerks, at $2,000 each.

W. C. B., ——: Obtain all the signatures possible to your petition, testimonials as to character, and as to your service in the army, and go to Washington in person to call on the Postmaster General.

L. M. J., Lopez Island: Bayard Taylor's writings were chiefly travels and poems. His only novels were "Hannah Thurston," "John Godfrey's Fortunes," "The Story of Kennett," and "Joseph and His Friend."

Mrs. G., Florida, O.: If A and B both sign a note, each is held for the whole amount if the other fails to pay his half. The wording should be, "we or either of us," though if written "we promise to pay" it still holds good.

E. W., Rumble, Ind.: At the narrowest point the isthmus of Panama is 28 miles. The Panama canal is to be 48½ miles long. About one-third of the work is done. De Lesseps is the noted French engineer who built the Suez canal.

J. M. N., Boswell, Ind.: Cleveland's cabinet is: Bayard, secretary of State; Fairchild, Treasury; Endicott, War; Whitney, Navy; Interior, Vilas; Postmaster General, Dickinson; Attorney General, Garland. Their salaries are $8,000 per year each.

P. H. C., Gann, O.: Sitka is the seat of government of Alaska. War has not been declared against Hayti. The "sink" of the Humboldt river is a shallow salt lake in winter; in the summer it is dry, and the waters of the river sink into the sandy soil and are lost.

Subscriber, Johnstown, N. Y.: The New Testament gives no further account of those raised from the dead by Jesus during his ministry. Probably they lived for some years, and then died. There is no authentic record of them save the mention in the gospels.

J. C., Toledo, O.: 1.—Anthracite coal is most largely found in Pennsylvania, though it is found in smaller quantities in France and some other countries. 2.—Taking equal parts of water and glycerine to make the soap-suds, gives large and very persistent soap-bubbles.

F. W. E., Evart, Mich.: The postmaster general will locate a new postoffice whenever he thinks the population is sufficiently large to warrant one. Have your Congressman and influential citizens interest themselves in the matter and write to the Postoffice department.

N. G., ——: 1. The Roman Catholic church claims descent from the apostles themselves, as also do the Greek, the Syrian and the Coptic churches. 2. A country has jurisdiction for three marine miles from shore—equal to 3.45 common miles. This is by common consent of all civilized notions.

J. M. L., Scottdale, Pa.: Burr and Hamilton were leading politicians, and a political difference having sprung up between them they resorted to the code and fought at Hoboken, N. J., July 12, 1804. Hamilton was killed the first fire. We should be glad to give a full account, but have not room.

C. A. E., Hebron, Neb.: Certainly, it is a fact that a majority of scientific men do not believe the Biblical account of the creation, etc. This does not necessarily make infidels of them. It is not necessary to believe the first chapter of Genesis to accept Christ as the Redeemer. It is impossible for us to give the views you ask for.

O. P. N., Pinckney, Mich.: The subject of Great Britain's import taxes was treated fully and exhaustively in the Tariff Primer, published in our columns during the late campaign, and we cannot spare space to reproduce it. There is no difference as to tariff taxation between the products of the British colonies and other countries.

A. E. B., Glen Haven, Wis.: Read answer, "The Railway Postal Service," in BUREAU of January 24. The rules are not prepared, and the places in each state where civil service examinations will be held not yet named. Watch pages 7 and 8 of the Weekly BLADE. When they are announced we will publish them there. 2. We do not know.

T. D. C., Edwardsville, Ill.: 1.—You will find what you want in the Weekly BLADE of Jan. 24, 4th page, 5th column, "The Samoan Troubles;" also, 2d column, 8th page, BLADE of January 31. 2.—We do not know what Mexican trouble you refer to. 3.—We are not familiar with the laws of the different states. Probably the compulsory education law is not enforced.

F. D. H., Round Lake, N. Y.: You ask for biographies of the nine men on the Supreme bench, and of two other people. Too much. Select three, and we will answer. Remember, the more questions you ask at one time, the shorter the answer must be, in the crowded state of this department. We try to answer all, but it is hard to do sometimes. Your eleven questions would take at least a column.

W. T. M., Endicott, W. Va.: A fine filling for walnut and ash lumber is made as follows: Dissolve sandarach in spirits of wine in proportion of 1 ounce sandarach to ½ pint of spirits; shave beeswax and dissolve sufficient quantity in turpentine to make into paste; add the former mixture to it. Apply with a woolen cloth and rub hard; polish it with a soft linen rag, and it will appear as if highly varnished.

Subscriber, Nashua, N. H.: 1.—There are two kinds of alum; one is a double sulphate of potash and alumina, the other a double sulphate of ammonia and alumina, called respectively "potash alum" and "ammonia alum." The latter is manufactured from the ammoniacal refuse of gas works. Potash alum is obtained from rocks which contain it ready formed. Both processes are somewhat complex, and too long to publish. 2.—We do not know what became of the steamer Arago.

W. E. S., Lancaster, Iowa: 1.—Hooker was a war Democrat. 2.—In exploring the passages in the Great Pyramid a number of years ago, the name of a forgotten Egyptian king was found scribbled on the wall with red chalk, evidently done by a workman when the structure was building. 3.—St. Louis was Louis IX., king of France, born 1215, died 1270. After his death he was canonized (made a saint) by the Catholic church.

T. N. D., Martinsville: Helen Hunt Jackson was born in Amherst, Mass., 1831, died in San Francisco in 1885. She was an author and poet, writing over the signature "H. H." Guadaloupe Hidalgo is an insignificant village a few miles from the city of Mexico. The treaty of peace which closed the Mexican war was made there because it was the most convenient place for the American and Mexican commissioners to meet.

Subscriber, Watertown, N. Y.: 1.—There were no Republicans in the South previous to the war, save in a few localities, principally in East Tennessee. 2.—We are unable to give directions for making six-foot kite. There are a few things that the BUREAU don't know, and this is one. 3.—Baltimore has 332,313 inhabitants; Boston, 362,839. There are no statistics for the cities. For states it was in 1886: Massachusetts, 2,068 boats, with a tonnage of 442,838; Maryland, 2,280 boats; tonnage, 146,889.

C. W. B., Andover, Kan.: When the law was passed making duties payable in coin, gold was at a premium; and as it was necessary to stipulate that the interest on our bonds should be paid in gold, in order to be able to sell them abroad, the receipts from duties made it certain we should always have enough on hand to make payments. 2.—We do not know what officers you refer to; but the fact is the United States pays smaller salaries than any other nation, and often fails to get first-class officials, because really competent men can make more outside. 3.—There are a vast number of secret societies in existence. We have no list, and no good idea how many there may be.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished, Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't.
Green Spring, Ohio.

SCIENCE IN A NUTSHELL.

Results of Many Interesting Experiments Described in a Few Lines.

The movement of glaciers in summer is found to be four times that made in the winter.

One ton of coal is capable of yielding an amount of force equivalent to that of six and two-thirds men.

The preservation of rails in use is due to the formation of magnetic oxide produced by the compression of the rust on the metal.

In testing 42 boys between 9 and 16 years of age for color blindness, not one made an error in matching the colors.

Cryolite for making candies is brought from Greenland, where important and little known mining operations are carried on.

Experiments carried on at Astrakan show that the culture of the silk worm could be carried on as far north as the mouth of the Volga.

Recent researches show that the electrical organs are really modified muscular organs or the terminations of nervous structures in muscles.

The vegetable matter in the sea to the westward of the Azores has been found to contain a large amount of fish and other life sustaining substances.

The New England Meteorological society proposes a loan exhibition of meteorological apparatus, photographs, etc., in connection with its fourteenth regular meeting in Boston.

The danger from gases only in connection with house drainage are said to be comparatively easy to avoid, the main consideration being a continuous thorough ventilation of the pipes.

There are propositions in France to construct canals from Bordeaux as the seaboard of the Atlantic and from Narbourne to the Mediterranean; total length, 330 miles; cost, $130,000,000.

To the changed condition of a vessel's magnetism by reduction during a lengthy voyage may be attributed the loss of more vessels than is usually thought to be the case among maritime men.

Dr. Rutgers, of England, after an extensive series of dietetic experiments, declares that a vegetable diet can easily be lived on, and that vegetable albumen is, weight for weight, equal to animal albuman.

Prof. Geddes calls attention to two tendencies in organic evolution—the vegetative and the reproductive—and asserts that evolution is the result of the universal subordination of the former to the latter.

In the new process of metal plating the inventor does away with batteries and dynamos and depends upon a double electrical composition; in copper plating cast iron an alkaline bath is used in place of an acidulated one.

One of the chief features of the use of paper fabric for building purposes is the ease with which it can be worked into sheets of any required width or thickness that will not be affected by changes of temperature or humidity.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences the Prince of Monaco read a paper demonstrating the possibility of ship wrecked people, who have taken to the boats and are without provisions, being able to sustain life with what they could catch in a drag net trailing overboard over night.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Blood

Is the source of health; therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system scrofula, humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired and debilitated organs. A trial will convince you that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

ASTROLOGY FOR FEBRUARY.

The Prophetic Warnings of Zadkiel and Raphael.

Mars, by his transit, brings trouble on the czar of Russia and the king of Italy this month, and those monarchs will do well to keep out of danger and avoid war-like proceedings as far as possible, says Zadkiel. On the 10th inst Jupiter transits the degree in the midheaven at the birth of Prince George of Wales, who will have some honor conferred upon him. News from India, Burmah and Afghanistan will be of evil import; strife and privation will afflict several provinces. As Jupiter enters the sign (Capricornus) ruling India, on the 5th inst, some improvement in the state of our Eastern empire will soon manifest itself, and it will be sorely needed; some useful reforms will be carried out. Some great public scandal will be rife in London about the 5th inst. In France the anarchists will be very active and mischievous this month. The 5th inst. is an evil birthday anniversary, particularly for persons born in either 1860, 1845, 1830 or 1816, who are warned to safeguard their health and live quietly. The 10th and 21st are very fortunate for those who had the moon in Capricornus 3°, as in 1870 and 1851; or that degree of the zodiac culminating at their birth. The opposition of Venus to Uranus on the 23d inst. is evil for the love affair of those persons whose birthday falls thereon. We shall hear of a *cause celebre* in the divorce court, and of many cases of cruelty to women.

The following are Raphael's special indication for each day in the month:

1. Buy, court and deal with others up to 4 p. m.
2. Ask favors, but for all else the day is evil.
3. Sunday—Court the fair.
4. A doubtful day; be careful.
5. Travel not; uncertainty reigns.
6. Sign writings and deal with others until noon.
7. Avoid superiors; sell; an unfortunate day.
8. Travel, but sign no papers.
9. Court and marry in the morning.
10. Sunday—Ask favors; travel and visit before 4 p. m.
11. Sell in morning, after which doubtful.
12. Avoid the fair, and ask no favors.
13. Travel and deal with others.
14. Court, marry and ask favors.
15. Sell; for aught else the day is very evil.
16. Avoid the fair and do not travel.
17. Sunday—Ask favors and visit thy friends.
18. Sell before 2 p. m.; keep thyself quiet.
19. Ask favors of aged persons, but avoid the fair.
20. Buy and push thy affairs to the utmost.
21. Sell; for aught else the day is evil.
22. Travel and deal in the afternoon and evening.
23. Sign writings and make contracts; travel.
24. Sunday—Court and visit thy friends.
25. A very doubtful day; be careful.
26. Avoid the fair and do not travel.
27. Ask favors, travel, and push thy affairs.
28. Court and marry in afternoon and evening.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Jane Hading almost had nervous prostration in Kansas City. She was accosted by one of the citizens who spoke very good French. With Parisian politeness he asked her to buy a corner lot.

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THE "SCRUTIN DE LISTE."

The Blunder Made by the French in Changing Electoral Methods.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The French Republicans are doubtless now aware of the blunder which they committed four years ago in changing their system of electing members of the popular branch of their Parliament from the *scrutin d'arrondissement* plan to that of the *scrutin de liste*. Under the former sceeme a member of that body was chosen by the *arrondissement*, or district, which he represented, something in the same way as members of the House of Representatives are elected in this country. Under the present system the members of the whole department, which contains many districts, are elected on a single ticket, and when there is a vacancy to fill the whole department votes in filling it. The entire Department of the Seine, for example, which sends 38 men to the Chamber of Deputies, voted in the election last Sunday, although there was but one seat to fill.

If the whole state of Missouri would be compelled to take part in the election to be held to fill the vacancy in the Fourth Congressional district caused by Mr Burnes's death, our system would resemble that of the French. The *scrutin de liste* plan, coupled with the law which grants those eligible to the office of deputy the privilege of running in any department they choose, gives a person an opportunity to frequently pose before large sections of the country and obtain the sentiment of the people on any question of public policy. Such a system may give an important prestige and advantage to an artful and audacious demagogue like Gen. Boulanger. If the contest on Sunday was confined to the district in which the vacancy was to be filled it would have attracted but little attention outside that locality.

A Colored Man in the Cabinet.

Gilhooly—Sam, if President Harrison were to invite you to accept a position in his Cabinet, what would you do?

Sam Johnsing—I should be obleeged, sah, ter notify him dat sarcumstances repugnant to de acquiesce would prevent my exceptin' de inwite. I has a two-dollar job ob whitewashin' on hand, sah.—*Texas Siftings.*

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THE RUM KINDERGARTENS.

The argument is often made that if there were no demand for Rum there would be no saloons. This is true; but it is not the entire truth. If there were only saloons enough to supply the demand of those whose intemperate habits have made Rum a necessity to them, they would not be over one-half as numerous as they now are in all our cities. The sober truth is the saloon is turned into a primary school for drunkards—into a kindergarten for the vice of drunkenness, and all the brood of crimes which follow in its wake.

It does not seem to be as clearly understood as it should be by the thinking classes that, in all our large cities, notably those in which the brewing interest is extensive, the brewers themselves own a large proportion of the saloons. It is true of Toledo; it is true of Milwaukee, of Chicago, and other large cities. To find a market for their beer, the brewers start saloons wherever they think there is the slightest opening. The brewer can always find a man who is willing to go into the saloon business. He advances the money needed for the necessary fixtures, and takes a mortgage thereon. The saloonist of course is pledged to buy no beer save of his patron's make; and in order to pay his debt, uses every effort to increase his patronage.

The saloon is thus not simply a place where men who are accustomed to drink may satisfy their depraved appetite, but it is also an active agency in bringing men under the domination of Rum. It is declared that half the saloons in Chicago are dependent, in this way, upon the brewers. The same is probably true of Milwaukee and Cincinnati; and a similar state of things exists in every city of every size in the country. The net result is, that every place in the country, from New York, with its million inhabitants, down to the towns of not a few thousands of population, have each more saloons than could exist were they to depend for their patronage only upon the men who are already drinkers. It follows that the saloons, in order to exist, must endeavor to increase the number of drinkers.

The *modus operandi* is essentially the same in all cases. The saloonist, knowing that he must push trade if he wants to "keep his job," and that there is not enough regular demand to enable him to meet his obligations, makes his saloon the rallying-place for the boys and young men of his neighborhood. The pennies of the lad are as good to him as are the money of the man; and he will deal out his doctored beverages to young or old, without distinction, so long as they have the money to pay him. He has cards and card tables for their amusement, it being understood that the drinks must be ordered at frequent intervals to pay for their use. Sometimes he has a pool-table, which is used in the same way. Every arrangement is made to tempt men and boys to spend their leisure hours in the saloon rather than at home, in reading or study.

Hence, it follows that the main business of such men is the bringing of the young, and those not already under the sway of the Rum thirst, under its domination. He runs a primary school, a kindergarten, for drunkards, that he may hold his place and make money, and that the brewery which started him in his hellish business shall have no lack of customers. There is thus an enlargement of the facilities for drinking systematically pursued everywhere. Two weeks ago we referred to the fact that whenever a new factory or other industrial enterprise is started, a saloon is sure to open its doors in its vicinity. Examine into such a case, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that some brewer or liquor-dealer is back of it, in the way we have indicated above. The temptation to drink, the opportunity of becoming a drunkard, is thus practically forced upon every boy or man. The ready saloon opens its doors invitingly on the road he must pass in going to and from his daily toil. His fellow-workmen, his associates, enter, and importune him to enter with them. Once inside, the abominable habit of "treating" does the rest. He is invited to drink—nay, pressed to do so. To refuse is considered unsocial and churlish. Yet, having accepted an invitation, it is considered mean and selfish to decline to "treat" in turn. And the habit, once begun, is, like any other habit, difficult to break off—especially amid such environment.

In fact, it is almost impossible for a young man, unless he possesses rare strength of character, to avoid falling into the habit of at least occasional drinking. And when a man drinks at all, he does it at a terrible risk of ultimate downfall through Rum. It is to be especially to be noticed that saloons are most numerous in those sections of our cities which are largely populated by the poorer classes. It is not that the poor are naturally more inclined to the use of Rum-drinking than their richer fellows, but because they have fewer recreations, and more limited opportunities of indulging themselves in amusements in their leisure hours. The temptation to join the jovial circle in the warm, well-lighted saloon is often well-nigh irresistible in a long winter evening. Once let a young man get into the habit of frequenting a saloon, and it is certain that he will become its patron; and once he goes to drinking, it is equally certain that the saloon-keeper will obtain a goodly share of his wages, whatever they may be. To obtain "regular customers" in this way is the thing most desired by the keepers of these abominable mantraps.

Now, the question comes home to every father of growing sons, to every man who has the good of his fellow-man at heart: Shall these Rum kindergartens, these primary schools for drunkards, be allowed to continue their hellish work unmolested? In view of the infernal work they are doing, is not any measure that will lessen their number worthy of the support of all honest men, whether it goes as far as they would like to see, or not? For ourselves, we believe heartily in Prohibition. We believe it to be the only method of finally settling the matter. But we are not disposed to fight every measure that falls short of that much-to-be-desired end. If we cannot kill the wild beast that is devouring the substance of so many of our people, we are willing to aid in clipping his claws, in chaining him, in restricting his power as much as possible. If we cannot strike off his head, let us draw some of his fangs, if possible. If we cannot fully bring him under subjection, let us pen him up or chain him, so that the area of his destructive powers shall be circumscribed as much as possible.

The cry that "Prohibition does not prohibit" has no terrors for us. Take the case as we have described it above—and any one familiar with any city knows the facts set forth are strictly true—and consider the good that would be done were all these hell-holes of iniquity, all these kindergartens for teaching drunkenness, to be closed up. Suppose it is admitted that Rum would still be obtainable "on the sly" by those who were wedded to the vice of drink; still would there not be a great advantage gained in having the daily and hourly temptation to drink removed from the pathway of the young? Were the traffic outlawed, the saloon placed under the ban, liquor might still be drank, but our boys would not be in constant danger of temptation. The social element, which figures so largely in drawing patronage to the saloon, would be eliminated with the downfall of the saloon itself; and only those would make a special effort to obtain Rum who were already drunkards. When they have passed away, there would be none left to follow in their footsteps. As it is, each saloon is hard at work endeavoring to obtain recruits to the Grand Army of drunkards.

Pulverize the Rum Power!

A NEW FEATURE OF INTEREST TO BLADE READERS.

With the next issue of the Weekly BLADE we shall introduce a new feature in the manner of handling the "News of the Week." Hitherto we have simply given in this department, occupying a portion of the seventh and eigth pages, the most important points of the news of the world occurring during the week.

We shall, after to-day's issue, devote this space to a carefully-written review of the entire news field, handling the matter in such a way that the readers of the BLADE will not only be put in possession of every fact of general interest, but such explanations of political or historical events occurring all over the world, that will enable them to be clearly and fully understood.

Our readers will thus be kept fully abreast of the times on all matters in which every intelligent person is interested. The value of this improvement will be manifest to all. The busy man will have the news of the week in compact, readable and easily understood form. Toledo lies midway between the East and the West, and our facilities for obtaining news are of the best. Hence our readers will get the news of the day up to the moment of going to press.

The teaching of news in the public schools is followed by an increasing number of the best teachers, and these will find the BLADE exactly what they desire for this purpose. Parents will also find it simply invaluable as a means of interesting their children in the world's progress, and we believe the new feature will add to the estimation in which the BLADE's patrons hold their favorite paper.

As above stated, we shall begin this new feature in next week's issue and we hope our readers will give the "News of the Week" a careful persual, and judge for themselves of the improvement.

THE New York *Voice*, the eastern organ of the third party, has been declaring for several weeks that it has positive proof that its mailing lists were stolen by two employes, and sold to the Republican national committee during the past campaign. It has published fac-simile type-writer letters from parties alleged to be engaged in this scheme, and is endeavoring to make capital against the Republican party out of the subject. We have been waiting patiently to see whether its proprietors propose doing anything in the matter except to waste their breath in scolding, but see no evidence of any intention to do more. Now, if the case be as the *Voice* asserts, there is ample ground for a criminal prosecution. The laws of New York provide severe penalties for larceny, and for buying or receiving stolen goods. There mailing lists are either valuable or valueless. If the latter, the *Voice* was not harmed, and all its talk goes for nothing. If the former, the *Voice* is culpable in not setting the machinery of the law in action, if it has the indubitable proofs it claims to hold. If it brings suit and proves its case, it will do the country at large an inestimable service, and will thus convince a very large number of people of the truth of its charges who do not now believe them. If it continues doing nothing, there will be a clearly-defined opinion that is is simply bloviating, and dare not attempt legal proof.

FIGURES compiled by the National Bureau of Labor show that the old theory that the ranks of the fallen women of the country are recruited from working girls is fallacious. Investigation made in the large cities shows that in Boston 7 per cent of these women were married before entering houses of ill-repute, in Chicago, 25 per cent; Cincinnati, 20; Louisville, 26; New Orleans, 2; Philadelphia, 3, and San Francisco, 25. The occupation which gives the greatest number of recruits to this army is that of house work and cooking, it being 30 per cent of the whole, but the alarming figure is the 32 per cent which enter on a life of shame directly from the home.

THE Atlanta *Constitution*, referring to President HARRISON's promise to visit Atlanta at the time of the cotton exposition next fall, gives the following from Mr. CHARLES HOWELL, of Howell's Mills, near that city:

> "When President Harrison comes to the exposition I can show him the exact ground over which his brigade charged. In connection with some members of his brigade I have located the detailed route of the charge, and I have on my place the graves of some of his brigade, perfectly identified. He will find it very interesting to go over this ground again."
>
> In the residence of the late Judge Howell is a picture shot through with a bullet which was fired in the charge of Harrison's brigade.

THE bill for the establishment of the department of Agriculture, under charge of a secretary who will be a Cabinet officer, as agreed upon between the conferees of the Senate and House, provides for the appointment of a secretary of Agriculture and an assistant secretary, besides other ordinary officers. The bill as it passed the House provided for the transference of the Weather Bureau of the Signal Service to the new department, but this provision has been dropped through the action of the House conferees.

THE current issue of *Bradstreet's* gives a synopsis of the bank clearings for the month of January, compared with those of the three preceding years. The thirty-five leading American cities appear in its tables, giving an aggregate volume of $4,771,527,176, which is the largest recorded total, exceeding even the phenomenal January of 1884, when the proportion of purely speculative transactions was much larger than during the month just closed.

MR. ALLISON's real reason for declining to go into the Cabinet is said to be, that he desires to be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1892, and would find it embarrassing, if Mr. HARRISON should aspire to a second term. Mr. ALLISON should take no pains to provide against so very remote a contingency as the one indicated.

A NEW DEAL PROBABLE.

The vast mass of the American people look with indifference upon the scramble for office that is made at the incoming of each new administration. It is only an insignificant per cent of the total sixty-five millions of our population, which is made up of men who think that an office, no matter how poor it is, is the summit of earthly ambition. It would be interesting to trace the wild desire for official preferment which dominates some men back to what is doubtless its real source—a species of self-love which desires some mode of distinction, something whereby they may be set apart from their fellows, and segregated from the common herd. An office thus labels them, and the wild desire to be ticketed is the animating impulse in the mad effort to obtain a place.

The singular thing with many men is, that to have once been an officeholder unfits them for a return to private life. They seem to assume that having once held office gives them a title to similar provision for the rest of their natural lives; and if they get out, their sole effort is to get in again. Now, if the spoils doctrine is correct, that the offices are the legitimate prey of the victorious party, it logically follows that they should be made to go around, as far as practicable, and that every member of the dominant party should have his turn at an office, if he desires it, and it can possibly be managed. Hence it is plain, following out this line of reasoning, that having once held an office is the best reason why a man should not be appointed again. He has had his reward, and the next man should be allowed to have his opportunity.

There are, it is safe to say, a large number of Republicans who were in office at the incoming of the Cleveland regime, and who were then made to step down and out that the Democratic boys might come in and warm their toes, who rejoiced in HARRISON's election in the belief that they would be restored to their old places. They seem to think that the fact that they were displaced by Democrats is a sufficient reason why they should be cared for by the incoming administration. We very much fear that they are doomed to disappointment, if they cherish such a delusive hope. The indications are beginning to show on the surface that there is to be a new deal—that in the positions not covered by the civil service law, where Republicans are put into office, the chances of a new man are far better than for one of the old Republican incumbents.

We cannot but approve of this, if it shall be, to a large extent, carried out by the new administration in the great mass of appointive positions. We do not refer to the more important administrative positions, but to the clerkships and routine places. If men are to go in because they are Republicans, let us have an infusion of new blood. Let the young men have a chance. We believe in rotation in office, and not in an office-holding aristocracy. In fact, the strongest objection to civil service reform in the minds of the people, is that they think it tends to the organization of a class of chronic office-holders. And we believe that, if civil service reform is to become permanent—if the offices are to be filled irrespective of politics, on the sole test of education and ability—the principle of rotation in office will have to be engrafted thereon, except in the few positions requiring great technical or scientific knowledge, so that a man, after serving a specified term, will be compelled to retire, and be disqualified from holding any federal position, for at least an equal number of years.

If this be not done, then it is certain that the system of civil pensions will be added, and another burden be placed upon the shoulders of the patient tax-payers. It will be argued that if a man has spent his active life in the government service, the government should take care of him when he is too old to work. A venomous mugwump paper lately said, in a diatribe against the service pension bill, that the time was coming "when every tax-payer will have to carry an old soldier on his back." If rotation in office is not adopted, we shall, in all soberness, see the time when every tax-payer will have to carry a superannuated office-holder on his back.

Let us have rotation in office, and a new deal in federal appointments. Give new men and young men a chance, and let those who have held office take a back seat.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S FUTURE.

President CLEVELAND has decided to move to New York city after the inauguration of Gen. HARRISON and go into the practice of law. Unless he is different from other lawyers, and there is no reason to suppose he is, a few months will see him in New York court rooms advocating the cause of some rich corporation in consideration of the handsome fee that always repays such effort. Gone will be all horrors of trusts, greedy monopolies and the other terms that so plentifully besprinkled his last two messages, and if a protective tariff enables the concerns that employ him to double the aforesaid fee the chances are that he will not think a protective tariff such a bad thing after all.

SENATOR CULLOM, of Illinois, in his speech to the members of the Illinois legislature thanking them for re-electing him, gave a good deal of prominence to the question of the political union of Canada and the United States, and expressed himself positively as an annexationist. We doubt, however, if Mr. CULLOM would go to the length of advising annexation by force; and at present nothing seems plainer than that a large majority of the Canadians are strongly opposed to the measure.

THE state Senate of Massachusetts has passed the resolution for a submission of a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution to the vote of the people, the vote standing 29 to 8. It now goes to the House, where it must obtain a two-thirds vote in order to pass. It is supposed that this number will be obtained. If so, the people of Massachusetts will have an opportunity to vote on the proposition some time this spring.

PRINCE BISMARCK thinks that German military authority has gone too far in Samoa, and the commander there has been instructed to withdraw that part of his proclamation referring to foreigners. Consul KNAPPE has also been instructed to withdraw his command from the islands. Hence the Samoa trouble takes a more pacific complexion, and will doubtless be settled without much difficulty.

ACCORDING to *Bradstreet's* summary, the strikes and lockouts of 1888 numbered 679, and involved 211,841 employes, as against 884 strikes and lockouts, involving 345,854 employes, in 1887, and 350 strikes, involving 448,000 employes, in 1886. Only two per cent of the strikes in 1888 were of what is known as the "sympathetic" type.

THERE are no developments coming to the surface in the murder of Col. JOHN M. CLAYTON, of Arkansas. The legislature of the state has refused to authorize the offer of $5,000 for the apprehension of the assassin, but private subscriptions will swell the Governor's reward of $1,000 to $10,000 or $15,000.

THE proposed extradition treaty with Great Britain has been rejected by the Senate. The vote was decisive, and not drawn on political lines, it being 38 yeas and 15 nays.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

While General HARRISON keeps his own counsel regarding his Cabinet appointments, and seems remarkably successful in imposing the same condition upon the statesmen whom he calls upon for consultation, the indications all point to the selection of JAMES G. BLAINE as secretary of State.

This is certainly the logic of events since 1884, and the proper sequence of the Republican triumph in the Presidential contest last year. There is no American statesman who has one-half the personal following that is Mr. BLAINE's. There is no man in the Republican party who is half as strong to-day, except Mr. HARRISON himself; and in the case of the latter, there is no rivalry between his friends and those of Mr. BLAINE. HARRISON's popularity results from the remarkable discretion and good sense displayed during the long Presidential campaign, and since; the splendid aid he gave the Republican cause by the wonderful series of addresses made to the visiting delegations to Indianapolis; and by the revelation of himself to the people of the United States, through all these means, as a statesman of the highest rank, eminently fitted for the honor bestowed upon him by elevation to the highest office in the gift of the people.

Hence, his support is entirely loyal and enthusiastic on the part of the friends of Mr. BLAINE. There is no jealousy of his good fortune. They all realize that Mr. BLAINE could have had the Chicago nomination had he desired it—nay, more: that it would have been forced upon him had he not, on that fateful Sunday, so emphatically made his wishes known by cable to his friends, that they reluctantly relinquished the certainty of going into the campaign under his leadership, and turned to the next available man.

There is no other instance in our political history that we can recall, of a man declining a nomination for the Presidency, save Washington's declination of a third term. JAMES G. BLAINE, in putting aside the nomination of 1888, showed himself a patriot of the highest type. And he avoided the pitfall into which a less generous man would have fallen, in refusing to suggest a candidate to his friends. He left the convention to do as seemed best, after declining the honor it was prepared to confer upon him.

That any Republican administration should come into power without calling Mr. BLAINE to some high position, where his great talents and wise statesmanship could be utilized in his country's behalf, is hardly a supposable case. That he should be placed at the head of the Cabinet is in all respects fitting, and there are no Republicans who will not be glad to find that Mr. HARRISON has so properly recognized the "eternal fitness of things" if the result shall be as now seems entirely probable. For ourselves, we have every reason to believe that Mr. BLAINE has been offered the position of secretary of State, and has accepted it in the spirit in which it was tendered, which was a sincere desire on Mr. HARRISON's part to honor the foremost statesman of his time, and to give the country the benefit of his wide experience and broad views of American polity.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

THE bill for the protection of girls, prepared by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, only awaits the signature of the President to become a law, having finally passed both bodies of Congress. This act will govern where consent is given, and in cases where force is used, the law governing such outrages will prevail, which is much more severe. The act declares:

> Every person who shall carnally and unlawfully know any female under the age of 16 years, or who shall be accessory to such carnal and unlawful knowledge before the fact, in the District of Columbia, or other place except the territories over which the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, or on any vessel within the admiralty or maritime jurisdiction of the United States and out of the jurisdiction of any state or territory, shall be guilty of felony, and when convicted thereof shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for the first offense for not more than fifteen years, and for each subsequent offense not more than thirty years.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* makes a very excellent point upon our Democratic brethren in the following:

> We notice Democratic grumbling in several of the states about the Republicans putting the temperance question into politics. The Democratic party has for several years been nursing the question by coddling the Prohibitionists, but when it sees the question boldly tackled by its formidable adversary, the old humbug howls like a dog in distress.

THE question of prohibiting or restricting the liquor traffic is before the legislatures of Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York and Pennsylvania. Prohibition goes marching on, without any reference to the so-called "Prohibition" party, and its handful of venomous leaders, disappointed in their hopes of political preferment.

OUR NEW STORY.

We have been more than gratified at the favor with which our readers have received the opening portions of our new $2,500 story, "The Follett Curse." We believe they will be still more pleased with it as it progresses.

We are using every endeavor to maintain the Weekly BLADE as the model weekly newspaper of the country, a position which it has admittedly held for years, as is testified by the fact that its circulation far exceeds that of any other weekly newspaper of the country. We shall keep up with the steady march of progress in the journalistic world, and maintain our proud preeminence at the head of the column.

AGAIN THE PREMIER.

It is well to remember, in discussing the return to his old position at the head of the State department, that many of the stories of Mr. BLAINE's "domination" of President GARFIELD were the inventions of his bitter and malignant foes, circulated for political effect alone. The true history of that short administration, which ended with the death of the lamented GARFIELD, has never been made public in connected form. It is a characteristic of JAMES G. BLAINE that he pays but little attention to his personal detractors. He is cast in too large a mold for that. He trusts the people, and lets his life and his deeds be the surest and best refutation of the lies originating in envy and malice. The historic view of BLAINE will be like that of many other eminent Americans—his renown as a statesman will live long after even the names of his detractors are swallowed up in oblivion.

Mr. BLAINE will take up the conduct of the foreign affairs of the nation very nearly where they were dropped seven years ago. He will have a far graver task than then confronted him, in dealing with Great Britain and Canada with regard to the fisheries trouble, which has gotten into a chronic condition of muddle through BAYARD's incapacity and toadying to English ideas; in dealing with Germany on the Samoan question; in the pique already displayed by France over the Panama canal failure, and our renewed enunciation of the Monroe doctrine. The work of establishing closer relations with our sister republics of this continent, abandoned by this government after the Garfield administration, will be renewed; and there is the land no man better qualified, in all respects, for the onerous, delicate and important duties of the position than is Mr. BLAINE.

The senseless cry of "jingoism" no longer appeals to the thinking masses of America. Time has shown the large wisdom of the man in the policy he laid down in 1881—that asserts the national honor with dignity and effect, and which aims to extend our trade and commerce with the nations nearest us, and which should be bound to us by the closest ties of international comity. The American people are patriotic, and when a man says the American flag shall be respected wherever it waves, and that American citizenship shall be protected in every quarter of the globe, they feel that the policy is the only one that is consistent with our standing among the nations, and the cry of "jingo" creates but contempt for the slimy worm that voices it.

Nor is there any fear felt that BENJAMIN HARRISON will not be President in deed as well as in name. He and Mr. BLAINE have interchanged views on our foreign policy, and are in harmony as to the line to be pursued. And there is no need of assuming that Mr. BLAINE will overstep the bounds of his province to attempt the role of a WARWICK, any more than there need be any fear that Mr. HARRISON is a man to be molded as wax in the hands of any one. Those who enjoy the friendship of the President-elect know him to be a man whom it is impossible to sway save in a legitimate manner—a man who is accustomed to rely upon himself, and who will do so, while Chief Magistrate of the nation. Every augury points to an administration that will be eminently satisfactory in every way to the American people.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS.

Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE's sermons, found on the seventh page, are regular features of the Weekly BLADE. The paper each week contains TALMAGE's sermon of the previous Sunday.

A COLUMBUS reporter interviewed Governor FORAKER on the Samoan question a couple of days ago, with the following result. The governor's opinions are echoed nearly by every self-respecting American:

> I can say in a word almost all I have to say in regard to the Samoan difficulty, which is that the consideration for the rights we required in the Samoan islands must be fulfilled. In the second place, our flag and American citizens must be respected everywhere and by everybody, no matter what may be the cost. The whole difficulty, in my mind has grown out of the fact that the present administration has been weak, vacillating, and generally incapable in looking after our foreign relations. The next administration will not be so, and Germany and other nations of the world will speedily find that out if they do not already know as much. I have no idea that there will be any war.

THE bill providing for the census of 1890 will pass the Senate, with probably three amendments. One provides for a special enumeration of ex-soldiers and soldiers' widows, at a special compensation of five cents for each name, instead of two cents as in other cases; another provision is for a special examination of negroes, mulattoes, etc., and a third for the collection of data as to mortgage indebtedness. The bill will probably become a law by the middle of next month, but Mr. HARRISON will have the appointment of a superintendent.

THERE is a great deal of gabble about the United States Senate being "made up of millionaires." It is not true. The New York *Sun* declares that a majority of the Senators are poor men, comparatively speaking. There are rich Senators, just as there are rich Representatives; but in the case of either House it is undoubtedly true that nine out of ten of the statesmen who possess great fortunes have earned their money themselves by the exercise of those qualities of energy, industry and enterprise which have likewise made them prominent in politics.

TWENTY-THREE steamship lines, with over one hundred first-class vessels, ply from the port of New York to the ports of the old world, and not one or these vessels flies the American flag. Nearly every one, if not all, of these lines has a subsidy from the government whose flag it carries. It is a disgrace to this country that it does not adopt the policy which has built up all other maritime nations—that of giving subsidies to mail lines.

THE Chicago *Journal* is eminently correct when it remarks that if WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was not afraid of being overshadowed by DANIEL WEBSTER as secretary of State, there need be no apprehension as to BENJAMIN HARRISON with JAMES G. BLAINE in the same position. There will not be the slightest doubt as to who is President, no matter who goes into the Cabinet.

COL. PAT DONAN is booming the BLADE's suggestion, made several weeks ago, that if the United States needs a national flower, the clover bloom fills the bill. We welcome the rhetorical DONAN to the ranks of the upholders of the republican clover.

EVARTS declines to go into the Cabinet as the representative of the Empire State, and the Cabinet slate is again smashed. Nothing is certain save that BLAINE will be its head, and WANAMAKER most probably somewhere at the lower end of the table.

SHALL THERE BE AN EXTRA SESSION?

There is much discussion among the Republican leaders in Congress regarding the propriety and necessity of an extra session of the Fifty-first Congress being held the coming summer. The majority opinion is that it will be inevitable. The drift of events is all in this direction. One of the strongest arguments presented against it is that the presumptions are all against the policy which calls such a session, and that that one of the most conspicuous illustration of the bad fortune which attends an extra session was furnished by the grandfather of General HARRISON himself, who, having convened Congress in extra session on account of the then fiscal condition of the country, died before Congress had assembled.

A good many of the Republican Senators, including some of the foremost among the leaders, are disposed to compromise on this question by suggesting to General HARRISON that the Fifty-first Congress should be convened in October, and that there should only be a special session of the Senate of the next Congress in March to confirm the nominations. A new argument has been urged within the last week or so, in behalf of an extra session by the members of the House; that is, that the foreign situation may require the presence of Congress; but the conservative men in both parties do not attach the importance to the Samoan question which is given to it by a portion of the press.

The more thoughtful members of both parties do not admit that there is any probability of a war with Germany because of the differences with respect to this group in the South Seas. They are confident that if Congress shall not arrive at some definite conclusion in the matter, diplomacy and Congress together can adjust the differences, although they do not look necessarily for a settlement of the question prior to the 4th of March. It is felt by the leaders of the incoming House that a session should be called at the earliest possible moment, in order to make sure of a Republican organization.

The evident fact that the committee on Ways and Means will not report the tariff bill in time to dispose of it, or come to any compromise in this Congress, is another argument which is openly and effectively used in support of the movement for an extra session. The friends of the territories are all active in the same direction, for they begin to admit that all hopes of compromising on the Springer omnibus bill are delusive. But the most powerful agents in support of the extra session movements are the candidates for the speakership, every one of whom is very earnestly advocating a called session. Mr. MCKINLEY at first quite earnestly opposed an extra session, and insisted that no reason could properly be urged for one, except the surplus question; but he long since surrendered his opinion on that matter, and his followers are now as active as any of the others for an early meeting of the new Congress. It is known that General HARRISON himself is opposed to an extra session. Every new President is. There are burdens enough upon him without the presence of Congress; but recent concurrent information from Indianapolis is that the President-elect looks at the situation as the majority of his followers in the two houses do, and that he has about come to the conclusion that it will be impossible to resist the evident tendency in that direction.

INCOMPETENCY PROVED.

The Democratic party has been shouting "revenue reduction" for lo! these past dozen years or so, yet they have proved that they don't know how to accomplish it. Every reduction of our taxes since the war has come by Republican legislation. What have the Democrats done in lessening our burdens? Not a dollar have they cut down. They have lifted no load from the backs of the people, and they will not, because the Democratic party is incompetent to present a wise and harmonious plan of tariff revision.

The incompetency of the Democratic party is proved in its failure to bring about a single reformation in public business. The deplorable breakdown in carrying out the civil service regulations on a reform basis and the disgraceful letting down of Mr. CLEVELAND when he was again a candidate—a complete surrender to the spoilsmen—prove that he is really no better than his party.

This incompetency is shown in our diplomatic business; in the fishery dispute exactly in the same unsettled and unsatisfactory state it was in three years ago; in the Samoan imbroglio; in the silly request for SACKVILLE WEST's recall, and in minor instances. Four years of Democratic rule and power have shown to be a truth what was but a Republican assertion in 1884, that neither by experience nor internal capacity, nor in its conception of constitutional duty or grasp of opportunity, is the Democratic party competent to administer affairs. It can boast neither exalted patriotism, definite policy nor superior statesmanship, because it does not possess the governing faculty in a high order.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE New York *Sun*, Democratic, does not hesitate to tell its real opinion of Mr. CLEVELAND. Under the captain, "The Contrast," it says editorially:

> A comparison of Mr. Cleveland's attitude toward foreign nations with his attitude toward his own party can now be made.
>
> Toward his political supporters he has been stern, haughty, even overbearing and bullying. Toward foreign powers he has been mild, docile, timid, cheerfully turning the other cheek to the smiter.
>
> If his foreign policy had been his domestic policy, and his domestic policy his foreign policy, both might have been more successful.
>
> As it is, neither has been successful, and it is hard to say which has been less so.
>
> He has maintained a bold and aggressive front against his own party, and a timorous front against foreign insolence.
>
> There is no more curious record of statesmanship standing on its head than Mr. Cleveland has made for himself, and, so far as he could, for the great American party of the United States.

BOTH houses of the Pennsylvania legislature have passed the bill to submit the prohibitory amendment to the state constitution to the popular vote, and it now goes to the governor, who promptly signed it. The indications now are that the amendment will be adopted by the people, if the meddling third party people do not attempt to make capital for themselves out of the campaign, and thereby cause a large defection of voters who belong to the two great parties.

BISMARCK seems inclined to think that discretion is the batter part of bulldozing.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE LEGION.

This week the grand total of the children who have subscribed to the pledge of the Blade Temperance Legion foots up 25,161 names—thus turning the 25,000 mark, and starting on the march for 50,000. A grand, a glorious army, the flower of those who will be the men and women of the next generation! Don't fail to read the letter of kindly encouragement from Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD, given in "Our Young Folks" column this week.

All thinking people will agree that this mighty host of young people have planted their feet in the right path, and that, if they weary not in well-doing, but each strives to bring others into the ways of sobriety and rectitude, they will be a powerful factor in the grand work of reclaiming the land from the evils of the Rum traffic. Each week their numbers increase, and they are now numerous enough to form a grand division of the army that is in the field to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE GERMANS IN SAMOA.

The foothold which the Germans have obtained in Samoa has been gained by getting possession of plantations which embrace nearly all the cultivated land on the north side of the island of Upolu. There are six of these "plantations," covering a total area of 9,260 acres, four of them being in the immediate vicinity of Apia and the other two further down the coast toward Savaii. The largest of these covers the entire western end of the island, having an area of 3,260 acres and a sea frontage of more than six miles. The plantations are highly cultivated, and anything that will grow in the tropics can be produced on them, but they are principally devoted to the production of copra, which is the dried kernel of the cocoanut, and of which from 500 to 600 tons are exported annually by the German Trading and Plantation Society, which is the name of the firm owning the plantations under the the protection of the German empire.

The native Samoan can not be induced to do any manual labor, and so the plantations are worked by imported laborers, who are brought chiefly from the islands west of Samoa, and form an element with which the natives will not coalesce. These laborers are under contract for three years, at the end of which time they are to be returned to their homes, though they are sometimes landed among hostile tribes, who either kill or enslave them. As a rule, however, they are said to be well treated by the company, which pays them at the rate of $3 a month, taken in trade. Just now many of them are earning their wages by fighting for the Germans.

THE CLAYTON MURDER.

The foul murder of Col. JOHN M. CLAYTON, at Plummersville, Arkansas, does not, by any means, close the contest for the seat now occupied by Hon. C. R. BRECKINRIDGE. Due notice of contest had been filed by Col. CLAYTON, and it was while engaged in gathering testimony to be used in the case that the latter was so foully butchered. A ballot-box had been stolen by Democratic rascals at Plummersville, and probably the scent was getting uncomfortably warm for the scoundrels, and they resorted to murder. But the right of the House to order an investigation to determine whether BRECKINRIDGE has any right to the seat is absolute and unquestioned, and there is a strong feeling growing that this should be done. If his title is not good, the death of CLAYTON should not operate to stop proceedings and allow BRECKINRIDGE to enjoy the usufruct of a political murder. The stain of blood is on his title, and this should be cleared by a legal vindication, or he should be ousted and the seat declared vacant.

Such a preceeding would go a long way toward checking the tendency to political murder, and the next House should enter upon the necessary steps as soon as it is organized. It was rumored that BRECKENRIDGE would resign because of his late opponent's murder, and appeal to the voters for a vindication by a re-election. Such a course would be a manly and self-respecting one. But it is now said that he emphatically declares that he shall do nothing of the sort, and that he does not consider that the murder of CLAYTON affects his Congressional standing in the least. But though he may be obtuse, the people understand that it is admitted the crime was committed to prevent the exposure of ballot-box frauds committed in his interest, and that he is the only one who profits by it. The House should not allow the murder of a contestant to settle a contest or to conclude the action of that body in regard to the settlement of the disputed title to the seat.

DEFECTS OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

The Inter-state Commerce commission, in promulgating a recent decision relative to passenger tariffs and rate wars, recommends that the inter-state commerce act be so amended as to define what shall be considered excursion and commutation tickets; to prohibit all payment of commission on the sale of tickets and all sale of tickets for inter-state business except by the regular agents of the carriers; to require the carriers to provide for the speedy and convenient redemption of unused tickets or coupons. Previous recommendations in respect to amendments relating to joint tariffs and notices of reduction of rates are also renewed.

It was not to be expected that the law, being of the nature of an experiment in legislating in a hitherto untried field, would be or could be perfect. It is not possible to finish a perfect law at one blow of the hammer. The defects and inequalities can only be found by submitting it to the test of time and practical operation. The principal defects so far noted are given above, with the exception of that shown by Judge JACKSON's recent decision at Louisville—that the Inter-State Commerce commission has no power to enforce its own decisions, but that recourse must be had to the United States courts. These defects should also be made the subject for Congressional action with a view to their correction.

THE United States government has been making informal inquiries as to the possibility of securing steamers on the Pacific to use as troop ships, in the remote event of their being needed in the Samoan difficulty. The fact was shown that the best and swiftest American built and owned steamers there are subsidized by the governments of Australia and New Zealand, as mail carriers, while the United States pays not a dollar for the purpose. Whose fault is it that the American merchant marine does not prosper?

IF the report be true that Germany, having declared war against MATAAFA, will cause all foreign vessels entering the port of Apia to be searched for articles contraband of war, it might be well to refresh BISMARCK's memory as to the war of 1812, which was brought on by Great Britain's claiming the right to search American vessels.

THE special election to fill the vacant seat in the House of Representatives, made by the election of Gen. HOVEY to the governorship of Indiana, resulted in the election of F. B. POSEY, Republican, by an increased majority.

GENERAL LONGSTREET, the noted ex-Confederate, has leased a house in Washington, and this has set the quid-nuncs to gossiping over his chances of becoming the Southern representative in HARRISON's Cabinet.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 110 chrysanthemum societies in England.

The English, till 1752, began the year at the vernal equinox.

Twigs of myrtle laid under a bed will keep off fleas and moths.

It costs 625,000 francs per annum to keep the streets of Paris clean.

Pear grafts on a quince stock produce the most abundant and luscious fruit.

Mrs. Margaret J. Mitchell, of Cleveland, has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

There are 4,500 female printers in England, and 12,000 artists in London alone.

A survivor of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812 still lives at Bordeaux, aged 108.

The leaves of the fig tree have the property of maturing game and meat hung among them.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, who is now 60 years old, is a great favorite of Queen Victoria.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is now described as a small woman with a mouth like Anna Dickinson's.

Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty, is still the center of an admiring circle in England.

The new transatlantic cable to Bermuda from England goes by way of Portugal and the Azores.

Knives and all kinds of instruments can be sharpened just as well on willow and holly-wood as on a bone.

Electric prostration is the new medical term applied to those affected by work under strong electric light.

Florida's crop of oranges this season will reach 3,000,000 boxes—the largest the state has ever produced.

Last week Senator Stanford gave a dinner to 16 of his friends, and strawberries were served that cost $3 a dozen.

When the crematory in St. Louis caught fire there was a body in the course of incineration, but it was impossible to save it.

Mlle. Popelin, who passed the law examination of the University of Brussels and received her diploma, was denied admission to the bar.

T. J. Summers, of Americus, Ga., drew something of a curiosity out of his well the other day. It looked like an eel, except it had four legs and web feet.

A person convicted of any crime in China, except that of murdering one of the royal family, can hire a substitute to take the punishment, even if it is death.

A successful attempt has been made to photograph the very shy wild big-horn or Rocky mountain sheep, and the picture appears in the February *Scribner*.

Miss Davenport, an Irish lady, is the governess of the king of Spain. She gets $3,500 a year salary, and will have a life pension when her task is done of $2,500.

At Willows, Cal., a flock of wild geese settled down on a forty-acre field of grain and picked it clean in two hours. The number of birds was estimated at 75,000.

The Eastman (Ga.) *Journal* says that the idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano, and every boy to be a book-keeper, will make potatoes $4 a bushel in twenty years.

St. Louis has got hold of a man who has stolen 28 horses in six months, and he is not only 82 years of age, but lame, near sighted and suffering with asthma.

Architectural construction in Chicago last year resulted in the building of 4,985 edifices, costing $20,360,800, and having a frontage of more than 22½ miles.

It is said that a fatigued eye recovers last the perception of the color by which the fatigue has been induced, and first recovers the sensitiveness of the complementary color.

A church at Almont, Mich., raises money in a novel way. A box is placed in the church, and the members on their birthday drop as many cents into the box as they are years old.

While there is a decrease in the consumption of intoxicants in the United Kingdom, the revenue derived from the sale of cocoa has gone up 75 per cent. in the last few years.

The length of the Mississippi river has always been placed at 4,100 miles, but civil engineers familiar with the stream say that it has shortened itself over 400 miles in twenty years.

The Senate of California has 94 officers and attendants, or three times its own number; while the Assembly has 99 officers and clerks, or double the number of its own members.

Guns are now being made so powerful that the object which their missiles are intended to strike will be out of sight. Consequently the guns can only be directed by the map.

From Queensland comes a strange story that a temperance medal has been found inside a crocodile. There was nothing to show whether the reptile had swallowed the wearer of the medal.

Cotton has long since ceased to be the exclusive product of the negro. When the war ceased nine-tenths of it was raised by the colored race; to-day three-fifths come from white farms.

Over in England a gas meter has been invented whereby you drop a coin in the slot and get as much gas as you pay for. A penny buys the light of an ordinary burner for six hours.

Victoria Woodhull is said to have taken up her abode at Paris, where she has bought a house for 2,000,000 francs, in which she hopes to found an institution for the free education of women.

The granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln who will make her entrance into society this winter, has a bright, girlish face, in which there is no trace of the rugged features of her great ancestor.

Ireland had once five great kings, all ruling at one time, besides a number of petty principalities. The five kingdoms in the 12th century were Ulster, Munster, Leith, Connaught and Leinster.

In consequence of the great increase in the amount collected for water taxes, the mayor of Chicago recommends that hereafter water be supplied free to kitchens in dwelling houses and flats.

A California man wrapped up enough $20 gold pieces to make a package of $1,000 and then sent them through the mail unregistered. And because they got lost on the way he is raising a disturbance.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the well-known author, has just been granted a patent for a hydraulic motor to be placed in streams or tideways, and to be utilized in running a washing machine or turning a churn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Heath, of Warren county, Ga., were born in 1800. They married when each was twenty years old, and for 68 years have lived happily together, and have reared a large family of children.

Examinations in English scools go toward proving that color blindness is often declared to be present when really no organic defect but only poor training in the naming and distinction of colors is found to be the trouble.

When a room is disinfected in London, Eng., an open vessel is set in the center of the room and several pounds of sulphur are ignited. Twenty-four hours afterward the room is opened. Sulphur is everywhere, necessitating lime washing and repapering.

Philadelphia has a large training-school for colored teachers, and at its head is Miss Fanny J. Coffin, one of the most notable colored women in the country. She is a graduate of the Rhode Island state normal school and Oberlin college, and has taught since 1865.

The Princess of Wales's boudoir in her London house is an octagon room, furnished in a light and delicate style. The walls are plain, except here and there where plaster casts give them artistic severity. They are hung with hand-painted silk panels. The doors are of satin wood and mahogany and cameo panels.

The Great Duke of Wellington's cocked hat, military cloak and Hessian boots, which he wore at the battle of Waterloo, are now preserved together by an English collector. The hat bears one large black cockade and three small ones in the colors of Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands, together with a straight upright plume which could be removed at will.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

THE New York *Herald* is a Democratic sheet, yet it declares that the Democrats of the House will "commit a blunder" if they do not allow the Senate tariff bill to come to a vote. But did the *Herald* ever know the Democrats in Congress to fail to commit a blunder if they had a chance?

GROVER is vexed because the Senate will not help him pay his political debts by confirming his appointees "for four years from date of confirmation." He is being compelled to take a dose of civil service reform of the genuine brand, and he don't like it.

THESE are candid words of praise from the Baltimore *American*: "There can be no question that Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER will make a first class Postmaster General. As an organizer and director he has few equals in this country."

WE are to have under President HARRISON, as the indications so far run, an American administration—a revival of national feeling, a broadening of trade and industry, a vigorous foreign policy, and a progressive home policy.

Now listen for a prolonged bray! The mugwumps will get on their hind legs, flap their ears in concert, and join in hideous chorus against BLAINE.

WHAT IS OKLAHOMA?

ITS RELATION TO "NO MAN'S LAND."

Synopsis of the Bill That Has Passed the House to Organize Oklahoma Territory.

"No Man's Land" is the popular name of a tract of United States territory half a degree wide and three degrees of longitude in length, which was accidentally left out in giving the adjoining territories straight boundaries, in this wise: When the Cherokees moved west the government guaranteed them the land north of Red river and westward to the Mexican border; that line was then the 100th meridian from Red river to the Arkansas, so the 100th meridian is declared by the land office and United States courts to be the western limit of the Indian territory.

When Texas was annexed her statesmen agreed to surrender all her lands north of 36 degs. and 30 min., for the Missouri compromise was to the effect that there should be no slavery north of that line, so 36 degs. 30 min. is the north boundary of Texas. In laying off New Mexico Congress thought only of giving it square boundaries, and so its eastern border was located on longitude 103 degs. Similarly latitude 37 degs. was made the continuous southern boundary of Kansas Colorado and Utah. The result of this paring was No Man's Land, bounded east by longitude 100 degs. west by 103 degs., north by latitude 37 degs. and south by 36 degs. 30 min.

The tract contains 3,700,000 acres and about 7,000 people. It was long called the Cherokee Neutral Strip, because every one supposed it was part of the Indian territory, and the Cherokees claimed that the grant of land "as far as United States land extends," carried their border to New Mexico; but the grant was construed by Commissioner A. J. Sparks and Secretary Lamar to cover only such land as the United States had at the date of the grant.

The Oklahoma bill provides for a new territory, including No Man's Land and that part of the Indian territory "west of the civilized tribes." It is opposed, of course, by the cattle men, who have 7,000,000 acres of that region rented from the Cherokees at three cents an acre, and it will take close watching to prevent fraud. The people of No Man's Land pay no federal taxes whatever. The region is an island of no law near the center of the nation, and a unique object lesson, indeed, in the evolution of civil government.

The exact boundaries of the proposed territory of Oklahoma includes those United States lands bounded on the west by Texas and New Mexico, north by Colorado and Kansas, east by the reservation occupied by the Cherokee tribe of Indians east of the ninety-sixth meridian of west longitude, and by the Creek, Seminole and Chickasaw Reservations, south by the Creek, Seminole and Chickasaw Reservations and by the state of Texas, comprising what is known as the public land strip, and all that part of the Indian territory not actually occupied by the five civilized tribes.

Right at this point the bill is objected to on the ground that it is indefinite and threatens to rob the Indians, for it includes in the new territory "all that part of Indian territory not actually occupied by the five civilized tribes." If by actual occupation is meant residence upon and cultivation, it will include in the territory a large portion of the territory unquestionably owned by the five civilized tribes. The territory thus defined embraces rather more than 23,000,000 acres, one-half of which consists of the reservations of a dozen Indian tribes, the rest being unoccupied.

The second section of the bill authorizes the President to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a governor, secretary, a supreme court consisting of three judges, a marshal and an attorney, and provides for the election of a territorial legislature and a delegate in Congress, at such time as in the opinion of the President the public interests may require. The section also provides who shall be entitled to vote at the first election in the territory and who shall be eligible to office therein, and fixes the number of the council of the territory at thirteen members and the House of Representatives thereof at 26 members, which may be increased hereafter to 39.

"No Man's Land," called officially the "Public land strip," is declared to be a part of the public domain of the United States, and shall be open to settlement under the homestead laws only, and the 16th and 36th sections of lands in each township shall be reserved for school purposes. Whenever the Creek and Seminole tribes of Indians shall signify their assent in legal manner and the President has then issued his proclamation fixing the time, the unoccupied lands ceded to the United States by these tribes under former treaties shall be open for settlement except the usual sections in each township reserved for school purposes, and shall be disposed of to actual settlers only, in quantities not to exceed 160 acres to each settler, at $1.25 per acre. All persons who are heads of families, or over 21 years of age, and who are citizens of the United States or have declared their intention to become such, shall be entitled to become actual settlers on such lands.

The sixth section of the bill provides the manner in which the government of the United States may open to settlement to actual settlers that portion of the Indian Territory known as the Cherokee outlet, west of the 96th degree of longitude, except such portions as are now occupied by tribes of Indians by special acts of Congress. The unoccupied portion it is proposed to open to settlement embraces 6,022,244 acres.

The seventh section of the bill authorizes the establishment of land offices in the territory at such time as the President may deem it necessary, and the appointment of the proper authorities to conduct the same. It is provided that no one shall take more than 100 acres; that he shall occupy the same for three years by acquiring perfect title thereto; shall actually cultivate the same, and that he shall not act as agent for other persons, but in good faith, in order to acquire a title for himself, and the payments therefor at the rate of $1.25 per acre, except the public land strip, which may be taken for homesteads only, are to be made in installments as the secretary of the Interior may prescribe.

The bill terminates all the cattle-grazing leases on the Cherokee strip. A large number of persons, estimated as high as 10,000, have recently settled upon the public land strip. The probabilities are that the number of persons who will settle upon this land in the near future will be much greater. Should the land embraced within this area be opened to homestead settlers, as provided in this bill, it is believed that the whole amount would be taken under the homestead laws within one year from the passage of the act. This land is well adapted to agricultural purposes; the climate is salubrious; the water is reasonably plentiful, and there are other valuable resources, such as coal, building material, etc. The people now settled upon the public land strip cannot acquire a legal title to the land.

Blaine's Remarkable Memory.

Col. Calvin Sayre, a leading citizen of Montgomery, Ala., who is visiting friends in Atlanta, has this to say about James G. Blaine: "I attended school at Millersburg, Ky., where Blaine was a young professor, before the war. Many years after the war, while Blaine was in Congress, I was living in Washington. I was thinking one day of making myself known to him, but had about abandoned the idea—we had met so long before that I did not think he could be made to remember me—when we happened to meet in the rotunda of the Capitol.

"He knew me at a glance, and grasping my right hand in his, he laid his left hand on my shoulder, saying: 'Why, Sayre, old boy, how are you? I'm glad to see you. I guess you were a rebel and are a Democrat, but that don't make a bit of difference. You are my friend, and if there is anything in the world I can do for you, let me know, and I'll do it.'

"His memory was as great as his words were sincere. I wanted nothing for myself, but I spoke to him in behalf of friends on several occasions, and he cheerfully granted every favor which was asked.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Practical Fire Extinguisher.

A physician says that he had studied the subject very carefully, and was convinced that it would be well for every house to keep its own fire extinguisher, and it could be easily done. It would certainly be invaluable to persons living in the country, and far removed even from neighbors. The doctor then told me that he would give me the exact recipe now used in the fire extinguishers being offered for sale. Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had at any druggist) and dissolve in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room of the house, to be used in an emergency. In case of a fire occurring one or two bottles should be immediately thrown with force into the burning place so as to break them, and the fire will certainly be extinguished.

THE DECOLLETE GOWN.

Mrs. Harrison Will Have None of It, and so Tells Her Man Dressmaker, Who Argues in Vain.

New York Letter.

Ghormley, the man dressmaker of New York, is a bold, bad man, for he quarrels with women, and his opponent this time is none other than the wife of President-elect Benjamin Harrison.

It was all about the decollete gown. Mrs. Harrison is of the opinion that her inauguration dress can be made artistic as well as stylish with a gimp corsage, and Ghormley won't hear of it.

He insists on a low-cut bodice, with whatever corsage is most becoming to his distinguished patron, and short sleeves to match. On the subject Mrs. Harrison is firm but not obstinate, and while perfectly willing to subscribe to the regulation cut her mind runs to a profusion of lace, a veil of kismet or some metallic net to compose the entire neck and sleeves of her ball dress. It seems that the controversy has been raging for several days, and both patron and modiste are tenacious of their opinions.

Among other arguments, Mrs. Harrison advances the latest edict of Her Majesty, who has stated for publication that decollete corsage is no longer obligatory as the court style, and Ghormley had the effrontery to say that the decree would not have the slightest effect on American or Parisian society. The fact is, said he, that low-cut costumes are no longer becoming to Her Majesty. Now she will wear a Bertha or chemisette of lace, and the style is one that does not recommend itself to Ghormley for March 4.

Just what compromise will be made remains to be seen. The dressmaker is in a very delicate position, for the eyes of the whole nation are upon him. An even thousand ball dresses await the decision of the Nineteenth street artist. Ghormley will make the ball dress, and at least one reception dress for Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, jr., and Mrs. Senator Saunders, and perhaps ten costumes each for Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and her daughter. Just what the fabric will be for the state dresses cannot be stated, for Ghormley will not be interviewed.

There is much to be said in favor of Mrs. Harrison's hesitancy, but, to allay misapprehension, it is due that lady to state that her arms and neck are very beautiful. She has a skin as white as satin, her arms are dimpled and taper prettily, and for a grandmamma her figure is remarkably pleasing. That she will wear shoulder sleeves is certain, for didn't she buy a gross of opera-length gloves only yesterday, and isn't it a fact that she has accepted cards for a high tea and a reception to occur shortly?

GEN. HARRISON'S ANCESTRY.

A Correspondent Points Out Some Errors in a Blade Article.

EDITOR BLADE:—Everything concerning General Harrison or the honorable family of which he is a member is worthy attention, and the interesting article from the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, which appears in Monday's BLADE, will doubtless be read with delight by many. There are some inaccuracies in it, however, which I shall venture to correct.

Oliver Cromwell, who was chief of the party by which Charles I. was brought to the scaffold, died in his bed September 3, 1658. He was not executed, as stated in the *Dispatch's* interview. His body was dug up and dishonored January 30, 1661, the anniversary of the king's death.

Mr. Blackford further says that Master John Harrison was "governor of Virginia in 1623." This seems to be an error. Francis Wyatt held that office under the Virginia Company from 1621 until 1625. The only Harrison who governed the Old Dominion was Benjamin, who was born in 1740, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and after the separation from England, governor of Virginia from 1782 until 1785. His son, William Henry, ninth President of the United States, was the grandfather of the President-elect.

General Harrison, the regicide, was one of six who were executed in 1660. His manly and pathetic plea discloses the fact that he was opposed to the extreme measures of the Cromwellians, and true to the stern Republican principles which governed his actions.
J. K. POWELL.

Pemberville, O., Jan. 30.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

How Much We Are Indebted to the Bible for Many Common Phrases.

There are many who seldom think how great a number of phrases, or quotations, which are heard every day, may be found in the Bible. Below are given a few:

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," is found in Ecclesiastes i, 2, and again in xii, 8, of the book.

"And there is no new thing under the sun" is in Ecclesiastes i, 9.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," can be found in Proverbs xiii, 12.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness" are the exact words of Proverbs xiv, 10.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath" comes from Proverbs xv, 1.

Indeed, the book of Proverbs is a storehouse of oft-quoted maxims, and the fact that they still are heard, after so many generations and such great changes in the modes of life among the nations of Christendom, is a living proof of their wisdom, and that the minds of mankind are still the same, although their manners and customs have greatly changed. And we can find the same thoughts as those expressed by many of our sayings, though they have become somewhat changed in the wording, in numerous places in the Bible; as, our expression that "it is well to have a friend at court" is found in Proverbs in this wise: "In the light of the king's countenance is life." And again, our "pride goes before a fall" no doubt comes from the verse of Proverbs—"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

SHOULD GIRLS PROPOSE?

One Man Who is Anxious That They Should.

"There are over a million girls in England who are not likely to get married," relates Henry Labouchere. "In order to remedy this state of things I would suggest that the girls be allowed to propose—in fact, that the courting and proposing should henceforth be a business appertaining equally to both sexes. There are a number of young men who are shy. They have a vague and general idea of marrying, yet cannot screw up their courage to the sticking point. These, were the road to matrimony made easy to them, would succumb. If, in addition to this, parents would have the sense to leave to their daughters the same amount as to their sons, and would let their intentions in this respect be known, they would speedily reduce the number of girls at present condemned to single life."

DAKOTA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

It Has the Largest Gold Mines and Mills in the World.

At Lead City, near Deadwood, Lawrence county, are located the largest gold mines and mills in the world, the "Homestake." The ore bodies mined by this company show a working face from 200 to 400 feet wide, sinking to an inexhaustible depth. Six hundred stamps, crushing 20,000 cubic feet of rock every 24 hours, drop incessantly, day and night, in the several mills, without an intermission even for the Sabbath. During the ten years in which the mines of the Homestake combination have been operated they have produced about $25,000,000 in bullion, and paid over $6,000,000 in dividends to stockholders.

The Oldest Timber.

Probably the oldest timber in the world, which has been subjected to the use of man, is that found in the ancient temple of Egypt, in connection with stone work, which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, in which a tie, shaped like an hourglass, was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force a stone from its position. The ties appear to have been of the tamarisk or Shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed.

No More Spanking.

Spanking is going out of fashion, slowly and gracefully, like bustles. It must be admitted that there is nothing poetical, ideal or essentially beautiful in the vision of a woman bending, red faced and indignant, to belabor the little child turned upside down in her lap. Maternity loses something of its dignity in a hand-to-hand set-to with a struggling, screaming, impatient bundle of ugliness. The transcendental lover who fancies he has married an angel receives a rude shock when he sees her apply her slipper to portions of his youthful heir's body in correction.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MAN'S LIFE IS LIKE THE LEAF.

Now dropping silent, ceaseless, fleet,
In open field, in busy street,
They form, light, driven to and fro,
A carpet rustling under tread,
Faint glowing still, their beauty fled,
Till crisp and withered, broken, dead,
Their glory lieth low.

Lo, as the countless leaves that fade
The countless race of men are made;
Like leaves they spring to sudden birth
Upon life's tree; a little day
They grow, and come to rich array
Or bright success, perchance, away
They soon are borne to earth.

Spring covers, autumn strips, the trees;
So century after century sees
Man's generations bloom and fade,
Each leaf its fleeting season knows;
Though brave the splendor that it shows,
Death's chilling blast remorseless blows;
Withered in dust 'tis laid.

But dieth man as dies the leaf?
Cometh his seasons, all too brief,
To hopeless nothingness and dust?
Nay, only ashes find the grave;
"The spirit endless life shall have
Through faith in me who came to save,"
Saith Christ in whom we trust.
—*Chicago Interior.*

MRS. LOGAN'S IDEA.

She Would Teach Young Women How to be Useful.

It is said that Mrs. Gen. Logan is busying herself abroad in looking into a scheme which she thinks of carrying into execution when she returns to this country. In Germany there is a custom of sending girls, after they have finished school, to live a year in the household of some noted housewife, who teaches them all the accomplishments which it is held fitting a hausmutter should acquire.

They are taught all the mysteries of washing paint so that it will not peel; of sweeping carpets so that the nap is not taken away with the dust. They learn how floors should be waxed to look like glass, and old mahogany polished to resemble a mirror; how silver should be cleaned, and china and glass properly washed; what will soonest cleanse and brighten mirrors and windows. They learn how to market, to choose the best meat, fish and vegetables, and how they should be cooked to be tender and well-flavored. Their pastry falls into flakes at the touch, their bread and rolls are light and sweet. They know the art of bed-making, dusting, arranging closets and regulating servants' work, and they are taught all the important rudiments of needlework. At the end of the year they are fitted to run a house economically, liberally, and with oiled wheels, warranted not to squeak.

This is the system Mrs. Logan is making a study, and her idea is to found just such a home in this country where girls can take a post-graduate course of a year, learning all these very important accomplishments, which would go far towards negativing in many homes the suggestion that marriage is a failure.—*N. Y. World.*

THE DAKOTA PARSON.

The Sort of Lies They Tell About the People of the Blizzard State.

"Just got back from a northwest trip," said a drummer to his friend. "I extended my run and went into Dakota and Montana. Stopped in Bismarck the other day, and it was awful cold. I was nearly frozen after hustling around town and stepped into the Sheridan house bar-room to get a blood-tingler. A moment later a man clad in shiny black broadcloth strode into the place. His feet were incased in a pair of immense cowhide boots, from the leg of one of which protruded a razor, a butcher's cleaver, and a club, and from the other the half of a scythe blade and another club. Strapped to his back was a Winchester rifle; a belt contained a revolver and a ten-inch bowie. On his left hand was a pair of steel knuckles; his right wrist was encircled by the loop of a flexible slung-shot, and he pointed a 45 caliber revolver at the crowd.

"'Bob Bloomer, you come hyer!' he ordered.

"The shrinking form of a 7-foot bull-whacker advanced from the crowd, and the walking arsenal grasped him by the neck and waltzed him out and down the street.

"'Your sheriff goes loaded,' I remarked to my right-hand neighbor.

"'Sheriff be blowed!' he replied. 'Thet yer is our new parson, an' he's a rustler. No backslider gets away from him.'"—*Chicago Mail.*

A FORTUNE FOR FLICK.

A Louisiana State Lottery Ticket Brings Luck to an Old Indianapolis German.

Happiness reigns in the family of Peter Flick, living at 250 E Morris street. A reporter hearing that Mr. Flick had struck it rich in the Louisiana State Lottery, called upon him and found the report to be true.

"How much was the amount of your prize?" the reporter asked.

"It was $5,000," Mr. Flick replied.

"I have been buying lottery tickets for a year past, but did not have much luck until I struck it. A couple of weeks ago I purchased a fortieth part of ticket No. 68,744, which drew the second prize, $200,000. This, of course, gave me $5,000."

"Have you received your money, Mr. Flick?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Flick replied. "As soon as I read the list of prizes, I sent in my ticket and I received a check for the amount within a week. Yes, I have the money in my own name now, and am going to take a trip to my old home in Switzerland in the spring."

Mr. Flick is a wood-carver in the employ of Sander & Recker on E. Washington st., and has been living in this country for eight years.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel*, Jan. 13.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Which Is to be the Tallest Structure on the Globe Still Pushed Forward.

The Eiffel Tower at Paris continues to make its way slowly upward toward the 300 metres, or nearly 1,000 feet, it is advertised to attain. At the present writing it has reached an altitude of 738 feet 21 inches, being at least 150 feet higher than our highest edifices. These cold winter mornings the workingmen, who begin their daily toil at 6, in midair, are really better off as to temperature than their fellow laborers on terra firma, as they get the benefit of the first rays of the morning sun long before that luminary has dispersed the thick mists that rest upon the ground. The view, I am told, that one obtains from these dizzy heights at that hour, is not unlike the landscape or air scape, that is spread out before Alpine climbers in the early morning—all things terrestrial being hidden by an impenetrable sea of fog.

M. Eiffel, always thoughtful for the convenience and comfort of his men, has established at a height of 350 feet a restaurant, where the latter may take their meals without the trouble of making the long journey to terra firma. By this arrangement not only is much valuable time saved in the prosecution of the work, but the men themselves are able to economize, as the prices charged are only half those demanded in the cheap eating places in the neighborhood of the Champs de Mars.

At the elevation the tower has already attained the number of men who can work comfortably is greatly diminished. The iron beams are sent up to them by powerful machinery all ready to be placed in position, and have only to be riveted to those already laid down. As rapidly as the iron beams are fastened to each other several carpenters construct carefully protected scaffolds, so that there is no danger of accident. As regards vertigo, I understand that the laborers on the Eiffel tower are not at all subject to it.

Cause of Anxiety.

Mrs. Dolliver—Oh, Henry I have dropped the water pitcher out the window, and I saw it light on an elderly man.

Mr. Dolliver (turning pale)—Great Scott, Jane, you don't know what damage you may have caused!

Mrs. Dolliver (in tears)—Yes, I do. It's pure china, and can't be replaced for less than $20. Oh, what shall I do?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

S. S. S.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC has cured me of a malignant breaking out on my leg, which caused intolerable pain. It was called Eczema by the doctors—four of whom treated me with no relief. I candidly confess that I owe my present good health to S. S. S., which in my estimation is invaluable as a blood remedy. MISS JULIA DEWITT, 2227 N. 10th st., St. Louis, Mo.

Our baby, when two months old, was attacked with Scrofula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty. E. V. DELE, Will's Point, Texas.

Send for book giving history of Blood Diseases and advice to sufferers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Commissioners.

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At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, February 12, 1889.

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100,000 Tickets at $20 each; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of $500 are	$50,000
100 do. 300 are	30,000
100 do. 200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 Prizes of $100 are	$99,900
999 do. of 100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to	$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

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40 Photos for gents, 10c. Ladies' Shields, 50c. Gents' 25c. Both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

A Good Chance.

Tobacco-chewing husband (after ascending the stairs)—I'm all out of breath.

Wife—Then kiss me, please.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

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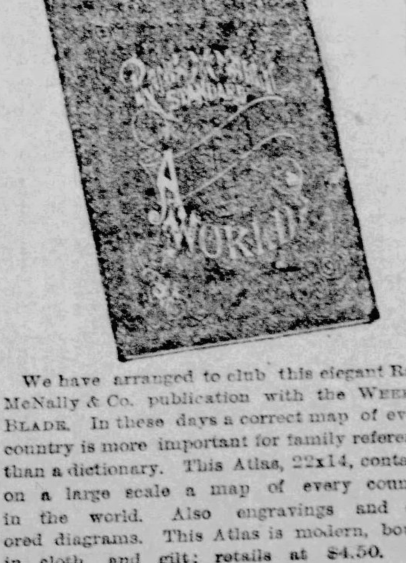
STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

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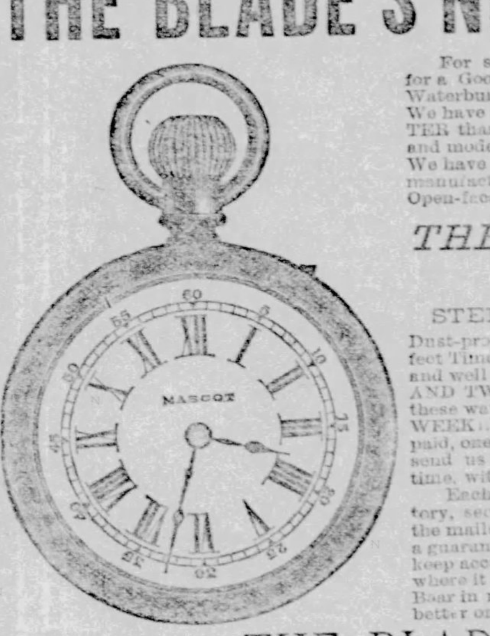
Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O

THE BLADE'S NEW WATCH.



For some time the BLADE has been negotiating for a Good Cheap Watch to take the place of the Waterbury, of which we sold 10,000 in two years. We have all along insisted on having a Watch BETTER than the Waterbury, with a SHORT WIND, and modern in every respect. At last we have it. We have contracted with a factory in New York to manufacture for us a Special Lot of Nickel-plated Open-face Watches, which we shall call

THE MASCOT WATCH.

IT IS A

STEM-WINDER, STEM-SETTER,

Dust-proof, Strong, Handsome and Warranted a Perfect Time-keeper. It is a watch that retails at $6.50, and well worth it. On receipt of FOUR DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will send one of these watches by registered mail, and a copy of the WEEKLY BLADE one year. Or we will mail, postpaid, one of these watches free to any person who will send us a club of Fifteen Yearly Subscribers at one time, with $15.00.

Each watch is adjusted and regulated at the factory, securely packed in a box for carrying safely in the mails, accompanied with printed instructions and a guarantee. If not as represented, or if it fails to keep accurate time, it may be returned to the factory where it will be properly adjusted without charge. Bear in mind this is not a Waterbury watch, but a better one in every respect. Address

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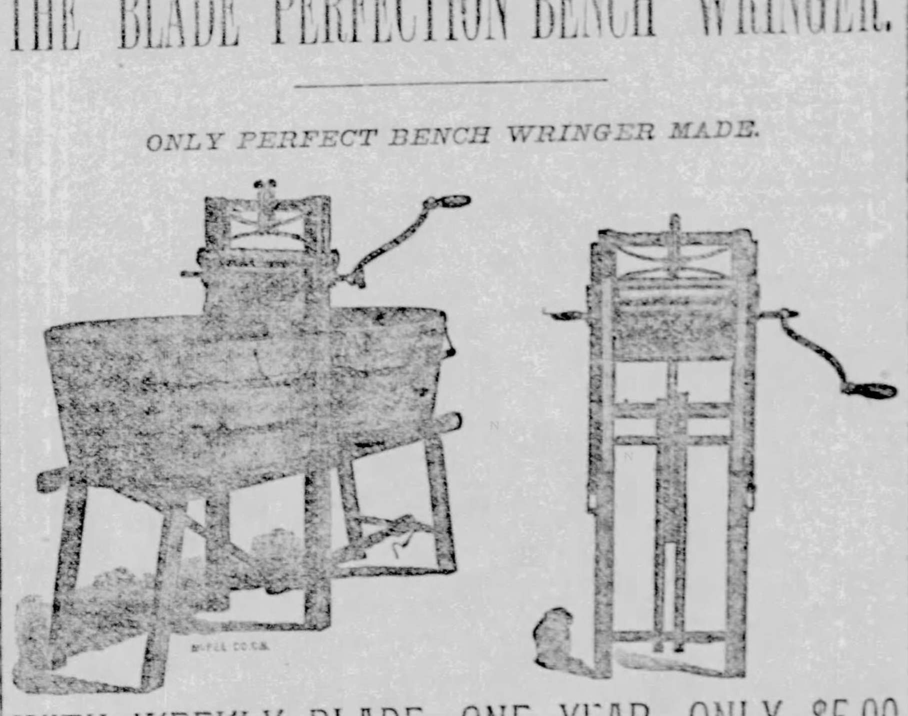

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These Wringers have double steel bow springs, hard wood, all metal parts, thoroughly galvanized, well made and nicely finished; it is guaranteed a perfect machine. We warrant every machine to be as represented.

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The wringing can be done from one tub to the other without changing.
The tubs are not liable to be injured or upset.

We crate them nicely and ship by freight to any part of the United States. The purchaser pays his own freight, but as the weight is not to exceed 25 or 30 pounds the freight charges will be a small item. Address

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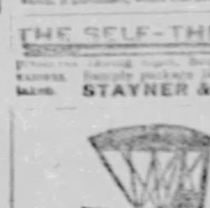

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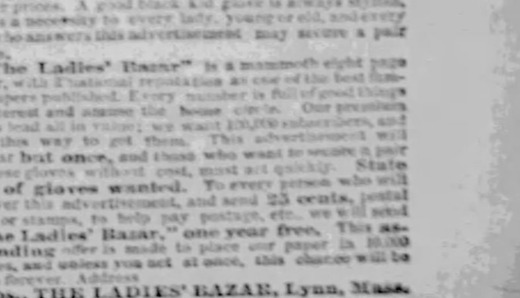


Pubs. THE LADIES' BAZAR, Lynn, Mass.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

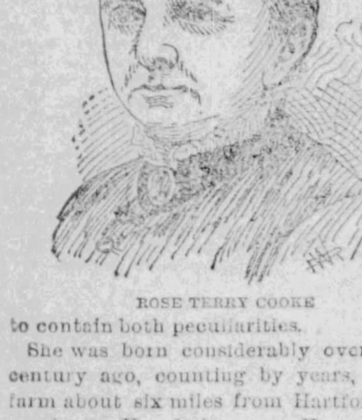
HOME TALKS.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Another New England Girl Who Has Won Celebrity.

"My life is like a song
That a bird sings in its sleeping,
Or a hidden stream that flows along
To the sound of its own soft weeping."

TWO things have impressed themselves upon me very strongly since I began writing these sketches of the lives of noted American women—the one that so many have first opened their eyes in New England, amidst its rock-robbed hills, where Nature seems always at war with itself, producing now a beautiful landscape of mingled tree-crowned mountain and grassy valleys, anon changing to the wildest, most rugged, broken and uninviting of pictures. The other is the universality with which they passed the early years of their lives out of doors in field and forest, making friends with birds and flowers, listening to the stories whispered through the tree-tops, gazing into the skies and dreaming the dreams that come only to the pure and innocent. I find the early history of



ROSE TERRY COOKE

to contain both peculiarities.

She was born considerably over a half century ago, counting by years, upon a farm about six miles from Hartford, Connecticut. Her father was Henry Wadsworth Terry, a sensitive, generous, open-hearted man, always a favorite wherever he might be through the pleasant social qualities which crowned his character of sterling worth. Her mother was of the bluest among Puritan families, a beautiful woman, with a most tender conscience, and undemonstrative in manner, because she thought it wrong to do otherwise. Her name was Anne Wright Hurlbut, and her father was of Wethersfield, Connecticut, and the first New England shipmaster who sailed around the world. Perhaps it would be interesting to know, too, that Mr. Terry was of the same stock from which Longfellow descended, that of the Wadsworth family, also that the Joseph Wadsworth who stole the charter upon that ever memorable night long years ago, and hid it in the old oak tree, was an ancestor.

NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

When Rose was six years old her father and mother removed to Hartford and into a house that, when built, in 1799, was, with one exception, the best in the city. Her own descriptions, vividly full of life as all of her writings are, bring a picture of the place before us, with its great, broad chimneys and generous fireplaces where the fires blazed up merrily, its large airy rooms and old-fashioned furniture, and brighter than all, the warm hospitality that made all welcome and happy who entered within its doors. They who have never known what a real New England Thanksgiving of a half a century ago was, will do well to read what she says of such a day at her grandfather's, when were gathered together the scattered members of the family under the home roof tree, bringing thither the merry little ones, among whom was Rose, to make the house resound with their shouts and laughter. The one drawback to their pleasure was the being compelled to go to church, which seemed very hard upon a week day, though she quaintly adds, "but I suppose that they wanted us out of the way at home," for when they got back the long table was all set out with silver, and glass, and china; the big bunch of celery in the middle in its sparkling glass vase; the moulds of crimson cranberry at the corners; decanters of bright wine at either end; the ham starred with cloves at one side, and a pair of cold tongues at the other; little dishes of pickled mushrooms, mangoes, and butternuts standing interspersed about; and on the sideboards such an array of pies, and jellies, and nuts, and apples, and almonds, and raisins, as might make four desserts to-day. But then people liked to eat and drink. They had open fires and rattling windows, and so plenty of fresh air." One can see the table with its whole tempting array; and the different members of the family whom she mentions, painting their portraits in a few strong words that makes them breathing, living realities.

HER CHILDHOOD.

Rose was not a strong child and so she played less with children than she might otherwise have done. We are told that between her and her beautiful, dark-eyed mother, there existed a tie of unusual intimacy. Many of her early years were passed in learning the household duties which have since rendered her such an accomplished housekeeper. With her father she took long rambles through the fields and forests. He taught her how to study Nature's works, the names of flowers and birds, the songs of the latter, and the habits of the creatures whose home is in the windwood. She was an enthusiast in these pursuits, so much so that she tells us of standing once "nearly an hour, as silent as a stone, to see if a big, burly bumble-bee, buzzing and humming about, would not mistake her for a flower and alight upon her."

These studies gave her the knowledge of Nature which peeps out in all of her writing, whether it be prose or poetry. She knows where the earliest wild flowers peep timidly out into a world, that is just donning its spring-tide garments; "where the sweet and rare white violets hide their fragrance"—in short she is thoroughly and ovingly familiar with Nature in all of her varying moods and tenses.

She was a very sensitive and imaginative child, too, and it was unfortunate that her imagination was played upon by the servants to such a degree, that it was long years before she recovered from the effects, if indeed she has ever done so. Speaking of this in her biography of Mrs. Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford tells of the worst of all the servants, a Greek boy, who came to Mr. Terry as a waiter. With him she used to be sent out to walk, and being only three years old, he would frighten her beyond measure, with the most terrible stories, threatening to murder her if she told her parents. She fully believed he would do this, and fear closed her childish lips in secrecy. I think Mrs. Cooke would herself use this as one of the strongest of arguments against intrusting children to servants whose faithfulness and fitness for the charge have not been thoroughly tested and proven, and even then parents are sometimes deceived.

HER SCHOOL DAYS.

Rose Terry learned to read when she was but three years old, and this same precocity was visible in her later school life. When her parents finally sent her to receive other instructions than their own, it was to the seminary already mentioned as that where Harriet Beecher attended under the teaching of John P. Brace. Here she distinguished herself in the art of composition, and also by the facility with which she learned languages.

Graduating at sixteen, and uniting with the church the same year, the purposes of her life grew more definite and stronger. She became a teacher in Hartford, went from there into a Presbyterian church school in New Jersey, finally becoming a governess in the family of the clergyman. She remained there but a short time, returning home and beginning her real literary life. For she had written for the public before, now and then. When she was eighteen, her first story was published in Graham's Magazine. Story writing was not, however, what she desired to do. Her whole nature seemed attuned to poetry. Song was as natural to her as to breathe, and much of her prose is as poetical "as if written in measure with rhyme and rythm." But into her verses she seems to have thrown the most of herself. One traces there the enthusiasm of her nature; the strength of her devotion to what she loves; the vein of sadness which apparently underlies even her brightest words; her scorn of whatever is mean and ignoble—in short, she has put herself into the lines—herself as her friends know her.

HER LITERARY WORK.

When she was 28 years old, the story of "The Mormon's Wife" was published in the Putnam's Monthly, then in its palmiest days of success. Its object was to arouse the people to a sense of this great evil eating into the heart of the nation. None could read it without being moved to the depths of their being. It makes one of the strongest arguments which has ever been advanced against a plurality of wives.

From this time on her work for the different leading magazines has been continued, and such as to win the highest praise from the literary world. Her descriptions of Nature are poems. A summer landscape with meadows, sunshine and flowers, a mountain scene, picturesque and grand, a swiftly moving storm, the forerunner of a tempest, are all put in words that are musically cadenced and only need rhyme and measure to take them out of prose into poetry.

HER REAL LIFE.

Rose Terry Cooke's life has not, however, in any sense belonged to the public, except as it has claimed her through her writings. Home and home duties have held heart and hands always. Devoted to the dear mother for many years before the latter's death; to the two children of her widowed sister who left them in her charge when she passed from mortal life; to the friends and neighbors, whose griefs were her griefs; to the poor who ever found her a willing helper—it is easy to see that her literary work has been, not the emphasis of her life, but its recreation. "There was never any limit to her self-devotion, and there is none to-day" writes one who loves her; "she is a prodigal of her time, her work, her thought, her money, and herself."

CLAIMING HER PERSONALITY.

A curious thing connected with Rose Terry Cooke's literary work is the number of times which she has been personated by individuals who were perfect strangers, but claimed her brain children for their own. Time after time has this occurred, the outcome being sometimes exceedingly ludicrous, as when one played the amiable and ended by disappearing with the pocketbook of the lady to whom she had been masquerading, and another who introduced herself as Rose to the sister of a friend of Miss Terry's and then proceeded to a confidential talk, unfolding what purported to be literary plans of the most soaring character.

HER MARRIAGE.

In 1873, Rose Terry became the wife of Mr. R. H. Cooke, an iron manufacturer in Connecticut. They went to live in Winsted in a large, old fashioned house which was once a colonial mansion. Perhaps some of the BLADE readers may remember her description of this little mountain village in one of the Harper publications a few years ago. It is as rugged and picturesque a place as one would wish to see, and one which might seem well calculated to rouse "thoughts that breathe" in a woman like the one of whom we are speaking. More recently she has removed to a beautiful home in Pittsfield, Mass.

Perhaps the following description of her personality, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, in "Our Famous Women" will bring her before you: "She is an amazing mimic, a delightful talker, having an immense memory, with stores of learning, and being the wittiest woman I have ever met; alive to the tips of her fingers, she takes the keenest interest in everything and everybody about her. Tall and shapely, dressing richly, she is still very attractive in person; in her youth, with her Spanish color, her great soft dark eyes, her thick and long black hair, and the sweetness and vivacity of her expression, she is said to have been singularly beautiful."

Mrs. Cooke is one who never seeks notoriety. Upon the contrary she rather shrinks from any public attention, and only yields to solicitation when more than her own writings tell of her life, appears in print. She takes no part in any prominent movement that would compel any individual demonstration, but from her own home sends forth the eloquent words which have made her a familiar friend in many households. A new book from her pen is just now about to be issued, and I have no doubt it will add to the brilliancy of the reputation which she has already achieved in the world of letters.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

FLOWER SACHET.—Get twelve different shades of ribbon with fancy edge, No. 9 in width and 6 inches long. Fringe both ends a ½ inch in depth. Fold each in the middle, sew the sides up, forming a bag. Sprinkle a little heliotrope sachet powder upon some cotton, place a little in each bag, then gather it just below the fringe and fasten with bow made of any narrow ribbon. Of this there must be yard for each. Put the bags together to hang in a group with different lengths of the ribbon, the surplus ends forming the bow at the point of fastening.—ED.

PRETTY APRON.—A very trim, dainty little apron may be made of cheese cloth for the sum of 25 cents, as follows: Take one yard of the material, hem it across bottom with an inch wide hem. Draw threads enough from the material to make a third of an inch space; overcast top and bottom edges, in groups, then gather the up and down threads in groups of four bunches of thread, and draw them together by a chain stitch. Decorate the apron by herring-boning a border in plain blue English crewels above and below the drawn work. Above this run is an inch wide tuck, and if the apron is too long, another with a row of herring-boning at head of each tuck. Make two pretty pockets in form of half ovals, and work a herring-bone border on each side of a drawn-work border on the top of each. Herring-bone the waist-band of the apron in pale blue and finish the pockets by a bow or rosette of pale blue satin ribbon at the bottom, and one at each corner of the top.—MRS. M.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ROSE-LEAF INSERTION.—Cast on 21 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 3; 2nd row—p 6—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6; 3rd row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—p 1—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 3; 4th row—p 6—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 6; 5th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—o—k 1—o—k 3; 6th row—p 7—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 7; 7th row—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 3; 8th row—p 9—k 1—p 9; 9th row—k 3—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 3; 10th row—p 21 sts commence at 1st row. I hope this will please. I would be glad to correspond with some one from Washington Territory.—MRS. A. J. HICKOX, Oilville, Goochland Co., Va.

FAN LACE AND INSERTION.—Considered very pretty. Make a chain of 24 stitches—turn—put 3 double crochets or bars into the 4th stitch—2 chs—3 bars into the same st, forming a shell—4 chs—1 bar in the 10th st—3 chs—1 bar into the same st—4 chs—skip 9 and put a shell into the 10th st—3 chs—turn—* make a shell in the center of the last shell—3 chs—8 bars in the space between the bars—3 chs—shell in the center of the next shell—5 chs—turn—shell in the center of the last shell—2 chs—1 bar between 1st and 2d bars—1 ch—1 bar between 2d and 3d bars—1 ch—and so on until you have 7 bars, with 1 ch between 2 chs—shell in center of next shell—1 bar in loop made by 3 chs—3 chs—turn—shell in center of last shell—3 bars in the space between the 1st and 2d bars—3 bars in the next space—and so on until you have 18 bars—then shell in center of next shell—put 8 bars with 1 ch between each bar into the loop made by the 5 chs—fasten to 1st shell—turn—1 bar in space between 1st and 2d bars—3 chs—fasten in the same space—repeat in each space until you have 7 points—shell in center of last shell—4 chs—1 bar between 9th and 10th bars of the fan—3 chs—1 bar in the same place—4 chs—shell in the center of the last shell—1 bar in loop made by 3 chs—2 chs—turn—repeat from * at the end of the 2d scallop—fasten into loop made by 3 chs close 1st scallop.

By omitting the scallop and finishing both edges alike this makes a handsome insertion. No. 60 linen thread is best to work this with.—BOX 175, Millwood, O.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.—How many mothers are aware of the horrible stories told to their little ones to induce them to go to sleep. They are told if they don't go right to sleep the black man will come from under the bed and get them, and many other things a great deal worse. Mothers, just imagine yourselves going to sleep in a bed that somebody has told you there is a burglar under, or a mad dog, or some monstrous thing you were afraid of. How much do you suppose you would sleep that night? And if you should happen to fall asleep do you think your dreams would be pleasant? Need we wonder there are so many nervous people in this world?

Oh, mothers! if you love the precious gifts God has bestowed upon you do not allow your nurse, if you must have one, to put your babes to sleep without your presence. Think how they suffer when the nurse says when she leaves them: "Now you go right to sleep for a great bear will get you if you don't."

Some people acquire the habit of frightening children into doing things, and I am sorry to say I have heard mothers do the same thing. It is most impossible to get some children to go into a dark room alone, and the very reason may be because the children has been frightened by ghost stories. A mother should never allow any one to tell her children such stories, if she can help it, for such stories, once told, are never forgotten. Such children are generally very nervous, but never once think what may be the cause.—WANETTA.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.—I have seen but very little in the BLADE about the way young infants should be dressed, and, thinking there might be some young and inexperienced mothers that, like myself, wish to learn all they can on that subject, I thought I would write for their benefit. First of all, we will see what is needed: Three shirts, six bands two pinning blankets, two skirts, six dresses, two or three baby blankets, 36 napkins. The shirts to be made of soft white flannel, high neck and long sleeves; one yard will make three shirts. The bands of flannel same quality as skirts, 5½ inches wide, 16 inches long, the edges to be buttonhole stitched and two darts at the bottom about two inches apart in the center. Get six yards of flannel for blankets and skirts; make the skirts of two breadths of the flannel and three-quarters of a yard long sewed on a band of cotton same size as the others. Make the pinning blankets six inches shorter than the skirts, of one breadth of flannel. These, you will understand, are left open, but sewed on a band just the same.

The dress is made any way you wish. The baby blankets are square, of white flannel, plain or fancy, as you choose. We must not forget the night dresses and night shirt which, if made of cotton flannel, will do for winter, and of cotton, for summer. If you can, for the first two or three weeks, have dresses made of old cotton, no matter if they are short. They are better than new, being soft, and will not chafe like new. Then the new ones will not be stained with saffron tea and other medicine. For nice, have one or two fine dresses and white flannel skirts, embroidered, if you can, but don't use cotton skirts to weigh down the little limbs, but give them all the chance to kick you can. Do not keep the baby too warm for that is as fatal as to be too cold.

I would like to say if you have any old linen that is soft keep it to use when the little one is first dressed. Never throw linen away, no matter how old, for if you do not need it, perhaps some dear friend may, and I would say, never put new linen or cotton next to a little one. The napkins should be made of old cotton or linen.—MRS. D. MASON, Mt. Clemens, Macomb county, Mich.

MISTAKES.—Our steps throughout life are beset with mistakes, ever becoming stumbling blocks in our path, and leaving behind them bitter regrets. 'Tis well if we only make a mistake of a glove or a ribbon; that can be remedied and is not worth a frown. But when we fritter away our youthful days in idleness instead of gaining a wisdom, 'tis a sad mistake; one that will fill our hearts with bitterness. But so it is always, and had we our lives to live again, how many of these errors would be rectified—what good resolutions carried out that were suffered to drift away unheeded—what good advice acted upon, and the wild impulse which have led so many from the path of duty carefully shunned! Ah, those impulses—each a mistake—how they mislead us in early life. The bright flowers which we pluck fade in our hands, and the sweet song-bird in its gilded prison sings no more. Later years bring no greater wisdom; for, allured by false glare and hollowness, we gather to our breasts the worldling and worthless, thrusting from us the loyal and the true. Some day the last leaf will be turned and with it the saddest mistake of all. The one that should have been our lover is another's. There follow long, weary years, and at last a broken heart. Gently lower the curtain, for so ends life's dream!—MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

CALIFORNIA.—As the inquiry, with regard to California and the best time of the year to visit it, which appeared in the BLADE not long since, still remains unanswered, I shall make an attempt to give some information. With regard to the best time to visit it, my advice to you would be to come about April or May, that it may be seen in all its beauty. California, like all other states, has some little objection in every portion. This has a few windy days every year that are not very pleasant. That is the only fault I could find with this place. In different localities in this state you will find the country very different. For instance, this valley, the Santa Maria, has a moderate, delightful climate, is very healthful and productive, while a few miles west it is cold and damp and unproductive. Vegetation of almost every kind can be grown well. The delicious fruit should have special mention, which is grown in almost every variety and of immense size, none being irrigated. The fruits begin to ripen in April, and the apples are usually gathered in November. Snow is never seen, while in the northern and eastern portions considerable falls. Our stock needs no shelter during the winter. No doubt you, as well as many others, have heard we have earthquakes. This is untrue. There is frequently a slight one felt in San Francisco, but no damage done. We can easily have vegetables every month in the year, and the roses live outside and blossom all the time. Eastern people say we have no winter, simply a long, pleasant spring. During winter our roads are splendid, even better than during summer; the birds sing the year round. Will send valuable recipes next time.

If M. E. will send me stamped and addressed envelope, I will send her name and particulars of a good firm. I am a reader of the BLADE, and like it very much.—SUSIE HOBBS, Santa Maria Sta., Cal.

INQUIRIES.

Can any one tell me how to clean or color California pampas grass?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the BLADE readers please send me some recitations or dialogues suitable for school exhibitions?—MAUD KINNEY, Selkirk, Kan.

If the lady who has the mock peaches will send some seeds to my address, I will return the postage.—MRS. EMILY HELTZEL, Phinney P. O., Custer county, Dakota.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make worsted flowers?—C. E. BUSHNELL, Monroe, Wis.

Any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD who reads this will confer a favor by sending Sunday school papers, books, &c. By so doing, the hearts of a number of children will be gladdened who are not able to buy.—MRS. J. R. OLIVER, Daylight, Tenn.

Will some one send a cure for headache?—C. H. SHUCK.

Will "J. D. L." who wrote of the virtues of glycerine some time ago, please tell me what kind of a mask she referred to in her recipe for face lotion—oatmeal and glycerine?—HOMELY HAIR.

Will "Montana May" please send her address to three jolly girls, who have a request to make?—LOCK BOX 112, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Will some kind friend of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me where I can get the castor bean, or as some call it, castor oil bean? I will send postage to anyone giving me information.—MRS. A. CONRAD, Keister, Fairbault Co., Minn.

I will give a good home and comfortable clothing to a good girl or middle-aged lady for her work. I hire my washings out of the house. Any one wishing a good home and good society, this is a chance for them. Answer to Box 512, Valparaiso, Porter Co., Ind.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send directions for woven rugs that will not look like a rag carpet?—WEALTHY, Box 328, Sandwich, Ill.

Will some one kindly tell us where we can get the book called "Maria Monk?"—H. M.

Will some one tell me how to make some pretty and durable tidies? I can not paint or embroider, and have not time to learn.—OHIO MAY.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

If the lady who desired the scheme of color for one of Landseer's pictures had given a description of it I would have helped her, but at present have no copy of it and therefore cannot give the colors.

To the lady who desired a description of the French bonbon cracker, I would say that the paper containing her request did not reach me until the evening before Christmas. It is made as follows: Take a piece of delicate silk or satin six inches by five; sew up on the six inch sides in a small seam, which forms a bag open at both ends, which are fringed half an inch deep. Roll up perfumed cotton into a roll two inches long and large enough to just slip into the silk bag. A good plan is to make a bag out of a piece of thin cloth two inches and three-quarters long and four and a half inches wide. Stuff this hard and sew up. Slip into the silken case and tie at each end close up to the bag with narrow ribbon. Paint or embroider the center. If desired, the bag can be made of two colors, having the ends alike. In making requests like the above it is well to give name and address, as I might, sometimes, answer personally, when I had the time.—MONTANA MAY.

I see in the last BLADE a request by "Mrs. L. C.," Chardon, Ohio, asking for some one who has Blade machine to tell if it is all that it is claimed to be, would say I have one, and think it is as good as any for family use. My wife having died since we bought it, it has not been used much since. She used to say she would not give it for any other, and she had used a good many.—G. E. PARTRIDGE, Nokomis, Ill.

I wish to answer "Mrs. L. C." in BLADE of January 10. I have a Blade sewing machine and find it all it is claimed and more. I taught myself in about one hour and can use all of the attachments. With mine there are three in this vicinity, and we would not change for any other. I take great pleasure in showing it to all who wish to see it, because $50 can not buy a better one.—MINNIE CONKLIN.

Please tell Mrs. M. A. Parker to send her address to Box 182 Carrollton, Mo., and I will send her information regarding the clay mixture.—MARY.

Miss E. S., Box 57, Fife, Mich.: We can not publish your question, as it is an advertisement for what you mention. We have heard that there are persons benefited while others are not.

Mrs. Levi Mills, Petoskey, Mich.: One of the best instruction books that we know of is Mrs. Eva Niles's "Fancy Work Recreations," published by the Buckeye Pub. Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Price, $2.50, we believe.

"An Anxious Inquirer," Bates, Ill: We know of no prevention for what you mention. Pay no attention to it. Do not worry about the matter, for that will make it worse. If you do not, probably it will be no more noticeable with you than with hundreds of others.

Mrs. A. W. Stearns, Garden Grove, Iowa: We cannot insert your question, as it would advertise the firm you mention. Nor do we know anything about its location. We are sorry not to be able to oblige you.—ED.

If any of the readers so desire, I will give a few chapters upon China painting in mineral colors. Also minute directions for portrait work in oil colors. Each subject would require from four to six chapters.—MONTANA MAY.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have this series.—ED.

RECIPES.

TO KEEP CIDER.—In January 10 issue of the BLADE, I notice that Wm. B. Dillon wishes a recipe for preserving cider. Please tell him that if he will add ¾ oz. oil of sassafras to a barrel, soon as made, or before it works, we think his cider will be all right. It may be obtained of any druggist.—N. W. WOODWARD, Coventryville, N. Y.

FRENCH TOAST.—Take 1½ cupfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, and mix. In another bowl mix 1 egg, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and 1 cupful of sweet milk or cold water. Then pour the mixture gradually into the flour, stirring constantly to mix it smoothly. Then cut bread in slices ¼ of an inch in thickness, after which fry a light brown on both sides, then sprinkle with sugar and send to the table hot.

CORN BREAD.—1 heaping cupful of sifted corn meal; the same of flour; 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and some salt. Mix thoroughly. Then add a lump of lard the size of a hen's egg, and rub through the flour as for biscuits. Now add 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses and enough cold water or sweet milk to make a smooth dough.

VINEGAR PIE.—Take a cup and half fill it with flour, mix it smooth with cold water, and if your vinegar is very strong, fill the cup ⅝ with water and the rest with vinegar. If the vinegar is not strong, use less water and more vinegar. Then take a scant tablespoonful of butter or lard and heat it in a frying pan. When very hot, pour 1 cupful of molasses in it and when it boils up, pour in the flour and water mixture and stir constantly until it thickens. Then grate a little nutmeg in it and mix well. Let it boil a few minutes and then remove from the fire and put in a shallow dish to cool. This quantity is sufficient for two pies. For pies with only one crust, I use 1 even cupful of sifted flour for every pie with 3 tablespoonfuls of (melted but not hot) lard, which makes a rich dough. For pies with two crusts, 1 heaping cupful with 4 tablespoonfuls of lard. So there is no waste. These pies require no upper crust. After lining the pie tins, roll out the scraps and cut in strips ¼ inch wide, twist two or three strips and lay across the top. Those using these strips will do a favor by reporting if they give satisfaction.—MOLLIE.

ALL SORTS.—If any one is so unfortunate as to get soot upon a carpet, sprinkle the spot with corn meal and rub well with a brush. As the meal gets black, brush it up and apply fresh meal.

Having upset a bottle of violet ink upon a white marble table top, I have found out by experimenting, that common cooking soda, wet with strong ammonia, will take it out. Cover the spot thickly with the soda and wet several times per day with ammonia. Change the soda every day. It took several weeks to take it all out. The ink that got upon the carpet was removed by covering at once with fine salt, removing as soon as it became colored, and putting on fresh. Do this until the salt remains white.

The following cement will mend china or glass nicely: 1 oz. white isinglass, 5½ ozs. distilled vinegar, 2 ozs. distilled spirits of wine, ¼ oz. gum ammoniacum, ¼ oz. gum mastic. Mix well. Tie the articles together and allow a week to dry. This is handy to have as handles will sometimes break off cups, and if mended at once, it is much better, than to let them lay.

A live coal dropped into the kettle when vegetables are boiling will prevent the disagreeable odor.—MONTANA MAY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SHOCKEYVILLE, KAN.	Alice Boone	Reunie Oxford
R W Darby	Bertha Rounds	Oscar Oxford
S P Darby	Emma Edwards	Sailor Lambert
John R Darby	Nellie Williams	Valentine Gilbert
S Darby	Sadie Tiffany	Lloyd Atwood
CAREYVILLE, FLA.	Matie Beal	David Lambert
Clarence Snyder	Mary Davis	Eddie Gilbert
Mattie Snyder	Annie Hodgeson	Willie Eads
FAYETTE COUNTY, W. VA.	Lizzie Hodgeson	DASSEL, MINN.
Blanche Hunt	Emma Sharp	DeWitt E Osborn
Leona Hunt	Liddie Gustafson	Jerome Pancake
May Dews	Lizzie Dickinson	Johnnie Forder
Zoua Potter	Eva Smith	Harry Knapp
Lillie Neal	Lettie Smith	Charles Vervalen
Minnie Potter	Zella Smith	Jasper Elliott
katie murphy	Esther Olson	Walter S Clay
G H Dickinson	Hattie McCrosky	Walton M Clay
W T Weeks	Lucy Burke	R L Van Eman
J E Murphy	SILVERTON, ORE.	Grace VanEman
FAIRFAX, VT.	Meda Hobart	May Royce
Ella Burns	Emma Hanson	Hattie M Vervalen
Mary Clark	Myrtie Buff	Phebe M Johnson
Mabel Irish	Murton Dequire	Minnie M Leight'n
Cora Ufford	Amy Kinser	Mary A Bailey
Harry Stiles	Ellen Kinser	Amanda Franks
May Hotchkiss	Addie Davenport	Delia D Proctor
C B Stearns	Mina Binder	Cynthia Bryant
Etta Rugg	Sylvester Reeves	WATERVILLE, O.
R C Drew	Trista Anderson	Willie Reddish
Guy Butler	Kate Thurman	Bennie Reddish
Walter Sturgis	Percy Brown	Arthur Reddish
Ada Ballard	Annie Worrell	Roy Sweet
Kate Cilley	Effie Hayes	Clarence Sweet
J. H. Watson	I VanValkenb'gh	John England
H N Laurence	Wm Haberly	George England
J J Vail	Lizzie Cavender	John Stebbins
R A Southard	Belle Parrish	Merle Van Fleet
E F Clark	Roy Russell	Bertie Wilson
Arthur Babcock	Eph Moses	Liberty Fred'ricks
A N Southard	Arthur Hobart	Jake Fredericks
EASTGEORGIA, VT.	May Underwood	Roy Fisher
James H Safford	Sophia Johnson	Fred Haskins
Sarah Safford	May Libby	Willie Fish
Jed Safford	UNION CITY, PA.	Willie Habiltzle
ULYSSES, PA.	Lena Shreve	Verne Dodd
A T Hamilton	Harry Main	F Starkweather
MaudeEHamilton	Nannie Main	W Starkweather
ClaraE Hamilton	Addie Howe	Alice Batt
ELK CREEK, NEB.	Roy Howe	Frank Hoot
Theo Sanders	Dessie Forey	George Hoot
Etta Bates	Lewis Miller	Roy Moore
Delia Webb	SPARTANSBURG, PA.	George Taylor
Ida Webb	Lurena Howe	Willie Gundy
Gertie Snyder	Agnes Howe	Willie Follis
Maude Snyder	Eliva Howe	Lily Follis
Susie Carmine	Nellie Negus	Kitty Demuth
Jessie Thompson	Mercy Negus	Erna Neff
Delia Thompson	Susie Negus	Hattie Neff
James Thompson	MARTINSVILLE, MO.	Ida Miller
Fred Phoelin	Amy Dunkle	Nellie Cooper
Ed Tucker	Emma Steed	Carrie Allion
Low Taylor	Alberta Lambert	Alice Shoemaker
Sam Kenkade	Leota Matthews	Cora VanNorman
Ed Olds	Martha Atwood	Rose VanNorman
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.	Cora Steed	Lily Fredericks
Anna Adams	Becca Matthews	Ida Ingraham
Fannie Adams	Mary Atwood	Bertha Myers
Lora Adams	Henry Atwood	Rosa Moosman
	Roy Dunkle	MONTESANO, W. T.
	Bertie Steed	Eva Craig
		Earl Craig

Names this week, 191. Total 25,161.

The above embraces all names received up to January 27.

A GLORIOUS ARMY!

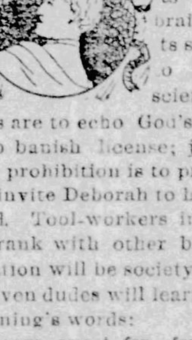
Twenty-five Thousand Soldiers!

This week the "Blade Temperance Legion" passes its 25,000 mark, and the great army is still marching onward. To think of that number of boys and girls, earnest soldiers of the right, ready to do battle for a principle which is God's own, and which will lift the nation into better life, is enough to make the heart of every good man and woman throb with joy.

A week ago word of this glad news was sent to Miss Frances E. Willard, whose name every true friend of temperance holds in such loving reverence, and she forwards the following, with her love, to the members of the Legion. Her words cannot fail to arouse new enthusiasm for the work. The speech is more particularly for the boys, because, as yet, they are those who will, by and by, help make the laws.

THE COMING MAN.

(Speech for a Boy of Sixteen.)



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am a Twentieth Century American. Before I reach my manly prime that golden age will dawn. Ballots not bullets, are to be its weapons; a clear brain and a pure heart, its shrines. Science is to work with conscience; school text-books are to echo God's text-books; laws are to banish license; justice is to break jugs; prohibition is to prohibit, and Barak is to invite Deborah to help him rule the world. Tool-workers in that age are to take rank with other bread-winners; cooperation will be society's cohesive force, and even dudes will learn the truth of Mr. Browning's words:

"God says sweat for foreheads; men say 'crowns';
God in cursing gives us better gifts than men in benediction."

When I am thirty years of age, the Sabbath, now trampled under foot, will be a day of rest to all the land; the newspaper that reports prize fights and advertises sour mash whisky will be found only in museums; the saloon and its two first cousins, the gambling house and haunt of shame, will be buried fathoms deep in the salt sea of the people's vengeance, and "Home Protection" will have become the watchword of the legions who, at the ballot box, will stand to fight for God and native land.

To this I pledge my manly life,
Nor will I falter in the strife
Till the White Cross shall gleam on high,
Above the blue and starry sky
Where floats our nation's flag; and I
Here pledge my brain God's thoughts to think,
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup, nor link
With my pure breath tobacco's taint;
For have I not a right to be
As wholesome and as pure as she
Who through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry,
Of Christ and temperance, I would be;
In nineteen hundred, come and see!

I dedicate this good right hand
To God, and home, and native land;
Its honest ballot shall be cast
For Home Protection, first and last.

O, voters, who can vote to-day,
Answer the women's prayers, I say;
Avenge the Spartan mother there,
Who taught her son to do and dare,
In Mississippi's distant state,
Where whisky planned an awful fate
For its mad minions, when they slew
Our temperance hero, Roderick Dhu!
Let North and South, let East and West,
Link vote with vote, and stand confess'd
As the avengers of the fair
And gentle ones who faithful wear
The ribbon white;
This is my prayer.
A "mother's boy" whose chief delight,
It is to share his mother's fight.

Frances E. Willard

For the Young Folks.

A LITTLE BOY'S CHOICE.

I'm but a little boy, 'tis true,
Not yet quite eight years old,
But I can tell what I can do
In this republic's fold.

Though not entitled to a vote
For many years to come,
I'm privileged to strike a note
On Liberty's harmonium.

Yes, I can tell my choice of men
To wield affairs of state,
For that may count as much as when
I learn the issues of debate.

Thus in my little speech to you
I'll give the name of one
Who seems to me both great and true—
Hurrah for Harrison!

A DAY IN THE PANTRY.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL.

No, Master Sharpwits, this is not a misprint for "A Day in the Country!" The experience I am about to relate as having befallen one of my numerous juvenile friends is of quite a different sort from that.

Mrs. Thompson was compelled to leave home early one morning, not expecting to be back till late. Her sister had volunteered to bring her two boys to spend the day with Georgie and mind the house, for the servant had gone for a week's holiday to her parents in Lincolnshire. But she did not arrive as soon as she had promised, and Mrs. Thompson, having a business appointment with a lawyer in the city, could not stay for her.

"You see how it is, Georgie," she said to her nine-year-old son. Mr. Webster expects me at eleven sharp, and he is a very busy man, whose time I must not waste by keeping him waiting. Aunt Emma must have lost the train she wanted to take, but she is certain to come by the next. That will be in about half an hour from now. You won't be afraid to be all alone in the house till then?"

"Afraid!" cried Georgie, scornfully, as he marched across the room straight as a poker and his little snub nose in the air. "It 'ad take a lot more'n that to frighten me, I reckon."

"That's right! Well, then, good-bye. If it is a fine afternoon and your aunt is willing, Cousin Jem may take you and Harry to the woods by tram. Here is a shilling for your three fares, and sixpence to spend when you get there. Now, be a good boy"—here Mrs. Thompson kissed him several times—"and again good-bye!"

When the front door finally slammed behind his mother and Georgie found himself for the first time in his life alone in the house, a peculiar sensation, unlike anything he had ever experienced before, began to creep down from the crown of his head to his heels, and he felt a strong disinclination to look behind him. You will no doubt think this very strange and ridiculous, for every sensible boy and girl knows that an empty house is just as safe as one filled with merry company, if it is the right place for one to be in; and that no one need mind being alone who loves to remember the constant, unseen presence of God. But Georgie did not care to think about God, and that was the reason he began to feel a wee bit afraid.

He went down into the kitchen; the cat was there, and she was better than nobody. But, singular to relate, the sight of that "harmless necessary" puss reminded him of cream, and cream of custard, and custard of tarts and tarts of the pantry; and the pantry door stood ajar!

Now, Mrs. Thompson had, with much sorrow, found it necessary to forbid Georgie for entering this cupboard, for he could not be trusted. But on this particular occasion she had not only forgotten to lock up her goodies, but had left the door a few inches open.

"No harm in just looking," said Georgie to himself; "that isn't going in. I wonder what mother has left for dinner!"

So he opened the door a little wider, and standing on the threshold, glanced inquisitively round the shelves. There was a delicious smell as of currant and raspberry pie, but Georgie had not seen his mother buy any raspberries, and what could there be in that white basin so carefully covered with a plate? Had his mother made any blanc-mange, he wondered. "Oh!" he thought, "if only I could be sure we are going to have one of those lovely shakery-quakery, sliddery-giddery things with pink on the top (that was how he mentally described it!) I wouldn't want anything else!"

The pangs of uncertainty became, as he gazed, so insupportable, that, bringing a chair to stand upon, he boldly entered the pantry, and climbing up, he proceeded to examine the contents of that upper shelf which had so excited his curiosity.

There was a raspberry and currant pie, with a piece cut out of it that showed the inverted cup within that had kept it from boiling over. What fun to lift the cup the least bit in the world, and see the red juice come pumping out from beneath and rise in the dish like a lake of crimson wine! Georgie couldn't resist the temptation. Oh-ooh ufss! There chanced to be a teaspoon lying handy, and—well, that luscious pool subsided again almost as quickly as it had risen.

That white basin, too! Georgie lifted the cover and peeped in. Stewed strawberries, whole, and floating like coral islands in a ruby sea, with which, for richness, the pie-juice would not even compare! And beside them a jug of rich yellow cream. Georgie was pretty well demoralized by this time, and was luxuriously treating himself to a strawberry and then a spoonful of cream, and then a taste of syrup, and another dip at the cream, when—whew—bang—click! and he nearly tumbled off the chair with the shock.

The back part of the house was all open, and a sudden gust of wind blowing through had shut the pantry door with a slam, but that strange "click" was something new to Georgie, and chilled his blood with a horror of, he scarcely knew what. It sounded so like a trap!

Just so, George! You are caught as nicely as ever a little mouse who ventured into a wire "safe" to pick at other people's cheese. You did not know that, after you had gone to bed last night, your father, moved by your mother's complaints, that coming out full-handed she so often found it difficult to close the pantry door behind her, had fitted to it a neat spring-catch that would lock of itself if just pushed to. What will you do now?

The first thing that Georgie did was to beat and kick at the door with all his might, bawling, too, at the top of his voice though there was no one to hear. When at last he realized the utter uselessness of these efforts, he sat down upon the chair and burst into a storm of angry, frightened, powerless tears.

He cried till he was tired, and then kept still to listen. It must be nearly time for his aunt to come, and he not able to open the door to her; what should he do?

Sure enough, "rat-tat-a-tat-a-tat-tat!" soon after reached his straining ear from the street-door above. Again he called and hammered, and yelled that he was in the pantry and couldn't get out. The visitors heard no sound of his agonized voice, or if they did, had no suspicion of whose it was or what it meant.

They knocked again, and again, and a fourth time, Jem himself thumping like a small battering-ram with blows that fairly echoed through the house; then, greatly puzzled, the trio gave it up for a bad job, and went away.

Then out burst Georgie's tears again, in a flood. He raved, he stamped, he rolled about the floor and kicked, but nobody took any notice, for nobody heard.

An hour had passed away; his aunt and cousins, who had been for a walk, came back, and tried for admittance once more. They knocked six times, and then Georgie was left to his solitude again. He was now too tired to cry, and by and by fell asleep.

When he awoke the kitchen clock was just striking two, and he was very hungry. No bread, however, was there in the pantry—that was kept in a pan elsewhere. There was a pound of raw steak and some mutton, likewise uncooked; also some butter, cheese, and sardines, but what were they without bread! Georgie had to fall back upon pie, but fond as he was of it in the usual way, it didn't seem half so good when he was obliged to eat it because there was nothing else.

Oh! that long, long afternoon! Will Georgie ever forget it?

Through the little grated window high in the wall he could see that the sky was of cloudless blue, what a day it would have been for the woods! And but for his own fault he might have spent it playing with his cousins under the beautiful green trees instead of in solitary imprisonment!

Well, at last, after what semed to Georgie a lifetime of waiting, he heard the latch-key in the door, and knew that his father had returned from business. He therefore commenced thumping and shouting again with all his might, and in a few minutes Mr. Thompson came down stairs and let him out.

"Why, Georgie," he said, in astonishment, "how comes this?"

Very small and sorry and ashamed did Georgie look, as with downcast eyes he murmured, "I—I—I—just peeped in, and the door went and banged itself shut."

"H'm!" said his father, "that's it, is it! Well, a lock that plays such tricks as that will have to be seen to; but if I were you, I would keep on the safe side of the door in the future, Georgie!"

Soon after that, Mrs. Thompson came home, and they all had tea. Georgie's mother did not punish him any further for his naughtiness; but, although his father that very evening added a little contrivance to the spring-lock by which any one accidentally shut in the pantry can easily let themselves out, Georgie has never tested its usefulness. Even when sent there to fetch anything for his mother, he pops out again as quickly as he can. He has also conceived a wholesome dislike to disobedience, spring-locks, and—raspberry pie.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

—MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

There Must be a Change.

Our great warship, the Galena, has been aground three times on its present cruise. Either we are building our warships too large, or the Creator didn't make the ocean big enough. We hope the United States and Divine Providence will be able to arrange matters so that our fighting arks won't ground on anything smaller than a mountain.

The Sunday School

The Timid Woman's Touch.

LESSON VII, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1889.

Golden Text.—Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5:36.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 5:25-34.)

25. And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,
26. And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,
27. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.
28. For she said, if I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.
29. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.
30. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?
31. And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?
32. And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.
33. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.
34. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made the whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Twelve years (v. 25). The years pass swiftly when they are full of joy. The days drag wearily when they are full of sorrow. A night of restful sleep is quickly gone. When the hours of a night are spent in wakeful pain, it seems as though they would never end. Twelve years of hopeless sickness are as a lifetime of endurance. Yet here is the record of one who was evidently not a sinner above others, who was a sufferer above many. Because one is called to such a trial as this, let it not, however, be said or thought that that one is under God's displeasure, or is not loved of God. But for this woman's prolonged endurance of suffering, she would never have had the place which is hers in the gospel story. Who supposes that she now regrets her twelve years of trial?

Nothing bettered, but rather grew worse (v. 26). If only there is some gain day by day, in the direction of our longings and endeavors, we can endure or persevere with hope. But when the loss is steady and sure, however slow, the heart sickens at the prospect. And the trend is always one way or the other. There is no such thing as a stand-still in our life course. We are growing better or worse. And so are our prospects. In our life labors, in our relations towards others, in our spiritual condition, we are either losing or gaining as the years pass by. And if in any sphere of our existence we are nothing better, but rather growing worse, the question may well come to us, whether some change of treatment is not to be desired by us.

She said, If I touch but his garments, I shall be made whole (v. 28). That is the kind of faith to have. That is reasonable faith. If Jesus Christ is all that is claimed for him, is all that he claims for himself, a faith-filled touch of his garments is salvation. The sick soul, feeling its need and believing in him, has only to reach out the finger-tip with a trustful touch, as if to say, Here I am, a sinner accepting the proffered salvation! and that soul is safe. But there are persons on all sides of us doubting at this hour whether they are saved, although they say they know their need of salvation, and believe in the power and readiness of Jesus to save them, and they have come and professed their faith in him; but—is that enough? Here is a lesson for them, in this poor woman of Capernaum, whose word was "If I but touch his garments I shall be made whole."

Jesus perceiving that the power proceeding from him had gone forth (v. 30). It costs something to do good, no matter how the doer loves the doing. One can never really help another without some cost to himself. If we would be of any service in this world, we must consent to spend and be spent in that service. It is folly for us to hope that we can accomplish anything for anybody without some sacrifice and outlay on our part. And if any one does anything for us, we may be sure that it cost him something to do it. Even though he can say truly that he found pleasure in the effort, it was nevertheless only by some outgoing of himself or some outgiving of his possessions that he did what he did for us. The freest gifts of earth are costly gifts to the giver: this truth ought never to be forgotten by the recipient.

Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayst thou, Who touched me? (v. 31). Here is the mistake of the average Christian in his estimate of the power and the work of his master. He thinks that the individual is lost sight of to the eye of Jesus in the thronging crowd. It seems to him that when there are a great many evil-doers in any particular line of sinning, the man who is only one of these will not be singled out for judgment by our Lord; and he thinks that when there are a great many evil-doers gathered in a single church, or a single community, our Lord will not pick out one man who is lacking in his share of well-doing, as if he were wholly apart from the multitude. But, in reality, the Lord's interest is in the individual in the crowd, rather than in the crowd of individuals, and he who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, as he turns himself to the family, or to the class, or to the school, or to the congregation, or to the community, has, as it were, his whole thought centered on one individual in that gathering, as he asks the question, Who touched me? or, who rejects me?

The woman came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. He said, Daughter, go in peace (v. 33, 34). It was a good thing to gain cure of bodily disease through a clandestine touch of Jesus. It was a better thing to gain communion with Jesus, and to secure his words of comfort, through falling down before him and telling him all the truth. The hope of salvation is not all that a sinner ought to long for; it is not all that he can have. Yet it is all that a great many sinners dare to think of as possible in their case. Present peace—peace in the life that now is—ought to be the possession of every sinner who counts on salvation for the life that is to come. This can be had, not by touching the hem of Christ's garment, but by falling down before his face in loving trust, and telling him all the truth, in full confidence that he will welcome us, and grant new blessings according to our need.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Ex-Presidents' Sons.

Ex-Presidents' sons are doing themselves credit in this country. Colonel Frederick Grant is making friends and money now at a reasonable rate and living a quiet but happy existence. Webb Hayes is a substantial young business man and is secretary and treasurer of the National Carbon company of Ohio. Harry and James R. Garfield have formed a law partnership and have bright prospects in Cleveland. Allan Arthur has toned down his high living of collegiate days and bids fair to become a steady man of business. Skipping the Democratic interregnum, which has failed to make any record in that line, young Harrison is said to be a wide awake and sensible youth and is intrusted with a good deal of responsibility by the President elect.—*Utica Herald.*

Encouraging Evidence.

In matters relating to Compound Oxygen to which we call attention so frequently, you are asked simply to judge by evidence. Other affairs of practical existence, which proceed on this basis have no difficulty in the way of adjustment, no more do our claims for Compound Oxygen:

We are helped over obstacle by such impetus as the following afford:

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., April 1, 1887.

"My wife had neuralgia going from head to heart, sick all the time night and day for several years. Used two home treatments of Compound Oxygen and in less than three months she was fully relieved."

J. W. ANDROVATT.

BEWLEYVILLE, Ky., November 21, 1886.

"I write to inform you of my health and good feelings towards you as helpers of the afflicted; have not had a severe cold since I have been under the Compound Oxygen treatment.

MRS. ETHEL H. COX.

LARKIN, W. VA., July 31, 1888.

I must say your Compound Oxygen has done me much good. You may use my name in any way you wish.

REV. T. F. BOLT.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Exports Decreased.

The export trade from the port of New York (in flour and grain) in 1888 shows a falling off of nearly 40 per cent from the previous year:

	Bushels.
In 1887	73,827,229
In 1888	45,040,455
Decrease	28,787,774

Another startling exhibit shows that certificates of membership in the New York Produce Exchange have declined from $4,700 to $1,250 within a few years.

SOZODOT the ladies pride,
Only rivals it deride.
Zephyrs of flower laden air,
Only with it can compare,
Doing good to everything,
On every side its praises ring;
Neglect to use it, ladies won't
They all must have their SOZODONT.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

The foolish man selects a wife as he would an umbrella, paying a high price for a pretty head.

Who is the better off—the man who is henpecked by his wife, or the woman who is chicken-pecked by her husband.

Simpson (tremulously)—"Emma, darling, say yes, and there will be another—" Newsboy (outside)—"Big breach of promise case! Extra!"—*Life.*

A Boston paper, at the close of a long article, asks this question: "Are the young ladies of the present day fitted for wives?" A much more important inquiry is whether they are fitted for husbands.

Miss Longpurse—"Why, of course Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?" Mr. Shortcash—"Oh, I don't know. Maybe she was rich."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

O weary man! It isn't the weight of the burden of which you complain, after all; it's the material. Twelve pounds of baby make some men tired unto death in less than two hours, whereas 130 pounds of sweetheart used to sit in the same lap from 8 p. m. to 12:15 a. m., without a murmur from the lapsiary. Half a mile to church is a long walk, when ten miles' tramp around a billiard table is recreation. I tell you, brother, a pound of lead is heavier than a pound of feathers.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 20th, 1888

Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,

Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir:*—I wish to say a word in behalf of your wonderful Chill and Fever Pills. Some months ago a friend, who knew that my wife had been afflicted for months, sent me a package of your pills. I gave them to her and they cured her at once. A neighbor, Mr. Perry, had suffered with chills for more than a year, and had taken Quinine until his hearing was greatly injured. Seeing the cure wrought in my wife's case, he procured a bottle of pills and was speedily restored to perfect health. I feel that this is due to you.

Very truly,
REV. J. D. DAVIS.

Gen. Harrison's Horses.

Gen. Harrison took his first ride behind the White House bays to-day. Col. Bridgeland, who has been looking after the purchase of horses for the President's use in Washington, handled the reins. The team was hitched to a light buggy, and hammered the frozen roads in the northern part of the city for an hour or more until Gen. Harrison was satisfied that the animals would do for a President.

"And well he might be," says Col. Bridgeland, "for they will be the finest pair of bays ever seen in Washington." They are each 16½ hands high and beautifully built. Col. Bridgeland says that one of them has promise of unusual speed as well. Two other horses, also bays, have already been purchased for Gen. Harrison, and one or two more will be added to the stable as soon as suitable ones can be found.

Have You Catarrh?

There is one remedy you can try without danger or humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

Can't Endure Home Interests.

Detroit Tribune.

Free Trader—What are you building up here?

Manufacturer—A tin-plate industry. It will require millions of capital and give employment to thousands of laboring men.

Free Trader—Yes, but you can't make tin-plate here as cheaply as they do in other countries where—

Manufacturer—Where labor is cheaper, you mean. Then, according to your theory, we must stop all manufacturing in this country or reduce the price of labor here to the foreign standard. Eh?

Free Trader—You are a millionaire monopolist, a protection blood-sucker, a heartless fat-fryer, and I'll never buy an American tin-pail as long as I can get an English one—you vile oppressor.

A NEW INVENTION.

Agents wanted in all parts of the U. S. to sell new attachment for sewing machine. No family will be without it if once its work is seen. Quick sales. Star Standard Co., 503 Cherry st., Toledo, O.

Missed Her Opportunity.

Disappointed daughter—Mamma, my efforts to get a divorce are not causing the least sensation.

Mother—Yes, Cicely, and it is too bad.

Disappointed daughter—Yes, mamma, and if I had only sued John for breach of promise when I had a chance, things would be so different now. Ah, me!—*New York Sun.*

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

The other day at Swansea a woman 50 years of age was charged, for the two hundred and sixth time, with her usual offence—drunk and disorderly—and was sent to prison for one month.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

During the last fifteen years the excess of births over deaths has been seven times greater in Germany than in France. The contrast becomes greater when it is added that while few Frenchmen emigrate, as many as 4,000,000 Germans have removed to the United States since 1820.

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Princess Maria Theresa of Bavaria is accompanied in all her travels by a chamberlain, whose duty it is to look after her pet animals, of which there are fourteen, including several dogs, two magpies, an enormous rat, and a diminutive bear.

Piso's Cure is our best selling medicine. I have a personal knowledge of its beneficial effects, and recommend it.—S. LARRY, Druggist, Allegheny, Pa.

The Pulpit.

TALMAGE ON OUR PRODIGALS.

He Says They Should Not Be Received Coldly and Looked Upon Askance, but with Open Arms and Cheering Mien—Some New Conclusions About Time.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 3.—A jubilee sermon was preached this morning by the Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage, D. D., at an especial communion for the reception of 240 persons, making the present communicant membership of the Brooklyn Tabernacle 4,508. This is also moving day in this church. The annual rental of pews has just occurred, and to-day many of the congregation occupy new places. The pews brought higher premiums this year than ever before, and the income of the church this year will be $33,804. But both plans are observed in this church. A vast space is kept free from all expense, and only a part of the building is mapped off for rent. Dr. Talmage took his text from Luke xv. 23: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it." Dr. Talmage said:

Joy! Joy! Joy! We banquet to-day over this accession of 240 persons to whom I have given the right hand of fellowship, making our present communicant membership four thousand five hundred and eight. Is it not appropriate that we spread the banquet?

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry making when a soul comes home to God.

I. First of all there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

Oh! it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water; to the morning—roseate, fire worked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and Heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh! the joy of the new convert. Oh! the gladness of the Christian service.

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience: 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things.'" If the people in this house this morning knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas à Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight began to sing:

> There is a land of pure delight,

and when he came to the next line there were score of voices uniting:

> Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

> There everlasting spring abides,
> And never withering flowers;
> Death like a narrow stream divides
> That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle.

Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress with a diamonded hand stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond that circle and died. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power,

IF A BODY MEET A BODY

the result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye," or not. Life is full of collisions. We are constantly colliding with somebody or something. If it isn't with our neighbors it is with some dread disease that "knocks us off the track" and perhaps disables us for life. Women especially it seems, have to bear the brunt of more collisions and afflictions than mankind. In all cases of nervousness, bearing-down sensations, tenderness, periodical pains, sick headache, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration and all "female irregularities" and "weaknesses," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the rescue of women as no other medicine does. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. See *guarantee* on bottle-wrapper.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. SIZE OF PELLETS.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Billous Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Billous Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this morning you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

II. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said:

"Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a sultan, not a czar, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again; watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

III. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin, I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When to-day in our communion service such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell assert their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth."

Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad at the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls part as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying: "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is more exhausting.

I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations, who wondered at the dullness of the sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes."

And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that these ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

IV. I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the life boats, and the very last man got on the rock in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray, now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up, and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailor was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him.

Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

V. Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back, the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom, there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father." "That's my mother." "That's my son." "That's my daughter." "That's my friend." "That's the one I used to pray for." "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Savior's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows from the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Humid Tetter.

E. E. J., Preston, Kansas: Your horses and mules are, we think, troubled with a non-contageous skin disease known as humid tetter. As a rule it is a summer disease, and some horses have a return of it season after season. This disease is frequently confounded with the mange, which it closely resembles, but there is this difference, humid tetter is not contageous, nor is it caused by an insect, both of which characterize mange. Were it not for the fact that you say that your animals are not troubled with it in winter time, we should not hesitate to call it mange, as the disease seems to trouble all of your animals. You should be certain that they are not suffering from the disease now. However, we shall give you a mode of treatment that will cure tetter, and is also good for mange, although more radical measures are necessary to get rid of the latter, as the parisite is hard to kill, as it burrows in the skin, and when it is removed by the curry-comb, or otherwise, it sticks to harness or blanket, and finds its way to other animals. Begin treatment by thoroughly cleaning up the stalls of your animals. Remove everything in the stall, and do not use the same currycomb, wiping cloth or sponge on more than one animal. Stir two ounces of carbolic acid in two gallons of water, and thoroughly sprinkle the bottom and sides of the stall. This may be done with a small broom. Scrape your harness well and wash with carbolic acid water; also dip your sponge in the same, as well as your currycomb. These measures completed, give each animal a purge of aloes, 3 drachms; bi-carbonate of soda, 1 oz. If after this the feces are bad smelling and the bowels irregular, give each animal the following ball night and morning for three days: bi-sulphite of soda, 1 oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz. This may be omitted if the bowels are regular and there is no ill smell from the feces. If the soda and gentian are necessary after the physic, give the following after they have been used, but if you do not use them, begin at once after the physic with, to each animal an ounce dose, once every other day of Fowler's solution of arsenic. Give for three or four times. For the ailment of the ruptions, soak the scabs and crusts with sweet oil for a few hours, then wash with soap and water. Then apply this to the parts affected, as well as a space four or five inches around them: Soft soap, pure wood tar (be sure it is pure) and alcohol or whisky, equal parts. Paint on twice a day for four or five days. Wash off with soap and water, touch any sores not healed with a stick of nitrate of silver and then repeat the soap, tar and whisky. Finally, after washing a second time, rub over with fresh unsalted lard. The treatment above given requires strict attention, and without this there is no use in beginning it. By a change of the diet of your animals, changing the bedding every day to keep the disease from spreading, and careful grooming, we think by following the treatment laid down you will cure your horses. Where there is a veterinary he should be called in such cases, but as you are a long distance from one, you are given what will cure, if proper attention is given your animals.

Emphysematous Asthma.

Subscriber, Cambridge, Ohio: Your description of the trouble in your horse is hardly as full as desired, yet we are convinced that your horse is suffering from the above named affection. The broken wind is indicative of a rupture of the small cells in the lungs, and a cure is quite uncertain. You will find, we think, by pressure on the upper part of the windpipe, cough will be produced, having a hollow, muffled sound. In most cases there is indigestion or flatulency. The injury to the cells of the lungs results in double expiration. The cause is overfeeding, especially on coarse food, and working or driving the animal soon after. It is also of hereditary predisposition. The symptoms are always more pronounced on a full stomach. A harsh, dry coat is not infrequent. Mild cases may be cured by careful treatment. Begin by giving a purgative of 2½ drachms powdered aloes and 1 ounce bi-carbonate of soda. Give as a drench in a pint of tepid water. Follow this with Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz.; extract belladonna, 1 dr.; tincture of ginger, ½ dr. Give every morning for at least a month. Feed regularly on easily digested food. Oats should be sprinkled with a little water to keep down the dust. If hay is given, sprinkle it with water. Give no hay excepting that which is clean and sweet. A bran mash once or twice a week should be given. The bowels must be kept in good condition. If constipation exhibits itself, repeat the aloes and soda. Do not overfeed, and be careful not to use the animal on a full stomach. Work light. Groom well and look carefully after the feed, and good results will follow, and perhaps a cure, if the case is a mild one.

Broken Thigh Bone in Heifer.

J. C., Altamont, Dakota: As the thigh bone of your heifer was broken and in healing did not knit evenly, it would be an impossibility, without resetting, to prevent the projection to which you refer, and this might be followed with uncertain results. To treat the running nose, that emits matter offensive in smell, poultice well, and afterward inject once a day with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. There may be decayed bone. If this be the case, the manner of procedure will be to open up the wound and scrape away the decayed parts. This should be done by a veterinary, if one can be had. If the bone is not affected, the zinc lotion may cure it. When nearly healed dress with vaseline.

Callous on Horse's Leg.

E. B. P., Parsons, Kansas: If there is nothing more than a lump on your horse's leg, of a callous nature, rub with iodine, 1 oz., soap liniment 12 ozs. Half this quantity will do if the lump is not large. Soap liniment may be had of almost any druggist.

Enlargement on Mare's Legs.

L. A. T., Verona, N. Y.: For the enlargement and sore on your mare's leg, first poultice for two or three days with linseed meal on which there is sprinkled a little charcoal. Put it on fairly warm. After this wash clean with soap and water, and then wash with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. Dress with vaseline. In about two weeks afterward, apply iodine and soap liniment, as recommended in answer to E. B. P., Parsons, Kansas.

Acarus Scabiei.

W. C. H., Aughwick Mills, Pennsylvania: Your sheep are suffering from the attack of an insect known by the above name. The safest remedy is that given by Henry Stewart, in the *Shepard's Manual*. It is as follows: Tobacco and sulphur, in the proportions of 4 ozs. of the first and 1 oz. of the second, in a gallon of water. The water is brought to a boiling heat, and the tobacco, either coarse cheap leaf or stems, which are equally good steeped (but not boiled) in it until the strength is exhausted. The sulphur is then stirred in the liquid. When it has been reduced in temperature to 120 degrees, it is ready to use. The sheep are entirely immersed in the liquid, so that the wool is completely saturated. The scurf on the sheep should be soaked with sweet oil and scraped off, and the decoction well applied. Repeat in ten days with the immersion, to kill all the newly hatched mites. Do not let the sheep drip off on straw or hay that may be eaten by other sheep.

Lice on Cattle.

Mrs G. M. M., Poulsbo, W. T.: Cattle may be rid of lice by washing them several times at intervals of three or four days with a strong decoction of tobacco leaves saturated with rock salt. Steep the tobacco in warm water, but do not boil it, then add the salt. It is necessary to repeat the application to kill the insects. The stalls where the cattle are kept should be well steamed and sprinkled with carbolic acid, 1 oz.; water, 1 gal. A preparation that is also used to destroy lice on cattle is: Flumes of sulphur, 1 lb.; oil of turpentine, ¾ pt.; train oil, 4 pts. Mix the sulphur with the train oil by gentle heat, and when cold add the turpentine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Yes, Have an Interchange of Views—Listing for Potatoes—Suggestions Worth Remembering.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—You state but what are simple facts in your comments regarding the correspondence on the subject of listing corn. It is not the literary "swashbuckler" who writes agricultural articles for the money that is to be gained that will benefit the reader who is a farmer the most, as most of us have reason to know to our cost; for, as a general thing, he is but a theorist, and practically knows nothing about what the average farmer has to contend with. But the interchange of views by practical farmers, which you have inaugurated through the columns of the BLADE, will go a great way toward bridging the chasm that lies between success and failure in farming, if those who are capable, are willing to "hub" your generous offer and not hide their talents in a napkin. There is no denying the fact that farmers in the past have been ignored with but here and there a notable exception, as writers on pratical agriculture, consequently nine-tenths of them have shrunk from expressing their views, derived from practice in their calling, when their experience clashed with those of the theorist. But the BLADE has said to all such, "Up Issachar," we have cast down the barriers erected by theorists who conduct so-called agricultural papers, to feather the nests of their own clan. There is, therefore, no reason why the BLADE, outside of its other merits as a clean family paper, should not enter every household in the Union, and every farmer aid in its circulation, for, to the best of our knowledge, it is the only one which has thrown open its doors, as it were, and invited the farmers from all sections of our vast country to drop in and have an interchange of views on all subjects pertaining to their calling without any fear of meeting with a rebuff. When I say to your correspondents, on the subject of listing corn vs. planting with planter, that I read their articles with much satisfaction and profit, because they confirmed what I had observed in the past three dry seasons, and know that they are not theoretical, although I have never raised an acre of listed corn, but others have alongside of my fields. I state what I feel, that corn listed and cultivated as it should be will stand drouth longer without firing than when planted with the planter is no longer an open question with me. That listed corn will make a new set of roots for every cultivation it gets with the cultivator, after it has grown to a certain heighth, and is not near so apt to sucker as corn planted with the planter, is also true. Corn grown by the latter mode of planting rarely has more than one set of crown roots, and that is why it falls an easy prey to grubs and chinch bugs and falls over during wind storms, whilst the listed corn is exempt from all of the above in nine cases out of ten.

The above merits just enumerated should alone recommend listing here in Kansas, but there are others equally as meritorious which have not been touched upon in this discussion. Recent experiments in planting corn go to show that when it is planted in a furrow, say eight inches deep, the roots do not grow toward the surface if the soil underneath is mellow, they will go down; if it is hard they will run in a lateral direction. Again, it has been found by actual test at several experimental stations, that when the leaves of a stalk of corn are only eight inches long, and the roots cut off all around within a foot of the stalk, a row of corn so treated will produce no more than half as much corn, as another alongside of it, which received only the usual cultivation, but whose roots were not cut. Of course, I cannot vouch for the above, but in my own experience during a dry season, the last cultivation given to a part of a field of corn just tasseling, caused it to wilt, and the yield was much less than of that part which was not cultivated at all.

If we accept the above as facts as coming under our own observation, we must admit that listed corn runs no such risks, unless listed very shallow. According to the report of the secretary of our State Agricultural bureau, as gleaned from his correspondents, the average yield of listed corn was 20 per cent more per acre than that planted with the planter. Further comment is unnecessary, I agree fully with one of your correspondents who says that corn ground should be listed in the fall, and then split in the spring, or the ground should be plowed, at the same season, and if it is not split, the bottom of the furrows should be stirred with the subsoiler, in order to destroy what weed seeds have sprouted.

In my humble opinion, the complaint that listen corn often fails to come up, and is very tardy when it does, can be obviated, by giving it the advantages of that planted with the two-horse planter, by discarding the planting attachment, and let the listed ground lie at least one week, in order that the cold and raw soil may be warmed, and then plant with one or two-horse drill planter. The most successful corn raisers in this country, who list, are using the one-horse planter. If the above plan is pursued I see no reason why corn cannot be just as successfully listed early, as that planted with the planter and dropped equally as regular. There are just as many corn crops ruined in Kansas, by too close planting, as by lack of moisture in July; listed or drilled corn should not be closer than sixteen or twenty inches. One year with the other, it will beat that which is planted ten to fourteen inches by 25 per cent. In conclusion, I would say to those who so cordially responded to my requests that I am a true convert, and if I am spared to raise another crop of corn, I will watch it closely in all its various stages of growth, and report the result through the BLADE FARM. If the editor will not cry out against me, "peccavi," I will ask the views of my new friends, or any others who have experience, what they think about listing potatoes.—WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kansas. [The editor will not cry out "peccavi." He prefers to say "come again."—ED.

Theory vs. Practice—A Pointed Illustration of the Former.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Your comments in the BLADE of January 10, on "The polished theories of professional writers on Farming," induces me to give my experience in the matter. About twenty years ago I had raised an acre of navy beans. About the time they were ready for harvest, I happened to read somebody's "polished theories" about saving them, which was to pull them when the first pods began to show maturity; let them lay two or three hours in the sun, then stack in small round stacks, that the unyielding nature of the stacks would allow the air to circulate through, and cure them, and make a far better quality of beans. I did so, and the result was the entire loss of the whole crop.

Since then I have gone slow on "the polished theories of professional writers."

Now, please let me give you my experience in raising corn. There are letters on the subject in the BLADE of January 10 from six of your correspondents, who seem to agree that the main secret in raising corn is in deep plowing and the way the corn is planted. I have raised corn, on a small scale, for forty-five years—have generally managed to have as good corn as my neighbors, and with only this difference in the manner of plowing or cultivating. I have never yet raised corn without plowing it the last time, three times in the row. The advantage of this any one ought to be able to see.

Have always worked it about five times, until the last summer, when for the first time I slighted its culture. I plowed the ground, and without even harrowing it once, took a one-horse drill and planted it between every third furrow, and plowed twice afterwards, which was all the work it got. The result was, as good corn as I ever raised in my life. Now for the secret: My ground was well manured before planting. We might just as well talk about raising apples on potato vines as to talk about raising good crops on poor ground. Of course there is much in good cultivation, but to say that this way or that way of cultivating or planting will raise good crops without good ground sounds to me like the "polished theories of professional writers."—R. W. BUDD, Pulaski, Indiana.

Production of Big Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A late issue of the BLADE contains an article from the Coulterville, Ill., *Republican*, stating that the fifteen ears of corn weighing 16½ pounds, won the prize of a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE, offered by the *Republican* to the farmer bringing to the office the largest fifteen ears of corn. After reading the article, I selected from the top of my corn in crib fifteen large ears, which tipped the scales at 18 pounds, the largest one weighing 1 pound 5 ounces.

I formerly lived in the same county in which Coulterville is situated, and know that the soil of Southern Illinois is capable of producing heavy crops of corn, but would say to the farmers there that they must do better than did the competitors for the *Republican's* prize, before they can successfully compete with the farmers of St. Charles county, Mo., in the production of big corn. Had a selection of the largest ears been made while gathering the crop, it is safe to say that ears enough weighing more than a pound each would have been found on ten acres to shell out 40 bushels. The variety raised here is a cross between the celebrated St. Charles white and some other variety.—C. S. BREWER, St. Charles county, Missouri.

Views on Listing Corn—Scientific Terms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Certainly, the farmer readers of the BLADE can make the BLADE FARM one of its interesting and instructive features. Farmers should give the counties in which experience and observations were had. The farmer who speaks of his neighbor as using the lister when possible, certainly shows that listing is equal to any other mode of planting. The plan of listing in the fall, and, in the spring, planting with lister between these furrows may prove successful.

I think that fall-plowing, planted with lister, would give best results, but it requires more time to stir all the ground than it does to list it, which would necessitate a greater yield in order to pay the difference in labor, etc. We can readily see, that if the ground is listed in the fall and listed in shallow in the spring, that the deeper furrows would take the excess of water away from the furrows in which lay the seed. If plowed in the fall and planted shallow with lister, the same result as to drainage would follow, and, I think, to a greater degree. Then the farmer could soon work some of the fine, rich soil down to the corn, and this soil, having become rich from exposure to the air through freezing weather, would be the very thing to make the young plant grow. The farmer who writes from Findlay, O., and who says that he planted a field with a lister on April 5, and then on the 22d of the same month planted with a planter, and that the latter gave a better result, must bear in mind that the difference, seventeen days, in time of planting, is sufficient of itself to account for the difference in yield.

The farmers in the BLADE FARM of the 10th inst did remarkably well, stating, as I believe, facts deduced by actual experience and observations. This is what we need and what we like to read. The fact that not a single scientific term is not to be found in them does not detract from their value, but rather adds to their usefulness. There are many subjects relating to the farm upon which we can say something of practical value.—ISAAC N. GREEN, Garnett, Adrian county, Kan.

[You are quite correct in regard to scientific terms, Mr. Green. Scientific terms do not make corn grow, nor do they point out the best mode of cultivating corn to reach the best results.—ED.]

An Old Nurseryman Tells How to Trim Fruit Trees—Promises to Give More Useful Hints.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am an old nurseryman and farmer. I am out of the business, now. I propose to give to the readers of the BLADE some useful hints from time to time, in their season, on the orchard and garden. First, as the season is at hand to plant, plant sound trees; do not plant too deep. Plant about the depth the trees grew in the nursery. The roots must have air. I think there are more trees smothered to death than die from all other causes. Second—Trim off all broken and bruised root. Cut back the tap root in proportion to loss of root. Do not cramp the roots in the hole. As soon as the hard freezing is over prune your bearing orchards. Orchards are dying all over this country for want of pruning. You may ask, "Why?" Because the roots take up more sap than they can support; hence the tree is stunted, and if not pruned it is on the road to death. It will produce brush till it cannot support it. How to prune: In the first place, all the fruit that is produced on the lower hanging limbs and in the shade is colorless and flavorless. Then cut all the surplus brush away, so that you can get to the tree, for various reasons. First, the fruit is larger and is better flavored. Second, it brings a better price in market. I think I can show any man engaged in fruit raising how to prune properly. As before stated, cut away all lower hanging brush. Now, if the top of your tree has grown crooked, then cut off from the heavy side till you balance the top as much as possible directly over the stump or the body of the tree. If there are thick places in the top, cut them out till they average with the whole top. Always cut in the heavy part till you can get up in the top with a basket, and step from limb to limb without tearing your clothing. Next, if you cut a limb one inch in diameter and upwards, paint the wound or cover it with grafting wax. Where a limb that you cut is large, do not cut too close for a large wound will not heal till probably the wood is checked. In that case it may cause a decay that will find way into the body of the tree. Then in a windstorm the tree breaks off.—J. H. R., Kansas.

Received.

Annual catalogue of seeds, J. A. Everitt & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; gold covers with handsomely-colored pictures of flowers and vegetables.

The Storrs & Harrison Co. catalogue of seeds, plants, evergreens, etc., Painesville, O. The covers of this catalogue are very beautiful. The pictures are natural, and represent roses, fruits, grain, melons, wheat, onions, tomatoes, potatoes, radishes and other vegetables.

Ohio crop report December, 1888, published by the Ohio state board of agriculture. It shows:

Wheat—Condition compared with full average, 93 per cent; amount of crop of 1888 sold as soon as threshed, 39 per cent; damage to growing crops by Hessian fly, 2 per cent.

Corn—Estimated average yield per acre, 40 bushels; crop of 1888 cut up for fodder, 71 per cent; average date of cutting fodder, October 1; average date of cribbing corn, November 5.

Clover seed—Yield compared with full average, 69 per cent.

Apples—Yield compared with full average, 90 per cent.

Cattle—Being fed for spring market, compared with last year, 91 per cent.

Sheep—Being fed for mutton, compared with last year, 85 per cent.

The present condition of the growing wheat is shown to be fairly good. The damage by Hessian fly is estimated at 2 per cent., but is not general over the state.

The estimated yield of corn per acre is above a fair average for the state, but the estimate may be a little high, owing to the fact that many correspondents, especially those in the northeast portion of the state, make their returns based on bushels of ears, instead of shelled corn. Wherever this was noticed or thought to be the case, the figures were reduced to represent shelled corn, though some may have been overlooked or not understood, and thus the average may be still a little too high.

Senator Jones has introduced a bill to grant to the state of Arkansas the coal underlying the bed of the Arkansas river.

PEARLINE

Is the latest and greatest improvement in the way of soap. It combines miraculous dirt-removing, time and labor-saving qualities with perfect harmlessness; the finest and coarsest articles are alike washed more easily and better than with any other soap or compound. Pearline does away with the most of the rubbing, hence it saves the most of the wear. It is the continuous rubbing on a board which wears out your clothes, rubs off the buttons and strings—not so much the wearing. It cleans paint, china, windows, glassware and carpets without taking up. Over one million families are now using Pearline. Its popularity is unparalleled.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 125 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

News of the Week.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Collections not so Good as Usual, but Confidence Still Great.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Dissatisfaction with the state of trade is increasing, and there is a general complaint as to collections. But increasing confidence in the new agreement of railroad presidents tends to support better prices for securities.

Swelled by speculation in stocks and in products, the clearings through the banks show a much larger volume of business in January than for the same month last year, and for the last week a gain of 17.7 per cent at all cities, and 13.7 outside of New York.

During the past week the public has bought, and stocks have advanced on the average $1.11 per share. The causes of improvement are: First, the general assent of railroads to the inter-state agreement; second, the closing of the South Pennsylvania controversy; and, third, investment demand for bonds and the better class of stocks.

Wheat has declined a cent and a half for week, with sales here of 24,000,000 bu. Fairy tales about stocks on hand are still circulated by interested parties, but they are met by heavy shipments from the farms and sales by farmers who grow tired of waiting for $1.50.

Corn and oats have stiffened a fraction. Oil has risen ⅝c, with sales here of 5,500,000 bbls.

The cotton market has not changed as to prices.

Cotton is only ⅛c stronger, and sugar is unchanged, with tea firm and in good demand at auction.

Prices for butter, cheese and eggs have been depressed, and leather is said to be "lower than at any other time for thirty years."

The market for iron does not improve. Philadelphia reports sales of 15,000 tons southern, and prices are about $17 for No. 1, against $17.50 for northern. Bar iron is more active, with prices not improved. Sales of steel rails at Pittsburg are reported for $26, and an eastern mill has sold for Chicago delivery at $30.60, equal to $27 at mill.

Coal is dull, and the mines working on short time.

Copper declined sharply, March selling at 16c.

Tin was weaker at $21.60 for spot, and lead at $3 75.

Reports from other cities are remarkably uniform in tenor; trade quiet or only fairly active, money in abundant supply and easy, with but moderate demand. Exceptions are St. Paul, where a slight stringency is observed, and Omaha, where the demand is active, Nashville, where trade is now quite active, and Milwaukee, where higher rail rates threaten to close some factories.

The treasury operations disclose a rapid return of silver and silver certificates, so that of these kinds of money $2,300,000 less is in circulation than a week ago, but the circulation of gold certificates has increased $1,800,000, and of legal tenders $100,000.

The business failures number 332 as against 342 last week and 330 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 279.

IRON OUTPUT.

Interesting Figures from the Lake Superior Mining Districts.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Feb. 4.—The annual table giving the total output of the iron mines of Lake Superior for 1888, published by the *Mining Journal*, show that the averages were the largest ever made, and swell the total for the year to 5,023,279 gross tons, the biggest output in the history of the mines.

Of this, the Marquette ranges shipped 1,921,525 tons; Gogebic, 1,424,762; Menominee, 1,161,039; Vermilion, 511,953.

The largest producers were the Minnesota Iron company's mines, at Vermillion, 457,341, and the Norie (Gogebic) 412,196.

The total output of all the mines since the discovery of ore here is 40,811,861 tons, of which the Marquette range has shipped 2,713,419; Menominee, 8,549,037; Gogebic, 3,586,876; Vermillion, 1,498,208 tons.

The Lake Superior mine at Ishpeming is credited with the largest product, 1,435,356, and the Cleveland, also at Ishpeming, next, with 3,889,150.

THE WORLD'S LABOR BRIGADE.

A Thousand Delegates to Meet in Paris and Discuss Their Situation.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—For organized labor, whether in Europe or America, says the *Herald*, this year promises to be one of the most remarkable on record. To-day the American and European wage earners stand, as a rule, aloof from each other, both in times of prosperity and times of adversity. The chances are a thousand to one that a year hence they will be bound together by indissoluble ties of friendship and self-interest.

During the latter part of August, while the splendid exposition is in full swing, skilled wage earners, or their representatives, will assemble in Paris from all parts of the civilized world and will hold there the first international congress of workingmen that has ever been held. Socialists, anarchists, nihilists, revolutionists, of every shade and type, will sit beside conservative trades unionists from England and America, and beside the zealous Knight of Labor from New York will be found the sturdy social democrat from Berlin and the hot-headed revolutionist from Madrid.

Any reputable body of men who have distinct views to express on the labor question, will be allowed to express them, and no matter how visionary their views may be, they will receive a patient hearing and due credit for whatever modicum of wisdom there may be in their plan for the reorganization of society.

WHAT THEY EXPECT TO DO.

The object of the congress is two-fold. In the first place it proposes to establish and maintain on a permanent basis, an international association of American and European workingmen, and in the second place it proposes to formulate and sanction a fixed policy, which shall be strictly adhered to by all regularly organized laborers.

In other words, as trade unions protect and otherwise look after the interests of their members, so this congress proposes to protect and otherwise look after the interests of all the organized workingmen in the world.

Credit for the great idea is said to be due to the Paris socialists, as they are also called. Believing that all evils of society can be eradicated by peaceable means, these revolutionists concluded that they could not better celebrate the centenary of the memorial French revolution than by inviting to Paris representatives of the various bodies of wage earners in all parts of the civilized world, with the object not only of letting the world see the real strength of labor, but also for the purpose of welding into one coherent mass the many conflicting elements which have hitherto proved fatal to any permanent and universal union of workingmen.

FROZEN WHEAT.

Interesting and Valuable Experiments Made at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 1.—The experiments that are being carried on at the state experimental farm, with frozen wheat, are attracting the attention of the leading grain men of the state. This is the first time an attempt has been made to ascertain whether frozen wheat is worth anything for seed.

The results of the experiments thus far have been surprising. About 30 samples of frozen or frosted wheat of all grades, from about No. 3 down to the poorest sort of shriveled, shrunken frozen grain have been employed for the tests.

Fifty seeds of each were selected and planted, and are growing in the greenhouses. Each sample is labelled, and account is taken of the proportion of seeds in each glass that germinate and grow.

The visitors found this proportion was large. Some of the seeds were about the next thing to mere chaff, and yet many of them have sprouted, and as a rule seem to be having a healthy growth.

The stalks are now six or eight inches high, and some of them are stooling out. It remains to be seen whether they have sufficient vitality to mature. The experiments up to the present point have been very encouraging.

Nebraska on Temperance.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 2.—The state senate, after fourteen hours continuous session yesterday, agreed to the house amendments to the submission resolution.

As the resolution was finally adopted it provides that at the next general election the people of Nebraska shall vote upon the question whether prohibition or high license shall be incorporated in the constitution.

1,076.

The Rural New-Yorker's seedling potato, No. 2, will be sent to all yearly subscribers without charge. It yielded in the late celebrated "Potato Contest" at the rate of 1,076 bushels to the acre, the report being sworn to by six well-known judges. This seedling is thought to be the nearest approach to a perfect potato yet produced. The price of the Rural New-Yorker is $2.00 a year. It will be sent on a trial trip of 10 weeks for 25 cents in order to show progressive farmers, who do not now read it, that it is the best farm weekly in the world. "It has done more to promote the interests of agriculture in its experiment grounds than all the experiment stations put together." So say the editors of the N. Y. Times, Tribune, World, Farm Journal, Inter-Ocean, etc; so say all who read it and know. It is pure, sparkling and original. Its illustrations are from nature. It commands the best writers in the world. Subscribe at once. Address the Rural New-Yorker, 34 Park Row, N. Y.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Reports of destitution in Kansas are denied.

Helena, Mont., is to have a large woolen mill.

The Clear Lake, Iowa, bank has closed its doors.

Cigars cannot be imported from Mexico in the mails.

Senator Vance has had one of his eyes removed.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has signed a three-year contract to go on the stage.

Representative Funston wants Congress to divide Kansas into two judicial districts.

Representative Morrow, of California, wants a monthly pilot chart of the Pacific published.

The London *Globe* says it is authorized to contradict the rumor of the death of the king of Holland.

The Cincinnati grand jury refused to indict Young Hopkins in connection with the Tinkler forgeries.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has presented his vast medical library to the Boston Medical Library association.

The brass and iron foundry of [illegible] & Hangen, St. Louis, has burned. Loss about $30,000; insurance, $15,000.

Representative Springer has introduced his enabling act for the admission of Idaho, Arizona and Wyoming into the Union.

Louisville tobacco warehousemen are trying to patch up the difference existing between them and the Eastern merchants.

George Johnson, a well-known Cincinnati man, has been found dead near Jeffersonville, Ind. Not known whether it is murder or suicide.

Patrick Malley, one of the witnesses who testified for the *Times* before the Parnell commission, has been arrested at Liverpool for perjury.

Moore, the Indianapolis defaulter from the Connecticut Mutual, has gone to Canada, after first sending an agent around to pay all his personal bills.

Sir Charles Tupper has visited the exhibition buildings in Paris. He expressed regret that the Dominion of Canada was taking no part in the exhibition display.

Charges of bribery have been made in the West Virginia legislature. Four Democrats claim they have been offered large sums of money to vote for Goff.

The recount in the Fifth California Congressional district is progressing slowly. Phelps (Republican) has gained 38 votes and only needs 14 more to defeat Clunie.

Mr. Morier, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, has asked leave to go to London to explain the charges made against him. His request has not yet been granted.

Emperor William has sent a letter of thanks, with the assurance of his future protection and sympathy to the Berlin grand lodge of Masons, for their New Year congratulations.

Cardinal Lavigeri has written to the Anti-Slavery association of Paris, proposing an international congress of all similar associations in Europe, to be held after Easter.

Meckie Rawson, the Chicago woman who attempted to shoot her husband's lawyer after her son had shot her husband, has been cleared by a jury on the ground of temporary insanity.

The Supreme court of New Mexico has given its decision in the Maxwell land grant case affirming the title to the property and dismissing the bill of the government to set aside the patent.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* does not attach any importance to the election of Boulanger, which, it declares, will in no way affect the political situation, and which will not jeopardize the Republic.

Advices from Samoa state that the German officials have given notice that all vessels arriving there will be searched for contraband articles of war. They have suppressed the Samoan Times.

The Manchester *Guardian* says that Lord Salisbury, under pressure, will withdraw the English vessels from the blockade on the East African coast as soon as the Germans commence to operate at Sherl.

Henry Wilton, has been convicted at Toronto of indecent assault on a 5-year-old girl and sentenced to two years in the central prison, with 50 lashes, to be delivered in two installments—at his going in and coming out.

To-day's bond offerings aggregated $495,850, as follows: Registered 4s, $500 at $1.29⅝; $250 at $1.28; coupon 4s, $40,030 at $1.28; registered 4½s, $418,000 at $1.09; $31,000 at $1.09⅛; coupon 4½s, $6,000 at $1.09.

Fire at Clear Lake, Ia., last night destroyed the Cerro Gordo county bank building, opera house, Groves's agricultural depot and two other buildings. Loss $25,000. The condition of the bank's affairs cannot be stated.

An attempt was made last night to murder Mr. W. Kelson, a prominent young business man of Springfield, Mo., by firing a pistol shot at him through a rear window of his store. The ball grazed Kelson's head. No clue to the murderer.

F. B. Posey (Republican) has been elected to Congress from the First Indiana district, to fill out the unexpired term of Gov. Hovey of thirty days. Judge Parret, the defeated candidate, is the congressman-elect for the two years beginning March 4.

Judge Patterson has granted an attachment against the property in New York, of the Merchants Banking Co., of Atlanta, Ga., for $25,253.58 on promissory notes assigned to Wm. Mehler, president of the Citizens National bank, of St. Louis.

Dr. Charles P. Burns, of Baxter, Ark., living in the southern part of the state, was shot and killed last night by Deputy Sheriff Childers, who had gone to the doctor's house to arrest him on a warrant. The doctor resisted arrest and drew a pistol on the officer.

Republican Senators in caucus have decided to insist on the admission of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington as states. The Senate committee will frame a bill so broad that if the House refuses to adopt it they can not shirk the responsibility.

The editor of the Berlin *Rathenower Zeitung* (Liberal) has been condemned to two months' imprisonment in a fortress for crime against the sovereign power. The crime was the use of certain language in an article on the presentation of a fountain by the Emperor.

The strike of the Cuban cigarmakers in New York has ended in a victory for the workmen. Only one firm stands out, that of Lozano, Pendas & Co. All the men have not yet returned to work, but will to-morrow morning. It is expected the protesting firm will succumb to-day.

The prevailing feeling in French Parliamentary circles is that the government majority in the Chamber of Deputies on the bill for the restoration of the Scrutin d'arrondissement system of voting members belonging to the party of the right prefer a continuance of the Floquet ministry to an Opportunist cabinet.

Information has reached Philadelphia that the long missed clipper ship Rock Terrace, which was supposed to have gone down a year ago, while bound to Japan, had drifted into the Gilbert group of islands in a sound condition, with only a few inches of water in her hold. She had a cargo valued at $150,000, and was abandoned by her crew for some unknown reason.

The postmaster general wants more stringent laws to regulate the transportation of the mails by railroads. He says to Congress: "With rapid facilities a necessity to the mail service; with the whole subject of legislation exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Congress; with the power and duty to legislate clearly apparent, I venture to suggest that the present condition of the law under which the service may be stopped at the caprice of a carrier constitutes a reproach to a government established to promote the public welfare."

The trial of the conspiracy case against Algernon S. Osgood, Louis N. Kane, Charles Haslett, of Chicago, and Joseph Caldwell of London, England, has been commenced before Judge Tuley in Chicago. All of the defendants, excepting Caldwell, were present. Caldwell is widely known from his association with Oakes Ames, and also by success in building the Hudson river tunnel. The case grows out of bond transactions with the Equitable debenture and assets company of England, eight years ago, by the Texas transcontinental company, which was represented by the defendants. The Equitable claims to have been swindled out of a large amount of money.

PROHIBITION OR LICENSE.

The Nebraska People will Vote on Two Amendments.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 31.—The resolutions for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution which has passed the senate, came before the house yesterday, and was the subject of a very animated discussion, lasting from 2 until 11 p. m.

The submissionists finally accepted an amendment saying that two propositions should be voted for, one for prohibition and one for license, leaving practically two amendments to be voted upon.

It will require 60 votes out of 100 to carry the amendments, and the fight is expected to be a hard one.

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAG, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

WASHINGTON.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

He Makes an Elaborate Statement About Samoan Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Mr. Sherman, late yesterday afternoon, after the Senate had been in executive session discussing the Samoan question, stated that he would like to make public his position.

"The question involved was exciting attention, not only in this country, but in other countries; and it was due to the Senate and the people of the United States that he (as he had reported the amendment from the committee on foreign relations) should state, in rather a skeleton manner, the facts in regard to the matter. He would do so without any feeling whatever, because he hoped that the Senate would be unanimous in the adoption of the amendments. The Samoan islands (formerly called the Navigator's islands) were, he said, almost midway between San Francisco and Australia, and were in the direct line of commercial intercourse.

"These islands (eight or ten) comprised in extent some thousand square miles and contained a population of 324,000 innocent, harmless and good humored people of the Polynesian race, and about 300 foreigners, German, English and American, with various commercial establishments.

"These islands had been first explored and surveyed by Admiral Wilkes, in his famous expedition, and the best maps of them were those made by that expedition. The attention of the United States had been early called to these islands, and a special agent was sent there, who afterwards became minister to the king of Samoa, and who made a treaty between the United States and Samoa. That treaty was made in 1878 and was signed by Mr. Evarts and the king.

"Its second article gave to the United States the privilege of entering and using the harbor of Pago-Pago and establishing there a coaling and naval supply station; and its fifth section provided that in case of differences with other nations, the government of the United States would employ its good offices in adjusting such differences.

"This was the basis of the right of the United States to occupy and hold and to establish in the harbor of Pago-Pago, a station for coal and other naval supplies. Within a year or two afterwards somewhat similar treaties had been made with Germany and Great Britain, by which these governments obtained like privileges in other portions of the islands, so that each of these three great commercial nations secured by treaties privileges somewhat similar in character but in different localities, each securing a coaling station and harbor."

INSIDE HISTORY.

Mr. Sherman went on to speak of a further arrangement made shortly afterwards and which was (he said) very important. It had been entered into between Great Britain and the government of Samoa (but the German and American governments were also included in it), by which the town and district of Apia were constituted into a municipality and were declared to be neutral territory where each of the three nations might establish their storehouses, their workshops and all other buildings necessary for carrying on their traffic in those islands. This territory of Apia was now known as the capital of the Samoan Islands, and was set aside for commercial purposes—the government of Samoa being practically excluded from it. The municipal board consisted of the German, English and American consuls. This treaty or agreement had not been submitted to the Senate, but had been signed by the English consul and by the captain of the American ship of war Lackawanna. It had been acted upon by all three nations as in the nature of an agreement for the possession and occupancy of that neutral territory.

Mr. Sherman next referred to the treaty of April 6, 1886, between Germany and Great Britain, by which a sort of delimitation was established for the jurisdiction of each government in the Polynesian group, with a disclaimer that this partition should apply to the Samoan Islands. That was the legal status to-day, for no other arrangement or agreement had ever been made in a formal way that affected, in any degree, the rights of the several parties. He did not intend to go into a detailed history of events in Samoa. It was enough to say that there was always a quasi war existing between several branches of the people. It was a strange government, controlled largely by family ties, somewhat aristocratic, with contentions always existing between the various chiefs.

UNFIT TO GOVERN THEMSELVES.

He would not dwell upon the painful features of the civil war; but it seemed to be the general opinion of all the American consular agents who had been sent there to examine into the nature of their government that the people were totally unfit to conduct a regular form of government, that civil war had continued until, finally, in 1883, by the aid of the consuls, it was settled by an agreement that Malietoa should be king and Tamasese vice king. Soon after that settlement other difficulties had arisen, and a movement had been made to annex the Samoan Islands to New Zealand, Malietoa sending a humble appeal to Queen Victoria asking for such annexation. The German government, however, had remonstrated in the most vigorous manner against it, insisting that it would be a violation of the treaty.

Finally Mr. Sherman brought the history of events to the conference in Washington between Mr. Bayard and the British and German ministers and to the sending by each of them of an agent to the islands to obtain further information. He said that it was manifest that the rebellion of Tamasese had been organized by the German consul and by a German named Weber, who was at the head of a large commercial house. He mentioned the arrival of a German fleet at the islands some time in May, 1888, and spoke of an insulting letter from the vice admiral to Malietoa, in which he addressed him not as king, but as head chief. It was after these insults to the king that United States Consul Greenbaum raised the United States flag, at the request of Malietoa, over the public buildings in Apia.

IN CONCLUSION.

Summing up his long speech, Mr. Sherman said that the first thing to be done was for the United States to assert its power in the occupancy and possession of the Bay of Pago-Pago. That ought to be done immediately. It did not need war to protect a nation's rights. The mere assertion of those rights, the due regard for them, the expenditure of money there, the storing of coal there, the calling of vessels there, all of these things were assertions of power far more influential than the protocols and diplomatic correspondence.

A MESSAGE FROM GROVER.

The Great Fat Man Has Taken Congress Into His Confidence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—The President sent his long-expected message to Congress late yesterday afternoon. It is as follows:

To the Congress:

"I had the honor, on the 15th instant, to communicate to your honorable body certain correspondence and documents in relation to affairs in the Samoan Islands, and having since received further dispatches from the vice consul at Apia and the commander of the United States naval vessel Nipsic in those waters, I lose no time in laying them before you. I also transmit herewith the full text of instructions from Prince Bismarck to the German minister at this capital, which was communicated on the afternoon of the 28th instant.

"This appears to be an amplification of prior telegraphic instruction on the same subject communicated through the same channel, and which, being set forth in the note of the secretary of State to Count von Arco Valley, the German minister, of the 12th inst., was duly laid before Congress, with my last message in relation to Samoan affairs. It is also proper to inform you that on Monday, the 28th inst., the occasion of the communication of the note of the prince chancellor, the secretary of State was given to understand by the German minister that a proposition from his government to that of the United States for a conference on the Samoan subject was on its way by mail, having left Berlin on the 20th inst.; so that its arrival here in due course of mail can be looked for in a very short time. In reply to an inquiry from the secretary of State whether the proposition referred to was for a renewal of the joint conference between the United States, Germany and Great Britain, which was suspended in July, 1887, or for the consideration of Samoan affairs ab novo, the German minister stated his inability to answer until the proposition, which left Berlin on the 20th inst., should have been received.

"I shall hereafter communicate to the Congress all the information before me in relation to the Samoan states.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

The correspondence accompanying the message gives an account of the recent events in Samoa, an outline of which has already been telegraphed and published.

OUR FINANCES.

The Condition of the Public Debt for the Month of January.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The January public debt statement is as following:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 173,233,100
Bonds at 4 per cent	681,130,450
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	126,780
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	933,127,842
Interest	6,058,493
Total	$ 939,186,335

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 2,067,095
Interest	159,646
Total	$ 2,226,741

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,[illegible]
Certificates of deposit	13,915,000
Gold certificates	130,986,592
Silver certificates	245,337,438
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,918,129
Principal	$ 743,894,982

Total Debt.

Principal balance	$1,679,089,920
Interest	6,218,139
Total balance	$1,685,308,059
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	398,525,144
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 498,525,144
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,186,782,915
Net cash in the treasury	64,936,943
Debt less cash in the treasury February 1, 1889	1,121,845,972
Debt less cash in the treasury January 1, 1889	$1,143,062,257
Decrease of debt during month	21,216,285
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	43,738,683

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 130,986,592
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	245,337,438
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	13,915,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	8,285,235
Fractional currency	879
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 398,525,144

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 24,449,597
Minor coin	143,167
Total	$ 24,592,764
Certificates held as cash	29,855,631
Net cash balance on hand	64,936,943
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$ 617,910,482

REPUBLICAN SENATORS.

The "Omnibus" Bill Meets no Favor at Their Caucus.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—A slimly attended caucus of Republican Senators was held at the Capitol to-day. The session was necessarily short owing to the fact that the Senate met an hour earlier than usual. The course to be followed by the party in the treatment of the application of the territories for admission was the occasion for the caucus.

The provisions of the House (omnibus) bill, which is pending before the Senate committee on Territories, were briefly explained by Chairman Platt, who also criticised the general plan and details of the measure.

When this had been done, little time remained for general discussion.

It was made clearly apparent, however, from the limited expression of individual opinion that there had been little or no change from the position taken by the Republican senators upon the subject at the last session.

A disposition was shown to report the omnibus bill to the Senate, but with amendments excluding New Mexico and letting in North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington.

There was shown a decided indisposition to delaying the admission of South Dakota by submitting the question again to the people of the territory, and there were hints of a Democratic scheme to influence the vote of North Dakota, with the assistance of the railway people, so as to prevent division and secure the admission of Dakota as one sate, and this was urged as sufficient reason for refusing to accept the House bill.

THE OKLAHOMA BILL.

Mr. Springer Finally Gets a Favorable Vote on the Measure.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The House has passed the Oklahoma bill by a vote of yeas 148, nays 102.

[The details of the Oklahoma bill, with much information about "No Man's Land," will be found on the 5th page of this paper. —ED. BLADE]

BISMARCK COMES DOWN.

His Warlike Orders to German Officers in Samoa Revoked.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—President Cleveland sent another message to Congress yesterday, showing that Germany had exempted foreigners from the operations of the martial law in Samoa. The message contained the following from Count Arco Valley to Secretary Bayard, in answer to the secretary's cablegram to Minister Pendleton, some time ago:

"As a state of war was declared against Mataafa, the commander of the German squadron issued a proclamation by which the foreigners established in Samoa were subjected to martial law.

"International law would, to a certain extent, not prevent such a measure, but as Prince Bismarck is of the opinion that our military authority has gone too far in this instance, the military commander has received telegraph orders to withdraw the part of the proclamation concerning foreigners. In negotiating with Mataafa our counsul at Samoa has asked that the administration of the Islands of Samoa might be temporarily handed over to him, which demand not being in conformity to our previous promise regarding the neutrality and independence of Samoa, Mr. Knapp has bee ordered by telegram to withdraw immediately his command."

THE BRITISH TREATY

Rejected in the Senate—Thirty-eight Votes Against It.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The British extradition treaty has been disposed of finally, and, much to the surprise of its friends and some of its foes, it was beaten by a heavy majority. Instead of a two-third vote in its favor there was more than a two-third vote against it, and it was finally shelved. It was not disposed of, however, without debate. It occupied the attention of the Senate for nearly three hours. The debate was carried on with some display of oratorial pyrotechnics, which undoubtedly had a great effect on the ultimate result. It was argued that the ratification of even so innocent a treaty as the amended treaty before the Senate would be a concession to England.

When the vote was taken only fifteen senators voted for the resolution to ratify and thirty-eight voted against it. All the Republican senators present voted in the negative.

It had been supposed by some that with the objectionable political offenses section stricken out it might pass, especially as it was conceded on all sides that a treaty for the extradition of embezzlers and forgers was greatly to be desired by the United States.

But, as was pointed out in the debate, the striking out of the objectionable clause would not remove that subject from the field of negotiation; nor would the reference of the treaty to a committee with the understanding that it should not be reported dispose of it. If the treaty as amended were ratified it would be relegated to the realm of diplomacy, where the representatives of the other contracting power might insist upon having the rejected clause inserted again. And a treaty, it was shown, could not forever slumber in a committee's archives without giving offense. So that in order to definitely dispose of a treaty which contained any objectionable features whatever, it must be rejected. An earnest effort was made by friends of the treaty to save it from rejection, but their labors were in vain.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—(Special.)—A great many Senators have been disturbed the past two or three days by the receipt of letters from constituents asking them if they were of the fifteen minority which opposed the British Extradition treaty.

So many communications have been received that it is more than probable that to-day there will be an executive session to discuss the question of making public the vote on the treaty.

Messrs. McKinley and Burrows have organized a fight on Reed and Cannon in the Speakership contest. Mr. Burrows is going, at the proper time, to throw his force with Mr. McKinley. To prevent this, both Reed and Cannon are doing everything in their power.

WHO WILL TAKE THE TREASURY?

An Indianapolis dispatch says: It can be stated with positiveness that Mr. Allison has declined, that his letter to that effect has been received by the President-elect and accepted as final. There is no doubt Allison's declination was a severe disappointment to Gen. Harrison. The general's disappointment, however, was of short duration, and the secret of his buoyancy is attributed to the fact that he has found a man who fills the requirements equal to Senator Allison.

He is a Western man, and it is believed he is not at present in official life. While everything pertaining to the Cabinet is quasi-speculative, at this stage, there are grounds for asserting the President elect has about solved the great Cabinet puzzle so far as the most important positions are concerned. The unnamed Western man, to whom it is thought that the treasury portfolio has been tendered, is an assurance of the non-existence of any intention to look to New York to furnish a finance minister.

WANAMAKER BUYS A HOUSE.

As for Wanamaker, it is generally believed that he has been determined upon, although whether he will have the postoffice or any other department does not seem to be clear. The most convincing evidence of his selection is the fact which has just been developed that he has purchased the residence now occupied by Secretary Whitney.

There have been rumors for several days that one of the next cabinet was negotiating for that house, but it is only now known that it was Mr. Wanamaker.

OHIO'S CHANCES.

Cabinet Makers Looking to the Buckeye State for Timber.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—(Special.)—There is not an hour, since the Fourth of March is so near at hand, that new combinations do not spring up to break the old slates of the cabinet makers.

These cabinet makers are the most industrious workers in Washington to-day, and have taken much responsibility off the hands of the in-coming President, for all of which Gen. Harrison is doubtless grateful.

To-day it is believed, in official circles, that the chances of Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, occupying a seat at Gen. Harrison's official table, are exceedingly good.

They openly claim that he would be chosen if the Ohio delegation would unite on him. The governor's friends seem very confident that he will be selected.

There has been much consultation this morning among Ohioans, and Major McKinley has made several trips to the Senate to talk with Senator Sherman.

Both refuse to say anything about the business in hand but for the past hour there has been a rumor floating around to the effect that McKinley has been offered a place in the Harrison Cabinet. This is not credited, however, for it is well understood that McKinley's services will be needed in the House.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Senate—Mr. Plumb's credentials from Kansas were presented and filed. The diplomatic and consular appropriation bill was considered, and speeches delivered by Dolph and Reagan on the Samoan question. An executive session was ordered, and at 6:15 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

House—Oklahoma bill was taken up, and after debate an amendment was agreed to, providing that the rights of ex-soldiers under existing homestead laws be extended to the new lands covered by the bill. Pending further action the House at 5 p. m. adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Senate—The credentials of Mr. Higgins, as senator from Delaware, from March 4 next, were presented and filed. The House amendments to the bill for the increase the pensions of those who have lost both hands were concurred in. Several resolutions were offered and referred. Five thousand copies of the Senate tariff bill were ordered printed. The diplomatic appropriation bill was considered and the Samoan amendment adopted. The amendment to raise the rank of American ministers to ambassadors was defeated by one majority. The bill was then passed. After an executive session, the Senate, at 4:15 p. m., adjourned.

House—After the passage of unimportant Senate bills, the Oklahoma bill was taken up. The vote on the soldier amendment was reconsidered, and the vital part of the amendment stricken out. The minority substitute for the bill was rejected. Pending a motion to reconsider carried. Pending a motion to lay this motion on the table, the House, at 4:40 p. m., adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Senate.—A Presidential veto of a pension bill was read. Conferees were appointed on the bill for the admission of South Dakota. A few unimportant bills were passed. A resolution was agreed to instructing the committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the condition of affairs in Samoa. A bill was reported appropriating $150,000 for an oil portrait of Abraham Lincoln. The numerous claims of naval officers for longevity pay and arrears were discussed. In secret session the British extradition treaty was rejected. At 5 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

House—The conference report on the bill to create a department of Agriculture was agreed to. The Oklahoma bill was passed and the private calendar taken up. A recess was taken from 4 to 7:30 p. m., the night session being for private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Conferees were appointed on the Dakota bill. The agricultural appropriation bill was taken up, and after discussion passed. The postoffice appropriation bill was reported. At 5:30 p. m. the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Senate—Mr. Manderson's credentials as senator from Nebraska, were presented. The Legislative Appropriation bill was reported. The Texas election investigation and report thereon from the committee on Privileges and Elections were ordered printed. Unimportant bills were disposed of and the Dakota bill was taken up. [illegible] unlawful trusts was debated. The Union Pacific funding bill was discussed. A conference was ordered on the diplomatic appropriation bill, and Mr. Chandler gave notice that he would call up the Louisiana election case Tuesday, and at 5 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

House—Filibustering was inaugurated by Payson, of Illinois, who presented long bills under the call of States, and announced his purpose to prevent the suspension of the rules for the passage of the Union Pacific funding bill. [illegible] the Sheridan [illegible] the international copyright bill and other measures. The conference report on the amendment to the Inter-state commerce law was considered a privileged matter. Another conference was ordered. The Nicaragua canal report was debated. Pending action the House at 4:45 p. m. took a recess until 7:30 p. m., the evening session being devoted to Indian affairs.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Senate—House bill for a territorial government in Oklahoma was referred to the committee on Territories.

House—Nicaragan canal bill discussed.

West Virginia's Vote.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Feb. 4.—There were three ballots taken in joint assembly today for United States Senator. The first ballot resulted: Kenna, 40; Goff, 39; James Bassel, 3; C. W. Daily, 1.

Second ballot—Kenna, 37; Goff, 39; Bassel, 3; J. M. Rowan, 3.

Third ballot—Goff, 39; Kenna, 39; Rowan, 2; Bassel, 3.

Whole number of votes cast, 83; necessary for choice, 42.

Bad Winter on the Pacific Coast.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Jan. 31.—Advices from Alaska say the winter there has been so far the most severe known to the people of the territory, owing to the severe storms. The heaviest snow storms since 1875 occurred this winter, and owing to the depth of the snow, traders and hunters have suffered great hardships and much delay in preparing for the coming hunting trips.

Supreme Court's Adverse Decision.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 30.—The Supreme court to-day decided adversely to Levi M. Stewart in a $15,000 libel suit against the Minneapolis *Tribune*, based on a humorous item in which he was quoted as saying that Stewart had moved his office to [illegible] expense. The court held that such a statement was not libelous.

After an idleness of three months the coal miners along the Monongahela and Youghiogheny rivers have resumed operation at the old rate of 3 cent per bushel for mining. Nearly all the others are preparing to resume this week. The resumption will give employment to 5,000 men.

FOREIGN.

TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

The Official Announcement is Made at Vienna That Rudolph Committed Suicide.

VIENNA, Feb. 1.—It is officially announced that Crown Prince Rudolph committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The weapon used was a revolver.

The *Wiener Zeitung* says: Prof. Wiederhofer, who performed the autopsy on the remains of Crown Prince Rudolph, found a large wound in the side of the head, which must have caused instant death.

The revolver, with one chamber discharged, was found on the bedside close to the right hand of the dead prince.

The position in which it was found proves beyond doubt that the crown prince committed suicide.

The report of the revolver was heard by no one, the crown prince's attendants having left the house to make preparations for a hunting excursion. Several members of the crown prince's circle state that during the last few weeks he had manifested signs of morbid nervous excitement, and therefore the *Weiner Zeitung* says the view that the shooting was the result of temporary mental derangement must be adhered to.

Some time previous to his death the crown prince complained of headaches, which were attributed to an injury to the head which he sustained by a fall from a horse last autumn.

[Rudolph Charles Francis Joseph was born August 21, 1858. His mother was the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, who, it is said, was at the time one of the most beautiful women ever on a throne. He was married to Princess Stephanie, daughter of the King of Belgium, and a young woman of the most lovable character. His habits of life were said to be wild, and latterly his excesses had caused his wife to live apart from him. It is said that recently the crown prince had been sometimes dejected and sometimes gay. When spoken to concerning the future of Austria he would smile sadly and say: "You will see I will not live as long as that." He was a hard student in literature, reading every new book and daily perusing a large number of home and foreign papers. Last Christmas he presented to his mother 30 autograph letters of Heine, her favorite poet. He never tired of sport of any kind, and was careless of his health. One of his chief characteristics beside his kindness and generosity was his love for his father, of whom he often used to say: "I think it the greatest luck to possess a father to whom I can look up with pride and love."]

CHARLES LOUIS THE HEIR.

VIENNA, Feb. 1.—It has been officially announced that Archduke Charles Louis, the emperor's brother, is now the heir to the throne. It is still undecided whether foreign sovereigns will come to the funeral. King Milan, of Servia, the Zarovitch and the crown princes of Denmark, Greece, Sweden and Germany are expected.

[Archduke Karl Ludwig, is field-marshal-lieutenant in the Imperial army, and was born July 30, 1833. He was first married November 4, 1856, to Princess Margaret, daughter of the late King Johann, of Saxony. His first wife was born May 24, 1840. He became a widower September 15, 1858, and married again October 21, 1862, to Princess Annunciata, daughter of the late King Ferdinando II., of Naples. His second wife died May 4, 1871, at the age of 28 years. He was married the third time July 23, 1873, to Princess Maria, daughter of the Prince Miguel of Braganza, Regent of Portugal. The offspring of the second and third union were six children.]

WHY HE TOOK HIS LIFE.

Additional Evidence of the Crimes Committed by Members of the Royal Families.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says it is privately informed from Vienna that Rudolf committed suicide because it was optional with him to take his own life, or to fight a duel with the brother of a princess, who is a member of one of the highest Austrian families, and whom he had seduced.

When concealment was no longer possible, the princess confessed her shame to her brother, who gave Rudolf the alternative of committing suicide or fighting a duel. The *Pall Mall Gazette* further says that the doctors who were summoned refused to sign a certificate to the effect that Rudolf's death was due to apoplexy, and that a great scene ensued when one of the doctors told the *Neue Freie Press* the real facts, which that paper published.

HOW WAS HE KILLED?

The Strange Death of the Crown Prince of Austria is Still the European Sensation.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—Another sensational story relative to the death of the Austrian Crown Prince comes from Brussels. It is asserted that the crown prince became entangled in an affair of honor with a high Austrian family and that it was decided that the prince and a son of the family in question should fight a duel on the so-called American plan, according to which method dice are thrown to decide which of the duelists shall commit suicide.

The dice were thrown, and Rudolph lost. The time specified for the suicide of the loser was three months, and at the expiration of that period the crown prince fulfilled his engagement and took his own life.

The fact that during the time mentioned Rudolph was apparently preparing for his coming death seems to give color to the foregoing story.

ANOTHER THEORY.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Chronicle* complains of the press censorship in stopping his telegrams. The Brussels correspondent of the *Chronicle* alleges that a letter from the Vienna correspondent of that paper asserts that when the door of Crown Prince Rudolph's room was forced open the body of a beautiful young Bohemian lady was found.

The correspondent asserts that the crown prince first killed her with a revolver, and then shot himself, and that the body of the lady was conveyed secretly to the seat of her family in Bohemia. Two other versions of the alleged double tragedy are current, and have already been cabled abroad, but the foregoing account is most generally believed.

STARTLING FACTS.

The Beautiful Baroness Who Took Her Life at the Time the Crown Prince Met His Death.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—Club gossip, derived from private sources of information in Vienna, give some startling facts in regard to the beautiful baroness who suicided about the same time that the crown prince met his death. The husband of the lady and her brother are said to have confronted her with indisputable proof of the knowledge of a liason existing between herself and Archduke Rudolph.

She was then urged by her husband, who is as proud a noble as the empire boasts, and also by her brother, to redeem her fault in their eyes by taking her life.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

The husband is said to have told her that if she refused to follow this advice, he would shoot the archduke dead as readily as he would his own gamekeeper under similar circumstances, and that he would publish her shame at court by proclaiming it to Francis Joseph and the court dignitaries.

The poor woman cowed at the thought of disgrace, which would blight her proud name, and believing that by acceding to the demands of her infuriated husband she would retain her honor before the world and save the life of the crown prince, for whom she seems to have a passionate regard, acceded to her husband's desire and took a dose of poison before his eyes, her brother looking coldly on.

SHE WAS OF HIGH RANK.

The family to which the baroness belonged, it is said, was a of rank and pride little below that of her husband's, which accounts for this somewhat brutal conduct on her brother's part.

As soon as they were assured of the death of the baroness they mounted their horses and rode in hot haste to the hunting lodge of the archduke.

There they fully cancelled the blight cast upon their family by blowing out the archduke's brains as he lay propped up with pillows in bed waiting for his valet to bring him his coffee. Then they rode furiously off, returning at once to Vienna. Since then neither Baron nor his brother-in-law have sought concealment at all or altered their usual habits of daily life.

The emperor is believed to be aware of the facts in the case, and his order to publicly declare that the crown prince's death was suicide, an order issued by the emperor without any consultation with Tisza, the Austrian premier, is regarded as an attempt to screen the greater scandal.

RUDOLPH'S LAST LETTER.

The Belief That the Crown Prince was Prepared for His Death Substantiated.

PESTH, Feb. 5.—The *Nation* publishes the letter written by Crown Prince Rudolph a short time before his death to Herr Von Szorgyenyi, the attache of the imperial household to whom he had entrusted the preparation of his papers. The letter reads:

"DEAR SZOEGYENYI:—I send you herewith a codicil. Execute its provisions and those of my will drawn two years ago, with the assent of my wife. In my study at the Hofburg stands a small table. With the enclosed gold key open the drawers and you will find my papers, the arrangement of which I entrust to you, leaving it to your judgment to decide what to publish. I can live no longer.

"Remember me to all my good friends. Farewell. God bless our beloved fatherland. Yours, RUDOLPH."

GERMANY'S PROPOSITION.

Bismarck Wants to Resume the Tripartite Conference at Berlin.

BERLIN, Feb. 5.—The German government proposes a resumption, at Berlin, of the consultations which took place in Washington between representatives of Germany and Great Britain and the United States in 1887 on the subject of Samoa.

Bismarck will Order His Samoan Consul Home.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says it is certain that the German consul at Samoa will be removed. Prince Bismarck is extremely annoyed by the consul exceeding his instructions.

TWENTY-FOUR DROWNED.

Two Ships Collide on the Ocean With Fatal Results.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—By the collision of the British ship Killochan and the steamer Nersid 24 lives were lost. Both ships went to the bottom. The list includes the captain of the Killochan.

THE BAY OF CADIZ.

GLASGOW, Feb. 4.—Fears are entertained here for the safety of the British ship Bay of Cadiz, which sailed from Sidney, N. S. W., Oct 24th, for San Francisco. A premium of 90 guineas has been offered to reinsure the vessel.

Gone Down With All Hands.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The Spanish mail steamer Remus has foundered off the island of Biliran, one of the Philippines. All the passengers are supposed to have been drowned.

French Affairs.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—The Chamber of Deputies has confirmed the election of Gen. Cluseret as member for Var. It was charged that he was an American citizen, and therefore ineligible to hold office under the French government.

Pere Hyacinthe has disavowed that he has any leaning toward Boulanger. He compares Boulanger to the late Emperor Soulouque of Hayti.

The Old Panama Company Dissolved.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—The dissolution of the old Panama Canal company has been decreed, on the petition of parties acting in accord with M. De Lesseps. The court appointed M. Brunet official liquidator.

ASSASSINATED.

Congressman Clayton Shot Down While in Search of Evidence in his Contested Election Case.

PLUMMERVILLE, Ark., Jan. 30.—Hon. John M. Clayton, late Republican candidate for Congress in the Second District, was shot and killed in his boarding-house at 9 o'clock last night, by an unknown person.

He was collecting evidence for his contest with Hon. C. R. Breckinridge for his seat in the Fifty-first Congress. In Plummerville township the ballot-box was stolen in the recent election.

It is supposed to have contained a majority for Clayton. He and Carroll Armstrong, chairman of the Democratic Congressional committee, have been here since Thursday, taking testimony.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 5.—General Powell Clayton and Judge W. H. H. Clayton, brothers of the Hon. John M. Clayton, who was assassinated on the night of January 29, have furnished the following statement to the public:

That the public may understand the circumstances leading up to and culminating in the assassination of our brother, John M. Clayton, we desire, over our own signatures, to make the following statement of facts: All agree that this was a political assassination. It will be therefore necessary for us to refer to the political conditions and circumstances surrounding it.

Prior to the September election, and during the canvass, a political club was organized at Morrilton, the county seat of Connor county, with one Stowers, fresh from Mississippi, at its head. This club soon after resolved itself into a militia company, and about two weeks before the election, at a time of profound peace in the county, the Hon. Simon P. Hughes, then governor, not only supplied it with state arms, but furnished it with a full supply of ammunition.

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING

of the troubles in Conway county. From this time until the day of the election Stowers, with his armed partisans, almost daily paraded the streets of Morrilton. On election day their guns were deposited, loaded and ready for action, in a convenient place in the building in which the election was held. On the morning of that day the Republican judge of election, on his way to assume the duties of his office, on a frivolous and preconcerted pretext, was arrested, whereupon Stowers, with his men, marched to the polls, and, upon his nomination and their votes, another person was declared elected to fill the vacancy. By these unlawful proceedings the Election board, composed of citizens representing both political parties, was made solidly Democratic. Whether Stowers and his men at this time were acting as a political club or as a company of state militia, we are not advised, but certain it is their loaded guns were at hand. While at Morrilton these things were being done, the citizens of the town of Plummerville, who are nearly all opposed, politically, to our brothers, while those of the farming parts of the precinct were his political friends (the latter greatly outnumbering the former).

COLLECTED AT THE VOTING PLACE

before the hour fixed by law for the opening of the polls, and organized a full set of election officers of their party. When the two Republican judges appeared, they found their places usurped and the election in full blast.

Under these conditions, about two months thereafter the Congressional election occurred, John M. Clayton being the Republican candidate and C. R. Breckinridge the Democratic. The day before this election M. W. Benjamin, a prominent Republican lawyer of Little Rock, and one of Arkansas' best citizens, was sent to Conway county by the Republican state committee, with instructions to use his best endeavors to secure an honest election. Upon his arrival at the depot at Morrilton, he was confronted by an infuriated mob of several hundred citizens, who threw him from the cars, assaulted and beat him, pulled from his face handsful of beard, and met all of his appeals to their humanity with kicks and cuffs, finally

SHOOTING HIM IN THE FOREHEAD

with a weapon of sufficient force to imbed and flatten a bullet upon his skull. A short time after Mr. Benjamin died, telling his wife before death that his sufferings were due to the treatment received at the hands of the Morrilton mob.

Election day the Democrats refused to permit Republican supervisors to act, and taking the ballot box, one of the Democrats carried it from place to place through the town, Charles Wahl, a Republican following him.

At last, finding that he could not shake him off, he and the supervisor returned about nine o'clock at night to the polling-place, finding one of their judges there. Remaining a few minutes, he again left, attempting to carry the box with him, which he only desisted from by the insistance of the supervisor that the box should be left at the polling-place with the other judge who was there. About half an hour thereafter

FOUR MASKED AND ARMED MEN

rushed into the room, and at the muzzle of their pistols compelled the remaining judge and supervisor to turn their backs, whereupon they seized the box and poll-books and carried them away.

We are informed by Wahl and other creditable persons that the box so stolen contained 697 ballots, of which at least 572 were cast for John M. Clayton. Upon learning of these unlawful acts, together with many others in different parts of his district, he (Clayton) felt it to be his duty to institute a contest for his seat in Congress.

On the 17th of December, Wahl, the aforementioned supervisor, was inveigled into a game of cards at night in the back room of a doctor's office in Plummerville, when he was seated in close proximity to a glass door, through which he was shot by a would-be assassin.

THE BALL PIERCING

the lobe of his left ear and cutting a gash in his neck about three inches long. Wahl fled to the house of a man named Alexander, who was collecting evidence for Judge Clayton.

This attempt upon the life of Wahl so alarmed Alexander as to cause him to abandon his work and fly from the state. For the crimes above enumerated no man has been arrested by state or county authorities, nor has any official reward been offered.

John M. Clayton went to Plummerville unarmed and unescorted, recognizing the futility of such precautions against the stealthy assassin, and believing that his opponent, Mr. Breckenridge, who was aware of the condition of affairs in this county, would be willing and able to restrain his partisans. While passing through Little Rock on his way there he said to Hon. Henry M. Cooper, in response to a suggestion of danger: "I do not believe that I will be harmed; but men who voted for me believe that I was elected, and so do I, and I will go there, even at the risk of my life."

AND SO HE WENT.

After having engaged for several days in taking testimony, about 9 o'clock p. m. of January 29, while in his room at his boarding house, in the act of sitting down at a table near a window to write to his motherless children, he was shot through the window by concealed assassins a few feet from him and instantly killed. We were unable to remove his body until 3:30 p. m. of the next day, up to which time the sheriff of the county had not appeared, being, in the language of his deputy, engaged in the more important business of collecting taxes. Nor had any citizen of the town made the slightest effort to trace or apprehend his murderers.

The foregoing facts we stand ready to substantiate in every essential particular, every one of which we believe to be a material link in the chain of circumstances surrounding and leading to the inhuman murder of our brother, John M. Clayton.

POWELL CLAYTON,
W. H. H. CLAYTON.

IOWA'S LIQUOR LAW.

The Supreme Court Has Reversed the Decision in the Hoagland Case.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 5.—An interesting decision was made by the State Supreme court yesterday reversing the judgment of the lower court in the case of A. C. Hoagland, a Washington county pharmacist.

The defendant and W. A. Hoagland were jointly indicted upon a charge of maintaining a nuisance by the unlawful traffic of intoxicating liquors.

They were jointly tried, and the defendant at once convicted. Hoagland is a practicing physician at Brighton, and owns a drug store. He obtained a permit in December, 1886, from the county board of supervisors allowing him to sell liquor for medicinal and other purposes not forbidden by law.

It appears that several sales were made in the next few weeks, and a jury held that the druggist had violated the law, although the witnesses testified they were all sick and needed the liquor.

The lower court fined the druggist $1,000. The supreme court in reversing the order of the lower court says: "The finding that the defendant had reason to believe the applications to purchase were not made in good faith is contrary to every fact testified to by every witness in the case.

"It is equivalent to a finding that every witness for the state as well as the defendant, were willful and corrupt perjurers. Verdicts must be found upon fact, not upon mere suspicion."

AGAINST THE BLACKS.

Negroes Imported into Illinois Threaten to Cause Race Trouble and Perhaps Riot.

MARION, Ill., Feb. 5.—What threatens to prove a serious race war has broken out here. A few weeks ago the firm of F. M. Westbrook & Sons, tobacco strippers, imported a number of colored men to work in their factory, claiming that there are no white men here capable of performing the work of stemming and stripping.

This action on the part of the company greatly enraged a number of the white workmen, and they sent notices to the colored men, warning them to leave town within ten days or receive summary punishment.

Threats were also made to boys in the factory and at the homes of the imported laborers.

But little attention was paid to the threats, and Saturday night a lot of men went to the home of Logan Collins, a colored boss, and fired five shots into the house.

Collins procured a revolver and returned the fire, but no one was hurt on either side.

The factory owners say they will not discharge the new men, and an outbreak is believed to be imminent.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

His First Speech, Delivered Nearly Fifty Years Ago.

MT. CARMEL, Ill., Feb. 5.—Judge Bell, of this place, furnishes the following maiden speech of Abraham Lincoln, delivered in Pappsville, near Springfield, Ill., nearly fifty years ago.

Mr. Lincoln was not then a lawyer and had no intention of becoming one. He had then made up his mind to learn the blacksmith trade. His genius was recognized and he was suddenly nominated for the legislature.

His first speech is most interesting reading at this time. It is:

GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet. I am in favor of a national bank system, in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles.

If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

AGAINST PINKERTONS.

The Minnesota Legislature Considering an Important Bill.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 31.—A bill came before the Senate yesterday which is aimed at the detective agencies that send men into various parts of the country to do police duty. The measure is supported by the workingmen's organizations. On its face the bill simply provides that nonresidents shall not be allowed to make arrests or do police duty.

The exceptions to these provisions are in extradition cases and cases where criminals are taken in the act of committing crime or in flight, immediately after.

A penalty of $100 is imposed on all who violate the provisions.

But other sections of the bill are more sweeping and prohibit corporations from employing outsiders to do police duty, and for a violation of the law on the part of corporations, a penalty of $100 is fixed.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

A Vigorous Effort in Its Favor to be Made in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The various Carpenters' unions of Chicago are now consolidating and preparing to repeat their demands of a year ago, for the eight-hour day and 35 cents per hour as the minimum rate of wages.

Their efforts in this direction last year were unsuccessful.

The painters, the gas fitters, the derrick handlers, the bricklayers, the tile layers and plasterers, have, they claim, announced their intention of joining the carpenters, and a vigorous effort will be made to carry their point.

The Weather and Crops.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—During the month of January the weather has been decidedly warmer than usual in the winter wheat states of the central valleys, and the general weather conditions have been favorable, probably resulting in a slight improvement of the crop conditions as compared with January, 1888. The ground remains bare, however, in the greater portions of the wheat region, except in Southern Michigan and the northern portions of Indiana and Ohio, where from one to three inches of snow is reported. Although there is a deficiency of rainfall reported from the Pacific coast states for the month of January, the previous heavy rains make the seasonable weather conditions, as a whole, favorable for crops in that section.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

CALLED ON THE GENERAL.

The Indianapolis Association of Ministers Pay Their Respects to the Next President.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 5.—The Indianapolis association of Ministers presented the following to General Harrison yesterday:

"GENERAL HARRISON—Your neighbors and friends, the members of the Indianapolis Ministers' association have been in a 'strait betwixt two.' We are not unmindful of your imperative engagements. And yet we were unwilling to see you taken from among us to your new tasks without seeking an opportunity to pay you are respects and wish your God-speed. Considering the weight of responsibility so soon to come upon you, it is grateful to be able to turn toward the wise and loving providence of God. As we stand before our congregations and in our homes you may be assured that we shall continue to crave for you His protection and guidance."

A short address was made by Rev. H. A. Epson, to which the general responded as follows:

"I greatly appreciate this kind and friendly expression. Coming as it does from all the pulpits in the city, it is all the more grateful to me. Entering upon the discharge of the duties which I shall so soon assume I shall be glad for all the sympathy of the good people of the nation. If I am conscious of the possession of a single qualification for the duties to which I am called it is the serious and settled purpose to do right as I may be guarded. I thank you for your visit and your friendly expressions of interest."

THE BOOMERS.

"Pawnee Bill" is not Pleased with the Outlook in the Promised Land.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 31.—Major Little, who went to Arkansas City Tuesday to look up the Oklahoma situation there, returned last night. He says that while the boomers are there to make the invasion, the soldiers are also there to prevent it.

The territory cannot be entered from Arkansas City. The boomers may make a quick move to some other point where the invasion can be made with less danger of interference—perhaps Caldwell or Hunnewell.

The present concentration of troops would probably make this plan successful. The organization has succeeded in getting into Oklahoma about 800 men, who are now at work there upon their claims. This change of plan will not, it is claimed, in any way stop the intended invasion Saturday.

THE CARS RUNNING.

The Great Street Car Strike in New York is Doubtless at an End.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—There is very little to be said about the street car tie-up to-day beyond the fact that all the cars that ran yesterday are running to-day, most of them on schedule time and all of them meeting the demands of the traffic.

The belt line started out boldly this morning. At 9 o'clock it had fifteen cars running. The first car on the down end of that line was preceded and followed by a patrol wagon filled with police. The precaution was unnecessary for all the cars that followed proceeded without molestation.

Many of the strikers are applying for work but some of the roads, notably the Fourth avenue line, will have nothing to do with them.

SOUTHERN BLOODSHED.

New Iberia Once More Assumes a Peaceful Condition.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 30.—The *Times-Democrat's* special says: New Iberia has again assumed its normal condition, and scenes of bloodshed and riot which have kept the inhabitants in a fever of excitement since Friday night last, have become a thing of the past.

A large number of citizens endorse the slaying of the negro Wakefield, but there are many who express the opinion that as he was in the custody of the authorities, the law should have been allowed to take its course.

As to the action of the regulators in whipping some negroes, shooting at others, banishing many, and destroying their homes, the best element of citizens condemn it.

Senator Washburn's Health.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 30.—The report that Senator-elect Washburn is dangerously ill is untrue. He has been indisposed for over a week during the senatorial campaign during the past few days, but has recovered rapidly. Mr. Washburn expects to start for Chicago on his way East this afternoon.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1889.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 5.	Jan. 28.
4's coupons	127½	128
4's registered	127½	128
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Noon—Money in easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 92¾c.

In the stock market Lake Shore, New England, Union Pacific and St. Paul remained quite active after 11 o'clock, but the rest of the list became positively dull, while the weak tone again became noticeable and fractional losses ensued. The movement was confined to the smallest fractions, except in C. C. C. & I. and Michigan Central, and the latter dropped a point. The Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg stocks were firm, however, and the preferred at its highest point showed a gain of 1 per cent over its first price. No other feature of importance was developed, and at noon the market was dull and fairly steady, but generally a shade below first prices.

The following are the stock quotations to-day: U. S. 4s reg., 127½; do 4s coup., 127½; Pac. 6's of '95, 120; Adams Ex., 150; Alton & Terre Haute, 48½; do pref'd, 85; Amer. Ex., 113; B. C. R. & N., 25; Can. Pac., 52½; Canada Southern, 54¾; Central Pacific, 36; Chi. & Alton, 137; Chi., Bur. & Q., 108¼; Chi. St. L. & Pac., 18¼; do pref., 40; Cin., San. & Cleveland, 63; Cleveland & Columbus, 68¾; Del. & Hudson, 135¾; Del., Lack. & Western, 140¾; Denver & Rio Grande, 16¾; Erie, 29; do pref'd., 67; Ft. Wayne, 150; H. V., 26⅞; Hous. & Tex., 11½; Ill. Cen., 115⅛; Ind., B. & West, 11½; Kan. & Tex., 13; Lake Erie & W. 17½; Lake Shore, 104¼; Louisv. & Nash., 59¼; Louisv. & New Alb. 40; Memp. & Char., 49; Mich. Cen., 89¾; M., L. S. & W., 60; do pref., 97¾; Min. & St. L., 6⅞; do pref., 13; Mo. Pac., 72¾; M. & O., 9½; Nash. & Chat. 84¾; N. J. Cent., 97½; Nor. Pac. 26¼; do pref., 60½; Northwestern, 107⅝; do pref., 141⅛; N. Y. Cen., 110¾; N. Y., Chi. & St. L., 15¾; do do pref., 75¼; O. & Miss., 22¾; do pref., 85; Ont. & West., 18¾; Ore. Nav., 93; Oregon Trans., 31⅞; Pacific Mail, 37¾; Peoria, Dec. & Evans., 24; Pitts., 156½; Pullman Pal., 196¼; Reading, 48⅞; Rock Island, 98⅞; St. L. & S. F., 26; do pref., 64⅞; do 1st pref., 110¾; St. Paul, 64⅞; do pref., 101⅞; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 103½; St. Paul & Omaha, 32⅞; do pref. 93½; Tex. Pacific, 21⅞; Union Pac., 63⅞; U. S. Ex., 82; Wabash St. L. & Pac., 13⅞; do pref., 26⅞; Wells Fargo Ex., 142¼; Western Union, 85¼; Quicksilver, 6¼; do pref., 36.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5—3 p. m.—The stock market closed active and heavy at small fractions below opening.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week was only of ordinary proportions. Collection are fairly good.

THE MARKETS.

The Local Trade.

There was a little better movement in cash wheat, to-day, than on yesterday. Prices were firm and higher. No. 2, soft red Lake Shore, $1 00, 1½c advance; No. 2, soft red Wabash, 97½c; No. 3, soft red Lake Shore, 93c; No. 3, soft red Wabash, 90½c; No. 2 white wheat, 98, Lake Shore. Rejected, Wabash, 65c.

Prices of May and July wheat at leading points to-day:

May.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	97⅞	98¼	97¼	97¼
Chicago	101⅛	102¼	100⅛	100½
New York	99⅜	99½	98⅞	98⅞
St. Louis	84⅞	84⅞	84⅜	84⅜

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	89¼	89¼	88⅞	89¼
Chicago	91¼	91¼	89⅞	89⅞
New York	95⅞	95⅞	94⅞	94⅞
St. Louis	97¼	97¼	96⅜	96⅜

Corn was active but steady. Oats quiet. Clover seed dull and lower. Dressed hogs steady at an advance of 5c.

To-day's Markets.

At leading points to-day, wheat was active on higher English and French cables, and report of cold wave approaching. Prices opened higher than on yesterday, but on free selling a decline set in. Afterward there was an advance, but toward the close prices again declined, and closed weak at an advance, as compared with yesterday, of ⅛c on May in this market.

For future delivery trade was active. Prices opened about ⅞c higher than on yesterday for May; weakened ⅛c; strengthened to ⅛c above the opening, and then declined, closing ⅛c below the opening figures. No. 2 Red, May, 97¼c, and finally 97⅛c; July, 89⅛c, and to close, 89¼c. As compared with yesterday, May wheat is ⅛c higher and July, ⅜c.

Corn was active but steady. No. 2, 34c; No. 3, 32½c; No. 2 May, 36⅞@37c; No. 3, yellow, 33c; No. 3, white, 34c. Oats, dull; sale, No. 2, white, at 27¼c. Clover seed, dull, and 2½@5c lower; prime cash, $5 20; March, $5 25. Dressed hogs, steady, but 5c higher; all weights $5 50.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Beans—Under more liberal receipts and slow trade the market is weaker. Choice hand picked Marrows are offered at $2 20; do mediums and Navy's $1 65 to $1 75.

Butter—Trade remains in about the same condition—top grades of fresh sweet table butter selling fairly at firm prices, but all other qualities dragging. Quotations: Fancy, fresh, sweet, 17@18c; choice fresh, 15@16c.

Buckwheat flour—Choice Eastern, $3 00 per cwt.; Michigan, $2 75.

Cheese—Full cream cheddars 10@10½c per lb., flats 11½c.

Eggs—The market on fresh goods shows a further decline, 14c being the top price obtainable for guaranteed strictly fresh, [illegible] held fresh, 12½c.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4@5½c; veal, 7½c; mutton, 6c; Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½c; cured light, 5½c; heavy steers, green, 5c; light, 4c; No. 2 and grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 5c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Green Fruits—Apples $1 25 to $1 75 per barrel; Florida oranges, $2 50 to $3 00; cranberries, $9 00 to $9 50 per barrel; lemons, $3 50 to $4 00 per box.

Honey—New white clover honey in 1-lb. sections 17@18c, per lb.

Poultry—Really choice dressed chickens and turkeys are scarce and wanted at 11c for turkeys and 9½ to 10c for chickens.

Potatoes—Trade is dull but the tone of the market is about steady at 34c to 35c per bushel for choice Burbank and white stars from store; and 28 to 33c for car lots on track.

Vegetables—Cabbage $1 25@1 50 per 100, celery 20@30c per doz; turnips [illegible] per bush.; Rutabagas, [illegible] per bush.; onions, yellow Danvers [illegible], red not wanted at any price; parsnips $1 50 per bbl.

Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

DETROIT, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—[illegible]

Live Stock.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., Feb. 4.—Cattle—Market dull at about lower than last week's prices. Hogs—Market slow; Philadelphias $4 75@4 90; pigs and Yorkers, $5 10@5 15. Sheep—Market fair at a quarter lower than last week's prices.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 4.—Hogs—Market stronger; common and light, $4 25@5 00; packing and butchers, $4 70@4 95.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 4.—Cattle—Receipts, 400 head; [illegible]

BUFFALO, Feb. 5.—Cattle—Receipts, [illegible]

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Hogs—Receipts, 17,000 head; [illegible]

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 86½c; highest, 86¾c; lowest, 85¾c; closed at 86½c.

Boston Wool Market.

[illegible]

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The Mark Lane Express in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: [illegible]

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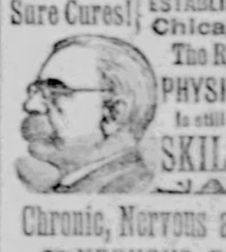

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